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THE NEW YORKER

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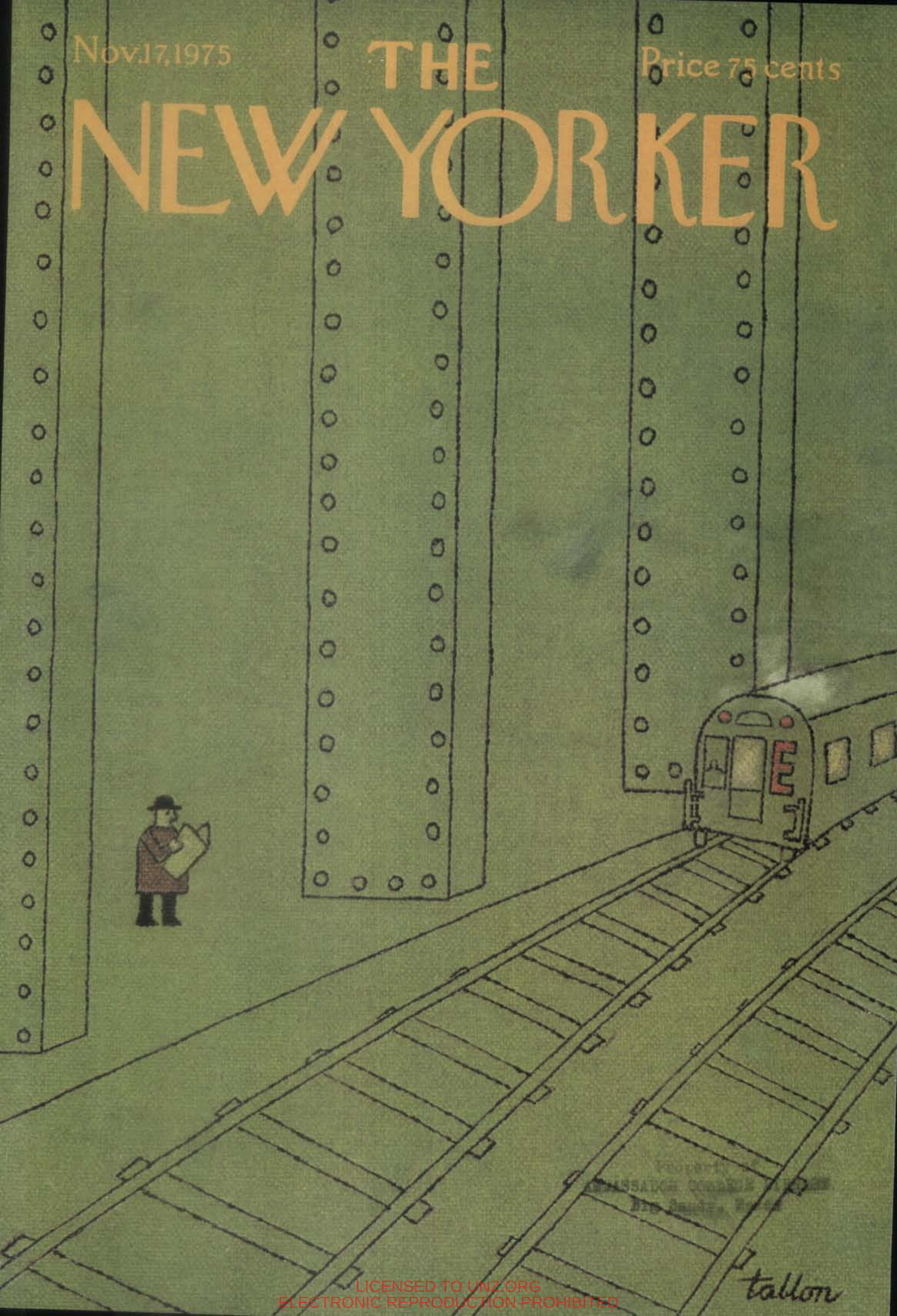

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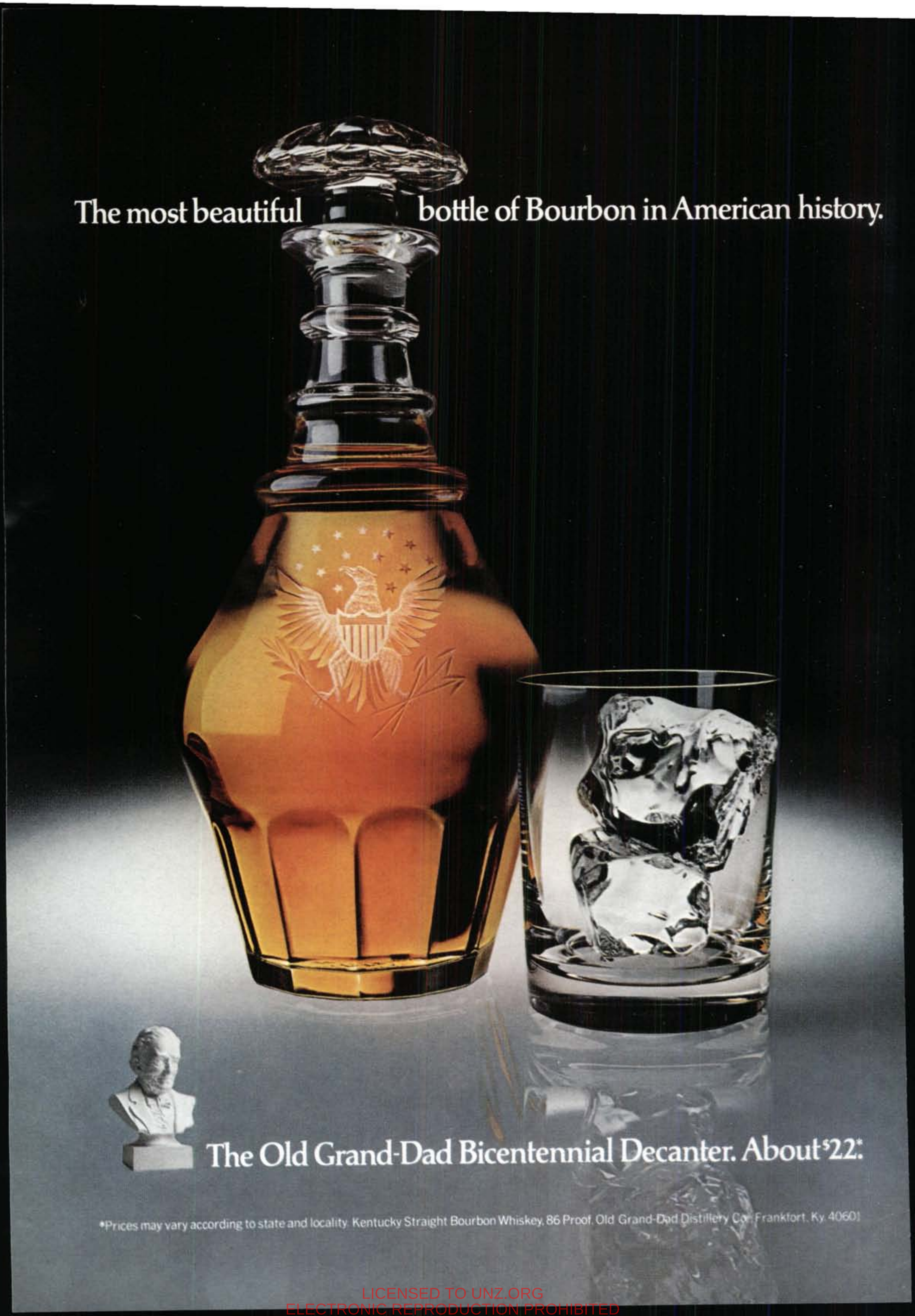

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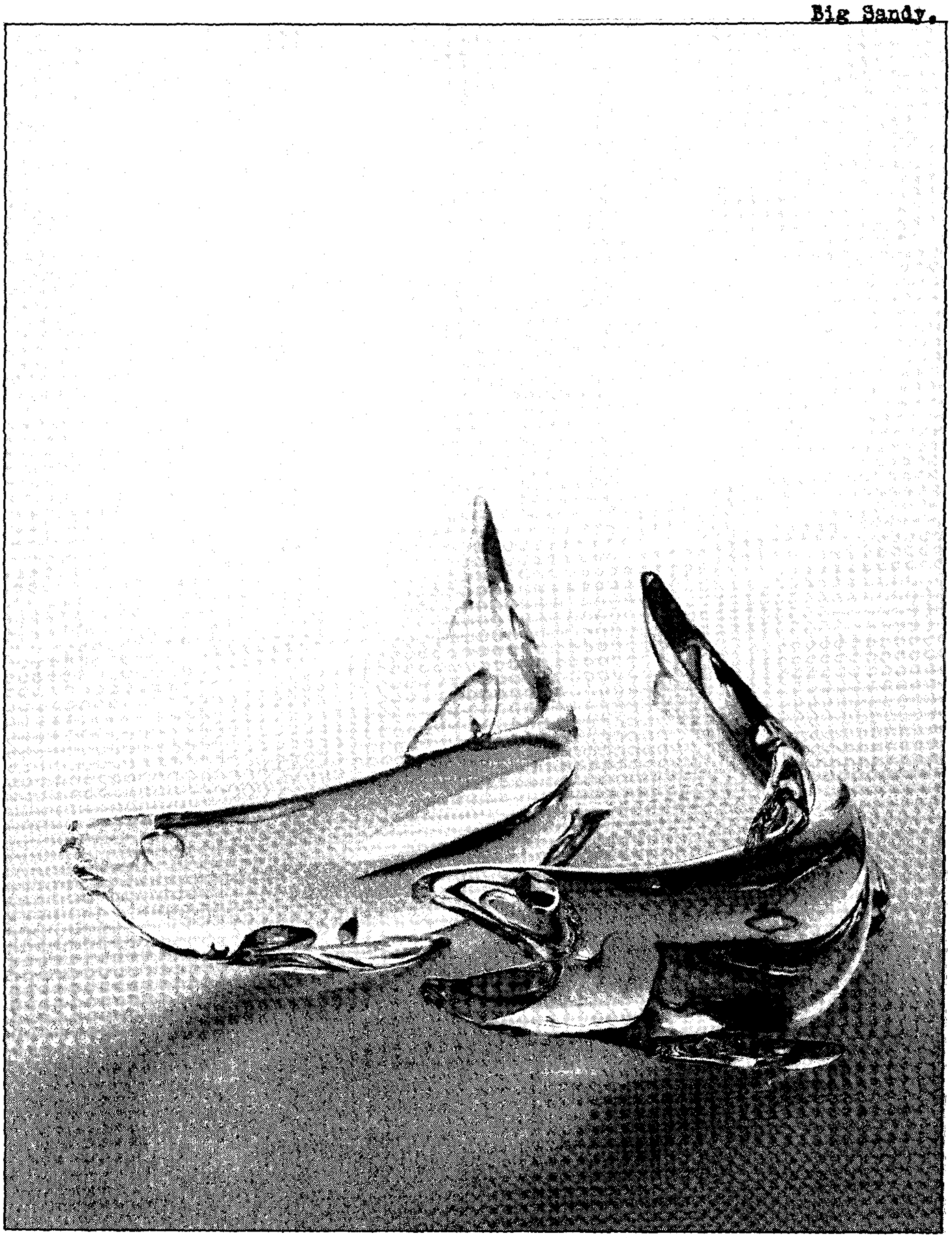

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AH, WILDERNESS!—Eugene O'Neill's daydream of a domestic happiness he never knew (and wouldn't have been able to endure for long). A delightful production, directed by Arvin Brown and peopled by many members of the Long Wharf Theatre "family," including Geraldine Fitzgerald and William Swetland. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

BOY MEETS BOY—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CHICAGO—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CHRISTY—A musical based on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," with book and lyrics by Bernie Spiro and music by Lawrence J. Blank. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 221-9143. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN IRISH RASCAL—This compendium of anecdotes about Brendan Behan, passages from his plays, and songs he might have sung, as belted out by David O. Frazier and a young woman who calls herself Gusti, is as annoying and point-missing as its vulgar title. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8:15; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 5:45 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

THE ELEPHANT IN THE HOUSE—A play by Berrilla Kerr. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The musical TENDERLOIN, with a book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE FAMILY—A play by Lodewijk de Boer, in four episodes. The first two parts open Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 4 and 7, the second two in December. Part I: Wednesdays at 6:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 5.... ¶ Part II: Wednesdays at 9:30; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 8. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

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THE FIFTH SEASON—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

GORKY—A play with music by Steve Tesich. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, Sundays at 3, and Thursday, Nov. 13, and Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 1. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—The everlasting musical, with the everlasting Pearl Bailey. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JESSE AND THE BANDIT QUEEN—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy, about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is an occasion for two first-rate, spirited performances, by Pamela Payton-Wright and Kevin O'Connor, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

KENNEDY'S CHILDREN—Not so much a play as five sad monologues about people who blame the sixties rather than themselves for their existential perplexities. Written by Robert Patrick. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAMPPOST REUNION—A famous singer turns up

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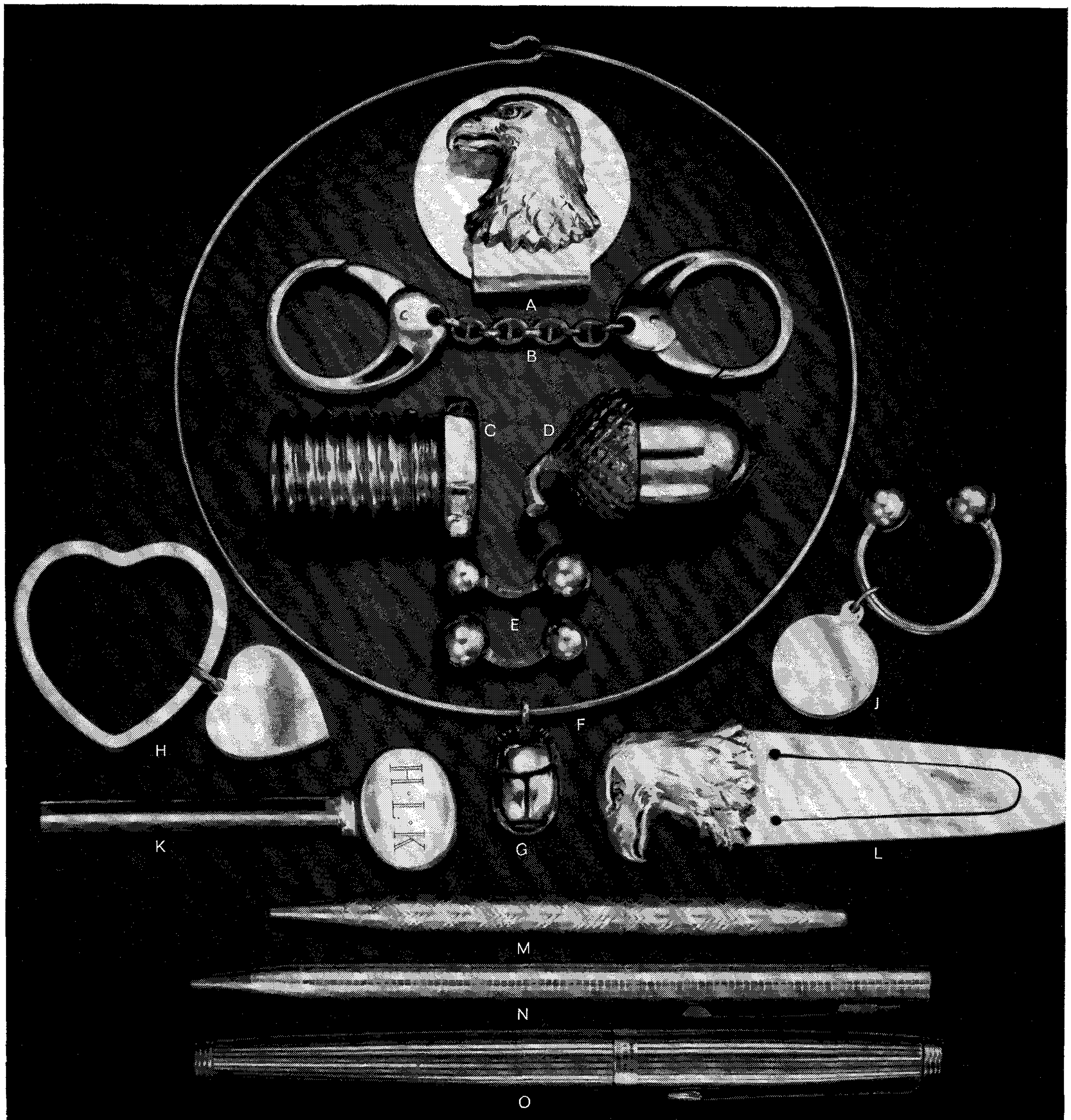

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a tacky bar in New Jersey and makes what he would call waves. The author is Louis LaRusso II, and the stars are Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

ME AND BESSIE—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A MUSICAL JUBILEE—A potpourri of songs by thirty-five composers, among them Friml, Strauss, Lehár, Kern, Cohan, and Ellington. With Patrice Munsel, John Raitt, Tammy Grimes, Dick Shawn, Cyril Ritchard, Larry Kert, and Lillian Gish. Directed by Morton DaCosta. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 13. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Joyce Van Patten and Conrad Janis. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO—A one-acter by David Mamet that deals, in the high-comedy style invented by the Second City, with some rather basic matters. The performances of all concerned are fine. Albert Takazauckas was the director. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. CI 6-7277. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

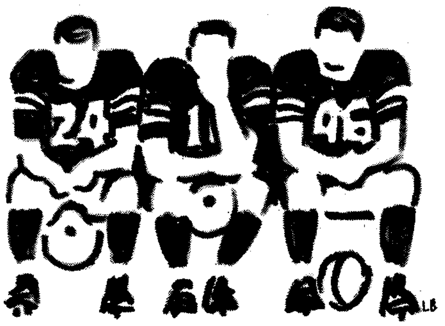
TOE JAM—A play by Elaine Jackson. Opens Thursday, Nov. 13, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

TRAVESTIES—The King's English as few kings have ever been able to speak it. An exceedingly witty play by Tom Stoppard, acted to perfection by John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) in the leading role. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TREEMONISHA—Scott Joplin's dull and contrived turn-of-the-century "opera" deals with a black Joan of Arc in Arkansas in the eighteen-eighties. Since Joplin's original material was sketchy, the show has been gussied up with a mini-ballet, a big chorus, and lots of stage business (dancing alligators, mock combat). But there is one gentle and lovely number, "A Real Slow Drag," and the singing, by Carmen Balthrop (Kathleen Battle substitutes for her at the matinées), Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, is commendable. Gunther Schuller did the limber orchestrations. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS'—A silly version of the old Pinero workhorse. London in the eighteen-sixties has become New York in the nineties, and many other unwise changes abound. Marybeth Hurt is charming as Trelawny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

THE TRIP BACK DOWN—A racing-car driver, fed up with his career, returns to the wife and child he left eight years before, hoping to pick up the pieces. The theme is an old one, but John Bishop, the dramatist, and the actors, under Terry Schreiber's direction, make it seem fresh and absorbing. This little Off Off Broadway house seats only fifty people. (T. Schreiber Studio, 386 Third Ave., at 28th St. 874-7509. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)



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YENTL—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DANCE WITH ME:** The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,473 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE RITZ:** High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and Alan Sues as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Chansons Madécasses," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Chansons Madécasses," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Scotch Symphony." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: "Danses Concertantes," "Four Temperaments," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 1: "Four Temperaments," "Chansons Madécasses," "Ivesiana," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7: "Piano Concerto in G Major," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Temperaments," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations," "Tzigane," and "Danses Concertantes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—First of two appearances this season, this one of two weeks. The entire engagement is being given over to Rudolf Nureyev's version of "Raymonda," with various casts. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, Nov. 12: "The Consort," "Excursions," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 13: "The Consort," "The Real McCoy," and "Mazurka."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 14: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "Intermezzo," and "Excursions."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 15: "Mazurka," "The Real McCoy," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 16: "Sephardic Song," "The Real McCoy," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 16: "Harbinger," "The Consort," "Excursions," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 18: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Intermezzo," and "Excursions."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 19: "Excursions," "The Consort," and "Mazurka."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 20: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Tzaddik," and "Mazurka."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 21: "The Consort," "Excursions," and "Intermezzo." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 22: "The Real

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McCoy," "At Midnight," and "Mazurka." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 30.)

MARGOT FONTEYN AND RUDOLF NUREYEV—With Leslie Edwards, Daniel Lommel, members of the Murray Louis Dance Company, and a symphony orchestra conducted by Jacques Beaudry, in a program that includes American premières of "Amazon Forest Pas de Deux" and "Moments," and the New York première of "Songs of a Wayfarer Pas de Deux." A two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Nov. 18, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—Friday, Nov. 14, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: "Raymonda Variations," "In Retrospect," and "Grosse Fugue." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Symphony in C" and "Carmina Burana." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DANCE UMBRELLA AT ROUNDABOUT STAGE ONE—Opening performances of a four-week season by five contemporary dance companies that will end Sunday, Dec. 7. **VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Nov. 12-15, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 16. . . . **CLIFF KEUTER DANCE COMPANY**, with Martine van Hamel and Bonnie Mathis: Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 18-19, and Saturday and Sunday evenings, Nov. 22-23. . . . **JAMES CUNNINGHAM AND THE ACME DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 20-21, and Sunday matinée, Nov. 23. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY—"Traces" and other works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3. For tickets, call 242-3900.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Some showoffs turn professional and get away with it. They fool at least half the people all the time, which is what the pianist **JOE BUSHKIN** has been doing for the past forty years. His admirers consider him a marvellous pianist, and it doesn't matter at all to them that his playing consists largely of two or three arpeggios (descending), some make-do chords, and a sketchy sense of harmony. It doesn't matter, because Bushkin has made an art out of his bravado. It is not what he plays but how he plays it. He is a capsule of a man, with honed, Tony Martin good looks and an endless array of hovering grins. He moves constantly at the keyboard. His body rotates, his legs fly up on either side and become outriggers, his hands bounce off the keys like Ping-Pong balls. And you can see every note pass through his face. He compresses his lips until they vanish, his eyes half close, a tight grin settles, and when he gets off a good one (Bushkin has a fine set of legato single-note figures and some are highly affecting; he can also swing very hard), he shakes his head rapidly, grunts, compresses his lips again, half closes his eyes, and is off again. The music is flung out of him and it is a hypnotic sight. Bushkin's delight at his spindly, pouring, Teddy Wilson-Art Tatum solos is our delight, too. He plays electric piano much of the time, and for a simple reason: amplified instruments are camouflage. Bushkin's repertory is pleasant and unadventurous, and he is apt, in one set, to play "Hallelujah," his own "Oh, Look at Me Now," "I've Got a Crush on You," a very fast "The Man I Love," "Someone to Watch Over Me," and "Undecided." On hand with him are Chuck Wayne, who is a good foil, although the massed sounds of electric piano and electric guitar keep turning into underbrush; the noble Milt Hinton; and Mousey Alexander, who in his graceful middle age has become a formidable and extremely tasteful accompanist. Music from nine-fifteen to one. . . . ¶ On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

•

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and out-there jazz on the bandstand. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Over thirty years ago, **MUDDY WATERS** arrived in Chicago and began playing on an electric guitar the rural blues he learned in the Delta from Son House. The resulting product, Chicago blues, hasn't changed much since then. For its devotees (many of whom are young, white, and affluent), Chicago blues—with its simple, inevitable chord changes, its significant, rough-hewn lyrics, its crucial, almost Buxtehudian harmonica passages, and, perhaps most of all, its real-life, dues-shackled spokesmen (Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson)—is a reassuring constant. Waters and his latest band are here through Saturday, Nov. 15, opposite former Joy of Cooking lead singer and guitarist Terry Garthwaite. On Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 17-18, the **PERSUASIONS**, a sublime street-corner a-cappella soul-and-gospel quintet, will trade sets with R. & B. singer and Ikettes-inspired dancer Ann Peebles and her backing crew. Beginning Wednesday, Nov. 19, the Pointer Sisters, taking time out from their numerous guest appearances on TV variety shows, will perform some gussied-up, recycled ditties opposite comic Mike Preminger. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist Bill Takas work in this agreeable but occasionally hectic little bar Mondays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty. On Sundays, Barry Harris holds forth, along with his accompanist, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Composer Michel Legrand, the Gallic Henry Mancini, sings and plays jazzy piano, supported by a backing combo, through Saturday, Nov. 15. On Monday, Nov. 17, singer Lou Rawls, who played this tourist-laden, Vegas-styled club in the spring, will return for a week. Some time ago, Rawls received a lot of attention for a gusty, bluesy, personal style, but over the years his delivery seems to have melted, becoming straight, undistinguished, and bland—perhaps a result of singing too long for out-of-town conventioneers. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, much to the relief of his coterie of followers, is sequestered in the Café Carlyle, accompanied, as usual, by his loyal sidekick, bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, weekdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MAXINE SULLIVAN**, accompanied by Chuck Folds (piano) and Morris Edwards (bass), will make her last appearance here on Sunday, Nov. 16. Her songs are still elegant, cool, shadowless, and exact. . . . ¶ The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of John Bunch, Dick Rath, Connie Kay, Bobby Gordon, Warren Vaché, Jr., and Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Nov. 18, blues singer Carrie Smith joins the regulars. Jim Andrews plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 16, Dick Wellstood, Cliff Leeman, Johnny Windhurst, and others turn up for a Condon-inspired session, beginning at eight.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver straight-ahead, mainstream missiles through Sunday, Nov. 16. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, **SUN RA** and his Humanitarian Arkestra, a twenty-seven-or-so-person collective, will travel through space, time, and sometimes the audience. A performance by the Arkestra is actually one continuous set (when the group was here in late summer, it played nonstop from ten to about two-forty-five), and at least once a night, Sun Ra, his musicians, and his dancers, still performing and not missing a beat, leave their places to parade around the room—some of them even wander out the front door to blow a few bars in the street. The management called their last engagement "organized bedlam." On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

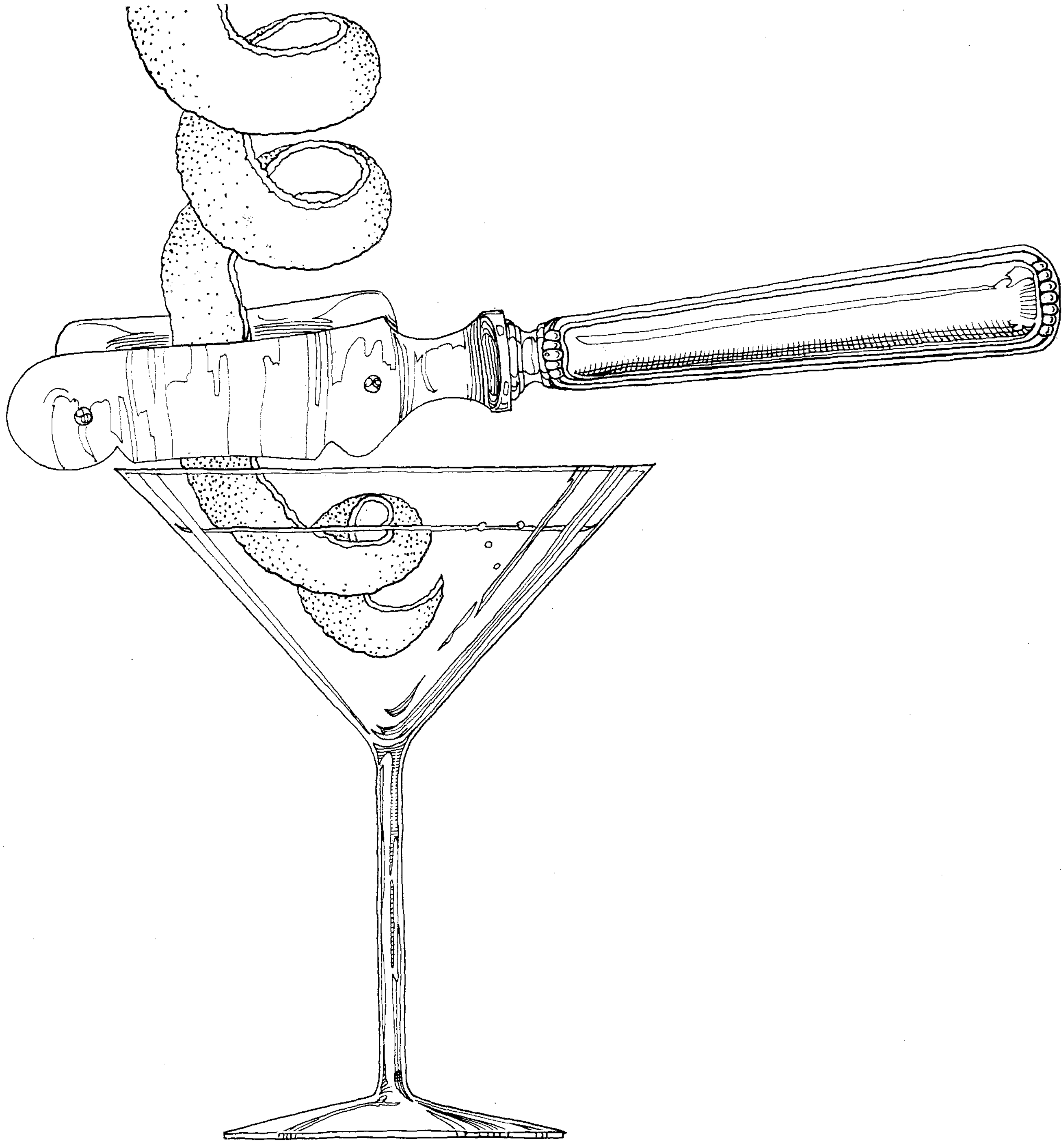
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Pianist Hal Galper's trio is on hand Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three; and **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, collaborates with guitarist Eddie Diehl and bassist Jamil Nasser on Sundays from five to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** brings his current, youthful quintet onto the canopied bandstand Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 13-16. Music from ten until three.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Folksinger Mimi Fariña winds up a rare three-nighter on Wednesday, Nov. 12. Johnny Rivers, a West Coast rock-and-roller for at least a decade, is onstage Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 13-16. Mon-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day through Wednesday, Nov. 17-19, Lori Lieberman, who looks and sings like an adman's idea of a folksinger, will perform with her retinue. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**JONAH JONES** has put together a sextet made up of a pianist, an organist, a bassist, an exceptional guitarist (Jerome Darr), and a masterly drummer (Cozy Cole). Jones is here through Sunday, Nov. 16; on Tuesday, Nov. 18, **SY OLIVER** will arrive with an orchestra. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Louis St. Louis, the musical conductor for "Grease," heads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 16. Isis, an eight-person progressive hard-rock band, with a little swing and Dixieland thrown in, comes in for one night, Monday, Nov. 17. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, Barbara Cook begins singing old standbys and some of the songs she sang in her numerous Broadway roles. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—**MABEL MERCER** is back, and everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, and her regal good looks. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. At ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost. Saxophonist Paul Jeffrey's octet works out on Wednesday, Nov. 12; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, guitarist **JOE PUMA** leads a trio; and another guitarist, Gene Bertoncini, heads up a trio on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 17-18. Sundays, as always, are reserved for Puma's guitar duets with **CHUCK WAYNE.** Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant has been turned over to three young musicians—guitarist John Abercrombie, electric pianist Mike Nock, and bassist Rick Laird—through Sunday, Nov. 16. Gene Bertoncini and his trio move downtown (from Stryker's) to play here, starting Wednesday, Nov. 19. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with a hectic music schedule and Saturday-afternoon poetry readings. **CAKEWALK,** a fledgling romping and stomping rhythm-and-blues quintet, does classic and original flagwavers Tuesdays and Wednesdays. High-energy vocalist Sheila Jordan sings with the Randy Kay quartet on Thursdays and Sundays. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, the Paul Jeffrey octet claims the stage; on the following Friday and Saturday (Nov. 21-22), Richy Cole, an alto saxophonist with an echo-plex habit—the echo-plex being an electronic echo device that allows reed and brass and guitar players to easily (and sometimes lazily) create arpeggiated chords—and his quartet will back up bop singer **EDDIE JEFFERSON.** Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, finishes up a week here with his trio on Sunday, Nov. 16. Subtle, soothing, and bluesy **MILT JACKSON** will spend a week here with his quartet, starting Tuesday, Nov. 18. On Thursday, Nov. 20, acrobatic and innovative pianist **KEITH JARRETT** and his excellent quartet—saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** and drummer **PAUL MOTIAN**—will join Jackson's quartet, forming an impressive double bill. Pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, up-to-date big band let loose some fiery stuff on Mondays. Music from ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Monday through Wednesday, Patti Wicks is at the piano; Thursday through Sunday, Nat Jones and his bassist take on the musical chores. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and-brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ite Earle Warren on alto sax and pianist Dill Jones, is here on Wednesdays. A bop quintet takes the stand on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex, boogie-woogieist Sammy Price, and tenorman Buddy Tate. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Valve trombonist Marshall Brown, looking every inch the music educator he is—he wears a suit and tie and horn-rimmed glasses and offers long, explanatory prefaces to each number in the repertoire—has charge of a trio Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine, in this rather spiffy Eighth Street establishment. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 5:45: **MARION WILLIAMS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 5:45: **GALT MAC DERMOT** and the **NEW YORK DANCE ENSEMBLE.**

Rainbow and **Argent**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Cy Coleman—Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.

Little Feat and **the Sensational Alex Harvey Band**—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.

New Riders of the Purple Sage—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8 and 11:30.

A Musical Salute to Ira Gershwin—A benefit performance, with Elizabeth Ashley, Pearl Bailey, Barbara Cook, Anita Ellis, Dolores Gray, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Doug Hemming, Larry Kert, Bette Midler, Jerry Orbach, Chita Rivera, Ginger Rogers, Bobby Short, Alexis Smith, and Gwen Verdon. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 677-5400.)

The Chieftains—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.

Sparks and **Mott**—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Edgar Winter Group (with Rick Derringer)—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Gordon Lightfoot and **Mimi Fariña**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 and 11.

Dave Mason and **Peter Frampton**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Hot Tuna—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

ZZ Top—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7.

Duke Jordan's Quintet—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Marshall Tucker Band—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alexander Calder—Fifteen new hanging mobiles in his characteristically bright colors (except for one surprise, in solid white), plus a series of gouaches on circus themes. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Appealing assemblages of raw fibres, some painted, others natural colored, set in Plexiglas boxes. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Artweave, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Portraits and figures in oil, and a series of watercolors depicting bullfights. Through Nov. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A swirl of oil paintings completed in the last year, and five bronze sculptures. Through Dec. 6. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Strong Constructivist collage-paintings in the Mondrian line of descent, utilizing scraps from linen and burlap coffee bags, and rope. Through Dec. 6. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Alexandra Exter (1882-1949)—Marionettes with a pronounced Cubist accent which were made by the famous Russian designer in 1926 for a Punch-and-Judy movie. Through Jan. 17. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Anthony Green—Big, curiously shaped canvases full of cockeyed perspectives and sly jokes, by this seriocomic British artist. Through Nov. 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Marsden Hartley (1877-1943)—A small group of paintings done in his last thirty years by this pioneer American modernist. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hans Hartung—Paintings, including a number executed in the last two years, by an artist now seventy, in a show that coincides with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Drawings and paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Pat Mainardi—Realist views of automobile junkyards, which seem to attract artists now the way ruined castles did a few generations ago. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Marino Marini—Small pieces by the grand old man of Italian sculpture, plus a few of his paintings and graphics. Through Nov. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Knox Martin—Brisk drawings, some abstract, some realist, some black-and-white, and some in color. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Jankovsky, 33 E. 74th St.)

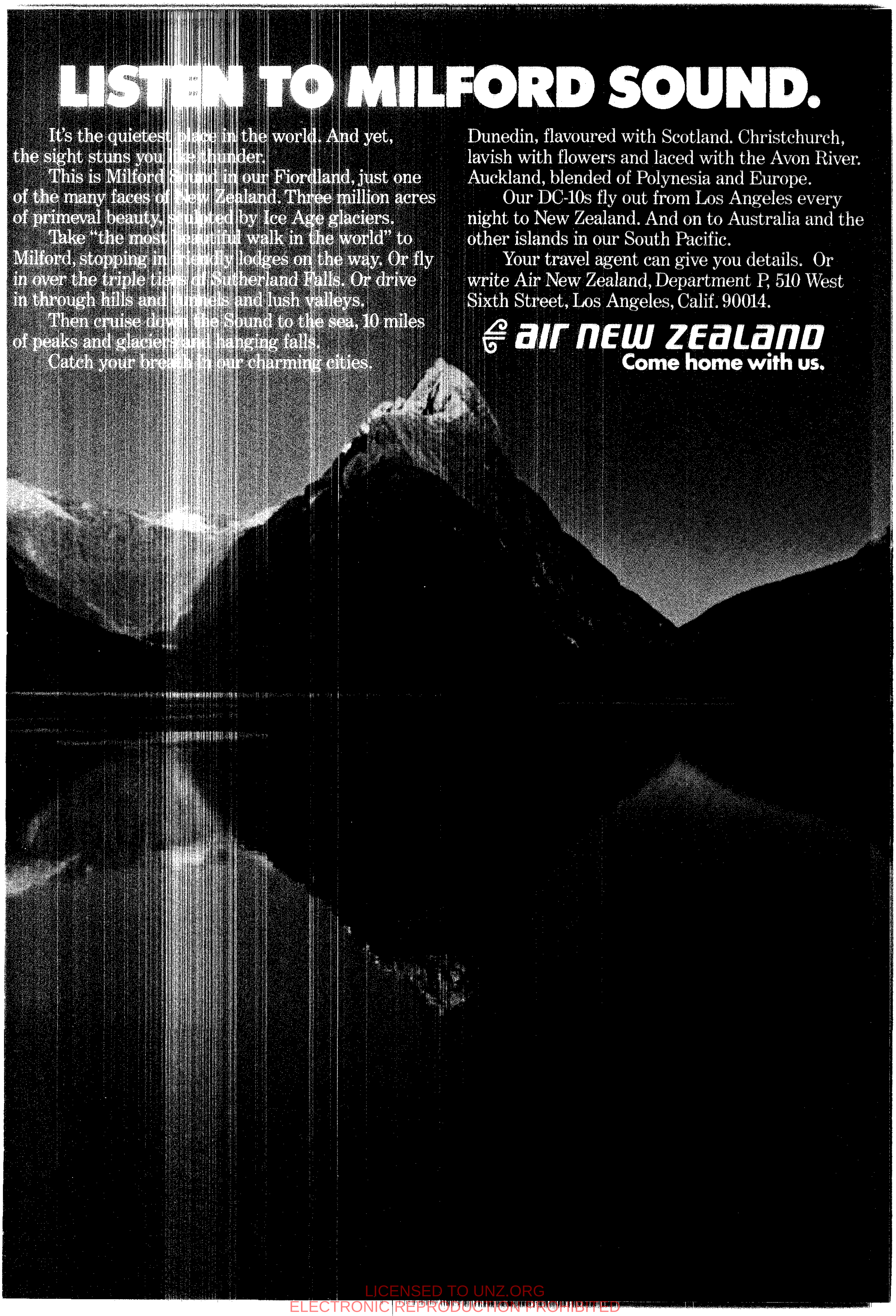
Richard McDermott Miller—Bronze and wax sculptures, two of them heroic in size, of the female figure. Through Nov. 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Enid Munroe—Mist and water are present in most of the tranquil paintings by this artist whose work reflects her several-year residence in Japan. Through Tuesday, Nov. 18. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Howard Newman—Sleek abstract bronze sculptures that incorporate elements of both man and machine, and schematic drawings for them; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Daniel O'Sullivan—Figures, still-lifes, interiors and contemporary street scenes. Through Nov. 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Pettet—Large abstract acrylic paintings most of which have a curiously crackled tex-



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ture. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative drawings, seven of them on six-foot canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ogden Pleissner / Electra Bostwick—Paintings (mainly watercolors) of boats, beaches, and other outdoor subjects done in Spain, France, Portugal, Ireland, and our own wild places. / Maidenly pastels and watercolors of flowers and landscapes. Through Nov. 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

George Price—Drawings covering forty years of the slaphappy misfits created by this comic artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

David Rabinowitch—Two steel floor sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Aaron Shikler—Oils, pastels, and drawings, mostly of figures, some of these in interiors. Through Nov. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Albert Stadler—Abstract color drawings with a calligraphic quality. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—A double exhibit of paintings, constructions, and other recent work at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.), with the larger works at the gallery's branch location (521 W. 57th St.). Through Dec. 13.

John Wesley—Three large paintings of bike racers, plus smaller works. Through Nov. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Original graphics by Homer, Whistler, and other early-twentieth-century artists. Through Nov. 29. . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Joan Miró, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland are among the contemporary artists whose paintings and sculptures are exhibited. Through Dec. 3. (Open Mondays.). . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Brenda Corbin, Golda Lewis, Shirley Penman, and Jan McCartin are four artists represented in a show of works in a variety of mediums exclusively by women. Through Nov. 29. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Sheeler, Demuth, and Dickinson were among the first painters to discern beauty in industrial forms—and see grist for their own mills in the shapes of turbines, ventilators, smokestacks, etc.—and pioneer work in that field by these and several other artists is the theme of this exhibit. Through Nov. 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Works on paper dating from 1945 to the present by, among others, Rothko, Albers, Cornell, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 5. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 16 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Feininger, Laurens, and others. Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.). . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS**, 128 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and other works by top-drawer illustrators—Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, Wallace Morgan, Austin Briggs, Robert Fawcett, and others. Through Nov. 26. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show devoted to paintings by French landscapists, including Poussin, Boucher, Monet, and Bonnard. Through Dec. 6. (Open Mondays.)

QUICK LIST—Other Uptown artists currently showing their work include: **ATIRNOMIS** at Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **SAMUEL BAK** at Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **BOB FOWLER** at Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5); **FRANCES GODOWSKY** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Through Friday, Nov. 21. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER** (1880-1938) at Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6); **JAY MILDER** and **CHRISTA DICHGANS** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **CHRISTIAN THEE** at Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Thelma Appel—Large paintings of tall grasses and other vegetation which take on a color-field sort of organization. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—New work (still-lifes and figure paintings), including an enormous triptych of a female nude. Through Nov. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Emlen Etting—Semi-abstract paintings that celebrate solar energy; the artist calls them sunscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—New paintings. Through Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

František Kupka (1871-1957)—Drawings and gouaches, mostly, in an exhibit running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—A double exhibit: Great big, larger-than-life figurative paintings, with unusual attention to highlights on the human body, at the Frumkin (50 W. 57th St.), and large, skillful drawings, some of them studies for the paintings, at the gallery's branch location (41 E. 57th St.). Through Friday, Nov. 21. Both establishments are open Mondays and (at noon) on Saturdays.

Jack Levine—Thirty paintings and drawings, mostly recent and many on loan, that gleam with his characteristic prismatic sparkle; included are a set of fresh-looking works in mixed mediums—a new field for this veteran social commentator. Through Nov. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Mary Miss—What appears on first encounter to be a long, narrow box, more than head high and built of raw, wide boards, turns out, once the viewer has found the entrance, to be a mysterious crypt with nicely polished sides; this is accompanied by a ten-minute videotape of another puzzling environmental work by this artist—the digging of a trench. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Moore—Large realist paintings, delicately handled, in which dressing-table appointments or the remains of a Spartan lunch arrange themselves into compositions with an abstract quality. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elinor Roberts—Abstract pen-and-ink drawings done with enormous patience in a network of lines that are finer than the engraving on a dollar bill; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—A hodgepodge of, for instance, drawings on black paper using metallic pencils, and life-sized metal cutouts of silhouettes painted a bright green and mounted in a red room. Through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Babe Shapiro—Abstract paintings from the last ten years. Through Thursday, Nov. 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Albert Sharp—Intimate back-road vistas of the Hamptons by a realist artist. Through Friday, Nov. 21. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey—A collection of small, choice works, ranging from several examples of his "white writing" to a funny sketch he scribbled out to elucidate his view on Cubism. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Humboldt, a new gallery, at 37 W. 57th St.)

GOOD FOOD
Anne Burgess

Adja Yunkers—Recent abstract paintings, including collages made from string and pieces of painted canvas. Through Dec. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans, including Mondrian, Kandinsky, Arp, and Brancusi. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Open Mondays.). . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Collages by Anne Ryan, Susan Eisler, Richard Francisco, and others. Through Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Lynda Benglis—Abstract wax paintings and metal wall and floor sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Elena Borstein / Maureen Connor—Paintings and drawings of Greek buildings detailing their architectural forms. / What look like drawings on the gallery walls are in reality shadows contrived from ribbons and netting. Through Dec. 3. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Bob Duran / Clark Murray—Abstract paintings. / Abstract steel sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Jackie Ferrara—Floor pieces made of raw wooden slats laid crisscross and forming pyramidal structures. Through Nov. 25. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Stevan Jennis / Carol J. Steen—Paintings and sculptures that take their themes from outer-space subjects, including spacemen, spaceships, UFOs, and telescopes. / Metal reliefs. Through Nov. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Recent paintings—outsize renditions of architectural friezes; several works in which classic Cubist subjects are translated into his own vocabulary; and a sort of art kindergarten series, in which a comic-strip woman's head, a cow, and a pitcher are subjected first to Cubist and then to purely abstract analysis. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist oils that have figurative elements, plus some watercolors. Through Nov. 26. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Robert Ryman—One immense, multi-panelled work dominates this show of recent paintings, all of them awesome, uninterrupted expanses of white. Through Nov. 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov—New paintings by a veteran New York artist, this time with geometric figures superimposed on a color-field background. Through Dec. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Paul Vázquez—Oils applied to paper and canvas. Through Nov. 28. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 24. . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Realist paintings by Fran Bull and Arne Besser; drawings by Alan Dworkowitz; and kinetic sculptures by Cork Marcheschi. Through Nov. 29. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Sculptures by R. M. Fischer and Robert Rohm, and paintings by William DeLottie and Martin Hoffman. Through Nov. 29.

QUICK LIST—Other SoHo artists currently showing their work include: **SARI DIENES** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **GILBERT AND GEORGE** at Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **CUSI MASUDA** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Through Thursday, Nov. 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **RICHARD NONAS** at Solomon, 392 West Broadway (Through Thursday, Nov. 20. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **ROBERT PETERSEN** at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Theo Hios—A two-part exhibit of drawings and pastels and (starting Friday, Nov. 14) acrylic paintings. Through Nov. 28. (New School,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.)... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. A highlight of this exhibit is a series of works by various artists for which Susan, the celebrated Art Students League model from the twenties to the fifties, posed. She's the bronze nude in that fountain in front of the Plaza. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than a hundred photographs of Paris, its environs, and its people by this master documentarian. Many of these prints were made by Berenice Abbott, who acquired the negatives shortly after Atget's death. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Frederick H. Evans (1853-1943)—Platinum prints, mostly of architectural subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Charles Henri Ford—Black-and-white photographs of Italy made about twenty years ago by a poet; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Marcia Keegan / Stella Snead—Photographs of former vaudeville performers. / Black-and-white prints of beach subjects, mostly. Through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Kipton Kumler—Black-and-white photographs of plants, landscapes, and building façades made with a view camera; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roger Mertin / Garry Winogrand—Photographs of trees. / Photographs of women. Through Dec. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hans Namuth—Black-and-white photographs of old hand-crafted American tools. Through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Peter Simon and Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of nudes. Through Nov. 28. (Nikon, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

James Van DerZee—Pictures of people in Harlem in the early nineteen-hundreds, displayed aboard a houseboat. Through Nov. 23. (W. 79th St. Boat Basin. Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs of New York, Paris, and London taken in the thirties by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, and Bill Brandt. Through Nov. 29.... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Black-and-white prints by three photographers. Through Dec. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Black-and-white portraits by George Alpert and other works by gallery members. Through Dec. 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary exhibit is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St.... ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4.... ¶ A show of Japanese paintings (ranging from thirteenth-century scrolls to nineteenth-century folding screens) and other art objects from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4.... ¶ Four Surrealist photographers. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.... ¶ "Printsequence" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18.... ¶ New prints by Robert Ryman and Richard Smith. Through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.... ¶ A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 7. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.... ¶ Concert at the museum: On Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7, a program of contemporary music by Petr Kotik, performed by William Zukof, countertenor; William Lyon Lee, tenor; Mr. Kotik, flute; and John Boulder, percussion. Free tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Nov. 30. ... ¶ A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and fourteen monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Starts Thursday, Nov. 13.... ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ The first in a series of three concerts to be presented this season by the Composers' Showcase will offer a Gershwin-Porter program performed by Mabel Mercer, the Gregg Smith Singers, and pianists Peter Basquin and Herbert Rogers on Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 6:45 and 9:30. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Still-life paintings and sculptures by Janet Fish, George Segal, Wayne Thiebaud, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4.... ¶ An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings from which a selection will be made, under a Childe Hassam bequest, for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada, combined with a showing of paintings that were purchased by the fund between 1946 and 1973. Among the artists are Robert Bidner, Robert La Hotan, and Isabel Bishop. Through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early illustrated children's books.... ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York City by fifty leading artists associated with the Art Students League (this year marking its centenary).... ¶ William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Both exhibitions through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics by deceased members of the academy in an exhibit arranged to mark the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the institution's founding. Through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

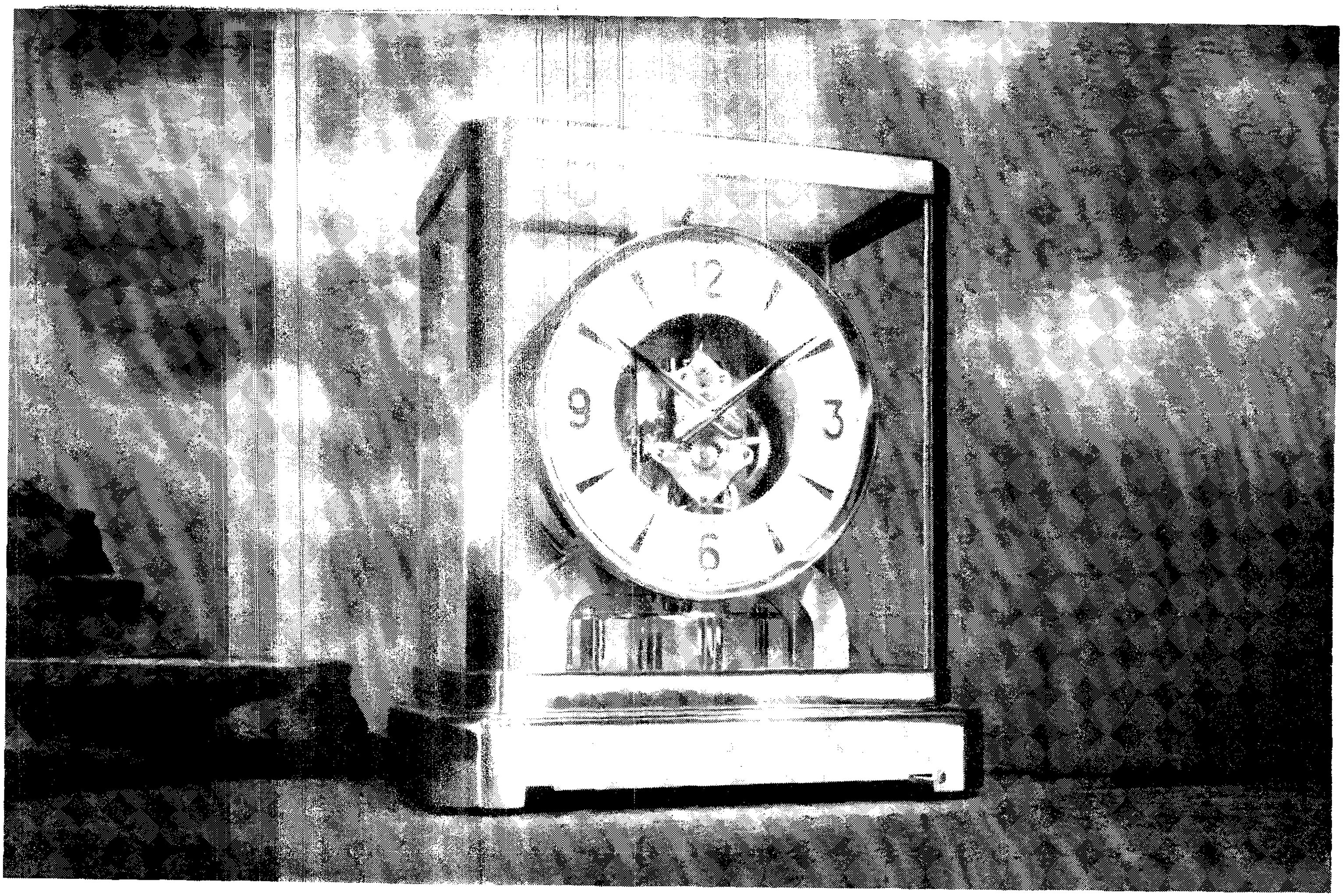
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 12: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Henry Lewis.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 13: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and John Macurdy; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 14: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Roberta Peters, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 15: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Costanza Cuccaro, Shirley Love, Douglas Ahlstedt, Kostas Paskalis, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines; John Nelson. ... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 17: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Roberta Peters, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 18: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and John Macurdy; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 19: "La Gioconda," with Elinor Ross, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 20: A new production of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Evelyn Lear, Judith Blegen, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Wolfgang Brendel, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 21: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and José Van Dam; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 22: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and John Macurdy; Gianfranco Masini.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 22: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Jean Kraft, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit per-



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formances of Dvořák's "Rusalka," in an English version by Ruth and Thomas Martin. Staged by Moni Yakim, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 19-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Lawrence Foster conducting on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano).... ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Anthony Newman, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.)

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.... ¶ City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8, with Mr. Foss acting as piano soloist.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8:15.)

Moscow State Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8: Dmitri Kitaenko conducting a program of Russian music, with Vladimir Viardo, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: Maris Jansons conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Valery Klimov, violin.

Scottish National Orchestra—Alexander Gibson conducting, with John Lill, piano, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Menuhin Festival Orchestra—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Eliot Chapo, violin, who perform without a conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Garde Républicaine Band of Paris—Roger Boutry conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Swedish Radio Choir—Eric Ericson directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing the second in a series of three concerts of seventeenth-century music, this one a program of French works, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of music by Aaron Copland and his contemporaries. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

RECITALS

Igor Kipnis—Harpsichord. (Velez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Sergio and Eduardo Abreu—Classical guitarists. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Ernesto Bitetti—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Peter Pears and Osian Ellis—Tenor and harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

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Manhattan Brass Ensemble and Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—A joint concert, conducted by Cecil Collins and Paul Price. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Renée Siebert—Flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:30.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 4.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jerome Lowenthal and Charles Wadsworth, piano; Leonard Raver, organ; Jaime Laredo, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 5:30.)

Elly Ameling and Leon Fleisher—Soprano and piano, with Dalton Baldwin, also piano; David Glazer, clarinet; Robert Johnson, horn; and the Concord String Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Janice Harsanyi—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The first in a series of three programs, this one with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Coffee Concerts—The Panoha String Quartet from Prague will play the second in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at noon.)

Fredell Lack—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—A program of his compositions, performed by David Starobin, guitar; Catherine Rowe, soprano; Max Pollikoff, violin; and Mr. Kupferman himself, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Baroque Music—Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Ani Kavafian, violin; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Concerts Celebrating Aaron Copland's Seventy-Fifth Birthday—Two all-Copland programs at which the composer will be present. A benefit concert, with Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth and Ann Schein, piano; the Pearl Lang Dance Company (with William Carter); Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and the Gregg Smith Singers, with Rosalind Rees, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7.)... ¶ The second concert will feature Leo Smit, piano; the Szigeti Quartet; Heather Johnson, clarinet; and the Barnard-Columbia Chorus. Peter Schubert is the director. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Lhamo Folk Opera of Tibet—Two programs by this company, appearing here for the first time. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Folk opera on Wednesday, Nov. 19, and Friday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2; folk dance on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.... **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:05.

Boxing—Ten heavyweight bouts between amateur boxers from the United States and Russia. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 15:** Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1.... ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham, at 1:30.... ¶ Grambling vs. Norfolk State, in a benefit game, at Shea Stadium, at 3.... ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30.... ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.... **saturday, nov. 22:** Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1.... ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 16: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Shea Stadium, at 1.... ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 12.... ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Nov. 16.... ¶ Rangers vs Kansas City Scouts, Wednesday, Nov. 19.... **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Nov. 18, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 15; the Lucky Draw, Monday, Nov. 17; and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 22.... **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—X. J. Kennedy and James Wright reading from their own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver, watches and clocks, and *objets de vertu;* from many sources.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13-14, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations; from the collection of the late Mrs. Frances Kelley Wood and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: Asian and Japanese works of art, belonging to Jay C. Leff and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 14.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"A Brief Vacation" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 12: "State of the Union" and "Without Love."
Nov. 13-15: "Private Lives" and "Marie Antoinette."
Nov. 16-17: "Royal Wedding" and "An American in Paris."
Nov. 18-20: "She Done Him Wrong" and "My Little Chickadee."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 18: "The Passenger" and "Women in Love."
From Nov. 19: "The Day of the Locust" and "The Conversation."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 18: "A Pain in the A.." and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Nov. 19: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Morning Glory."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 18: "The Day of the Locust."
From Nov. 19: "A Pain in the A.."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Smile."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mahogany."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 18: "No Way Out."
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 18: "Hearts of the West."
From Nov. 19: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 18: "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Nov. 19: "The Human Factor."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 13: "Hard Times."
From Nov. 14: "The Story of O" (X-rated).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Magic Flute."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"If You Don't Stop It . . ."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 18: "Way Out West" and "Saps at Sea."
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 13: "The Way We Were."
From Nov. 14: "The Other Side of the Mountain."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 18: "Smile."
From Nov. 19: "Night Caller."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Distant Thunder."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Devil Is a Woman."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 18: "Walking Tall, Part 2."
From Nov. 19: "Nashville."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Nov. 18: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Stardust."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 18: "No Way Out."
From Nov. 19: "The Human Factor."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 18: "Rooster Cogburn."
From Nov. 19: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."

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16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE *DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE* SECTION BELOW

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"If You Don't Stop It . . ."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Nov. 18: "The Way We Were."
From Nov. 19: "Night Caller."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 12: "L'Avventura" and "Red Desert."
Nov. 13: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."
Nov. 14: "The Seventh Seal" and "The Virgin Spring."
Nov. 15: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."
Nov. 16: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "The Ladykillers."
Nov. 17: "Pickpocket" and "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
Nov. 18: "Alexander Nevsky" and "Ivan the Terrible, Part I."
Nov. 19: "The 400 Blows" and two short films by Truffaut.
Nov. 20: "My Life to Live" and "Tout Va Bien."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Nov. 18: "Stardust" and "A Hard Day's Night."
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Nov. 18: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Nov. 19: "The Earth Is a Sinful Song."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 18: To be announced.
From Nov. 19: "Hearts of the West."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 18 at one or another of the theatres: "Where's Poppa?," "Harold and Maude," and "Putney Swope"/"Love and Death" *and* "*Bananas*"/"*Milestones*"/"Anyone but My Husband" and "Keep On Truckin' " (X-rated).
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 10th. (675-0935)
Nov. 12: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."
Nov. 13: "Borsalino" and "The Four Musketeers."
Nov. 14-15: "O Lucky Man!" and "Performance."
Nov. 16-17: "The Passenger" and "Women in Love."
Nov. 18: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Nov. 19: "Ulysses" and "Tropic of Cancer."
Nov. 20: "Take the Money and Run" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mr. Quilp."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Conduct Unbecoming."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Let's Do It Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 18: "The Fortune" and "The Odessa File."
From Nov. 19: "Walking Tall, Part 2" and "The Seven-Ups."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Black Moon."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 12: "The Devil Is a Woman" and "Crime and Punishment."
Nov. 13: "The 39 Steps" and "To Catch a Thief."
Nov. 14: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" and "Beat the Devil."
Nov. 15: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
Nov. 16: "Cabaret" and "The Threepenny Opera."
Nov. 17: "Doulos—The Finger Man" and "Le Samourai."
Nov. 18: "Story of a Love Affair" and "La Notte."
Nov. 19: "The King Steps Out" and "The Shanghai Gesture."
Nov. 20: "Lancelot of the Lake" and "A Man Escaped."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 18: "Smile." (No evening performances on Friday, Nov. 14.)
From Nov. 19: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 18: "King of Hearts."
From Nov. 19: "Les Enfants Terribles."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 15: "Notorious" and "Rebecca."
From Nov. 16: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "There's No Business Like Show Business."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 18: "A Pain in the A.." and "Marry Me! Marry Me!"
From Nov. 19: "M*A*S*H" and "Bedazzled."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Farewell, My Lovely."
Theatre 2: "Stardust."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 18: "Best Friends" and "The Specialist."
From Nov. 19: "The Human Factor."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 18: "El Topo" and "Repulsion."
From Nov. 19: "Conduct Unbecoming" and "The Ruling Class."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 13: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."
From Nov. 14: "The Other Side of the Mountain."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Nov. 18: "Women in Love" and "Murmur of the Heart."
From Nov. 19: "Hearts of the West."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 18: "The Day of the Locust" and "Slither."
From Nov. 19: "The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 13 at 2: "Gaslight" (1940), directed by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5:30: "Girl with the Hat-Box" (1927), a

Russian silent film, directed by Boris Barnet, with Anna Sten; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: "Stride, Soviet!" (1926), directed by Dziga Vertov, and "One-Sixth of the Earth" (1926), directed by Dziga Vertov and Mikhail Kaufman; both Russian silent films, with no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: "Mechanics of the Brain" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5:30: "Gaslight.". . . ¶ Nov. 15 at noon: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu and Joseph Calleia. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 3: "The Eagle of the Caucasus" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Mikhin; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5:30: "Forest Tale" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Uri Tarich; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at noon: "Jungle Book.". . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 3: "Stride, Soviet!" and "One-Sixth of the Earth.". . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 5:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2: "Czar Ivan the Terrible" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Yuri Tarich; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 5:30: "Legacy" (1975), directed by Karen Arthur; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2: "The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Esther Shub; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Grable and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5:30: "The Murderers Are Among Us" (1946), in German, directed by Wolfgang Staudte, with Hildegard Knef; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: "Jacob the Liar" (1974), in German, directed by Frank Beyer; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 18: "Space and Time," a program of five films by David Haxton and Louis Hock. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 20: "Mozart in Love," directed by Mark Rappaport. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Broughton, Buñuel, Etra, Dreyer, Bresson, Cocteau, and others. Showings Nov. 12 at 6; Nov. 13 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 14 at 6 and 9; Nov. 15 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10:30; Nov. 16 at 8; and Nov. 18-20 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Two films by Michael Rubbo. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Alexander's Ragtime Band (1938)—The twenty-six Irving Berlin songs are reason enough for seeing the film, but you have to be prepared for the persistent, mosquito-like irritation of the plot. Alice Faye, with her mellow voice and overripe, slow smile, is wonderful on the title song and one wants to cheer for her "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam," but one may get to shuddering when she ponders the First World War (exhibited to us in three seconds of newsreel shots) and murmurs, "It was all so futile, wasn't it?" This big, lavish Fox musical, directed by Henry King, has Ethel Merman, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, and Chick Chandler. (Regency; starting Nov. 16.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16-17.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 12.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 19.)

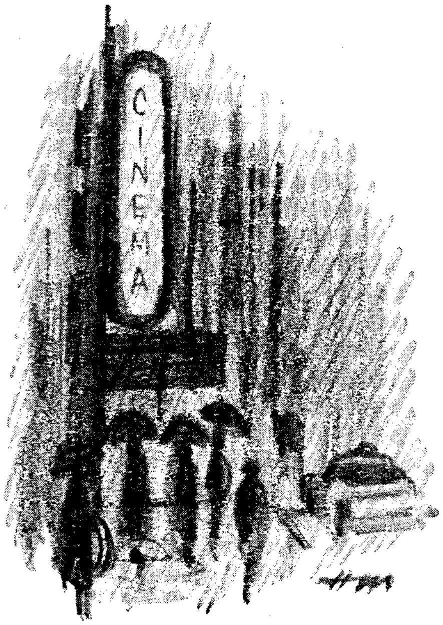
Black Moon—With Cathryn Harrison, directed by Louis Malle. (Little Carnegie.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 13.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/75.) (Art.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 19.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16.)



Conduct Unbecoming—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. The material has no real point or logic, though every now and then a line of dialogue pushes a button marked "Military Hypocrisy," or "Corruption of Colonialism," or "Subterranean Sex Perversion." The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, and Stacy Keach. (11/3/75) (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting Nov. 19.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 19.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has got a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Elgin; Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 15.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Gramercy, and Olympia; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 19.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on

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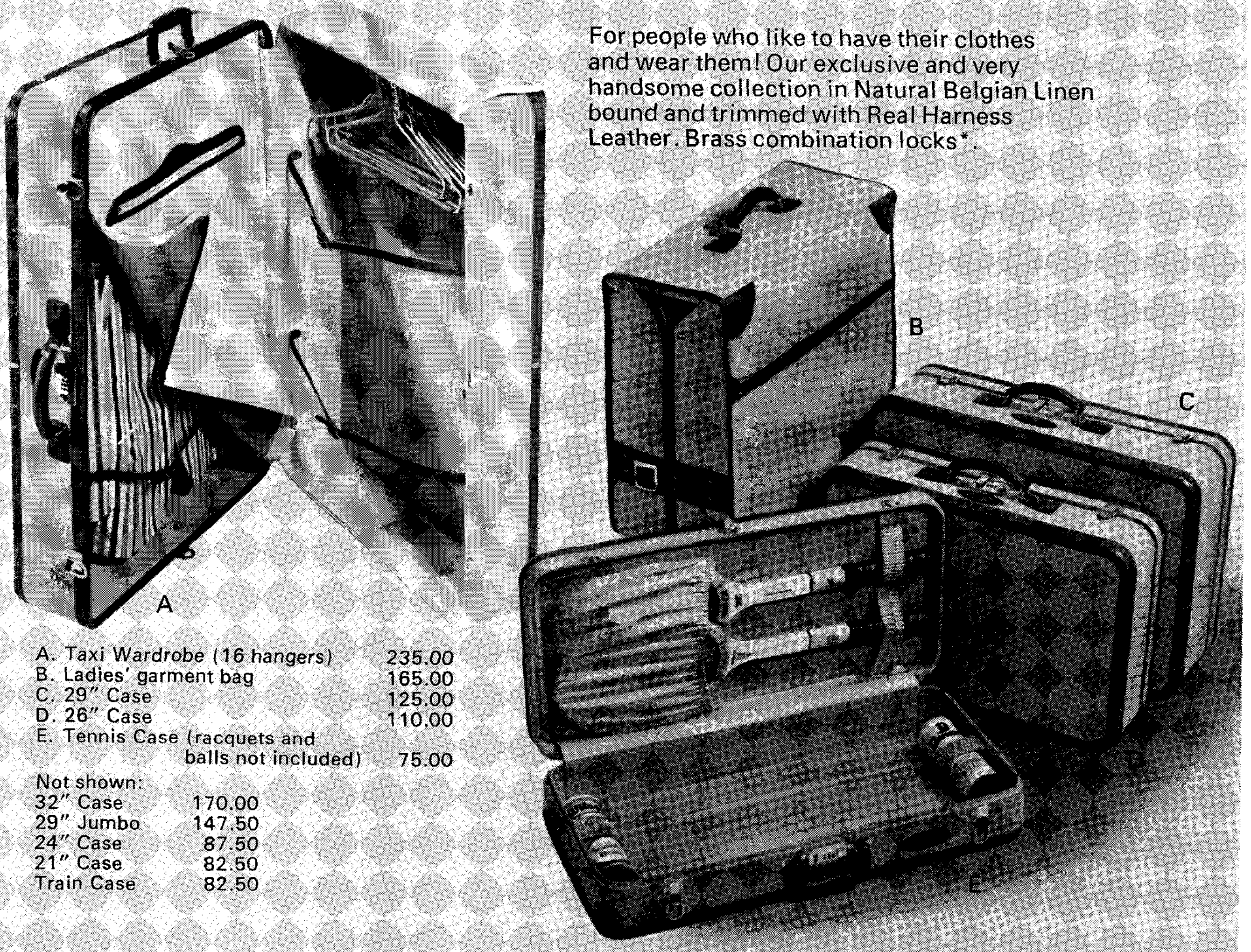

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Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Elgin; Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 15.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 19.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. With Lionel Atwill and Cesar Romero. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)

The Devil Is a Woman—The title is shared, but absolutely nothing else. In fact, the leading figure here (Glenda Jackson) is an authoritarian nun. Directed by Damiano Damiani. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 18.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Beekman.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

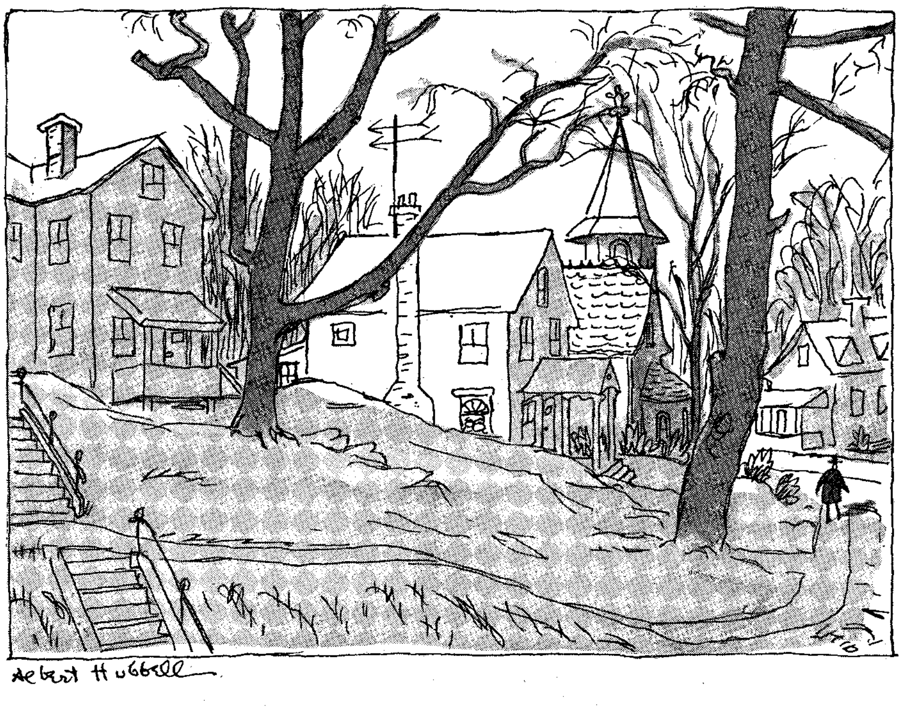
Doulos—The Finger Man (1964)—French cops-and-robbers, as rehashed from American gangster movies, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, in a tightly belted trenchcoat, as an unscrupulous informer, and Serge Reggiani as a crook who is his victim, and then, by a freak of fortune, nails him. The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, piles up eight or ten bodies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 17.)

The Earth Is a Sinful Song—Directed by Rauni Mollberg. In Finnish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 19.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 19.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (Fine Arts.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Elgin; Nov. 18.)



Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Nov. 18.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Playboy; through Nov. 18.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 19.)

The Four Musketeers—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie: he simply made two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the three others (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston (Cardinal Richelieu). Written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. (3/31/75) (Elgin; Nov. 13.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Art.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Waverly; through Nov. 18.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Baronet; through Nov. 13.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric

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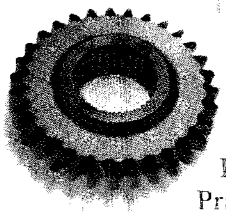

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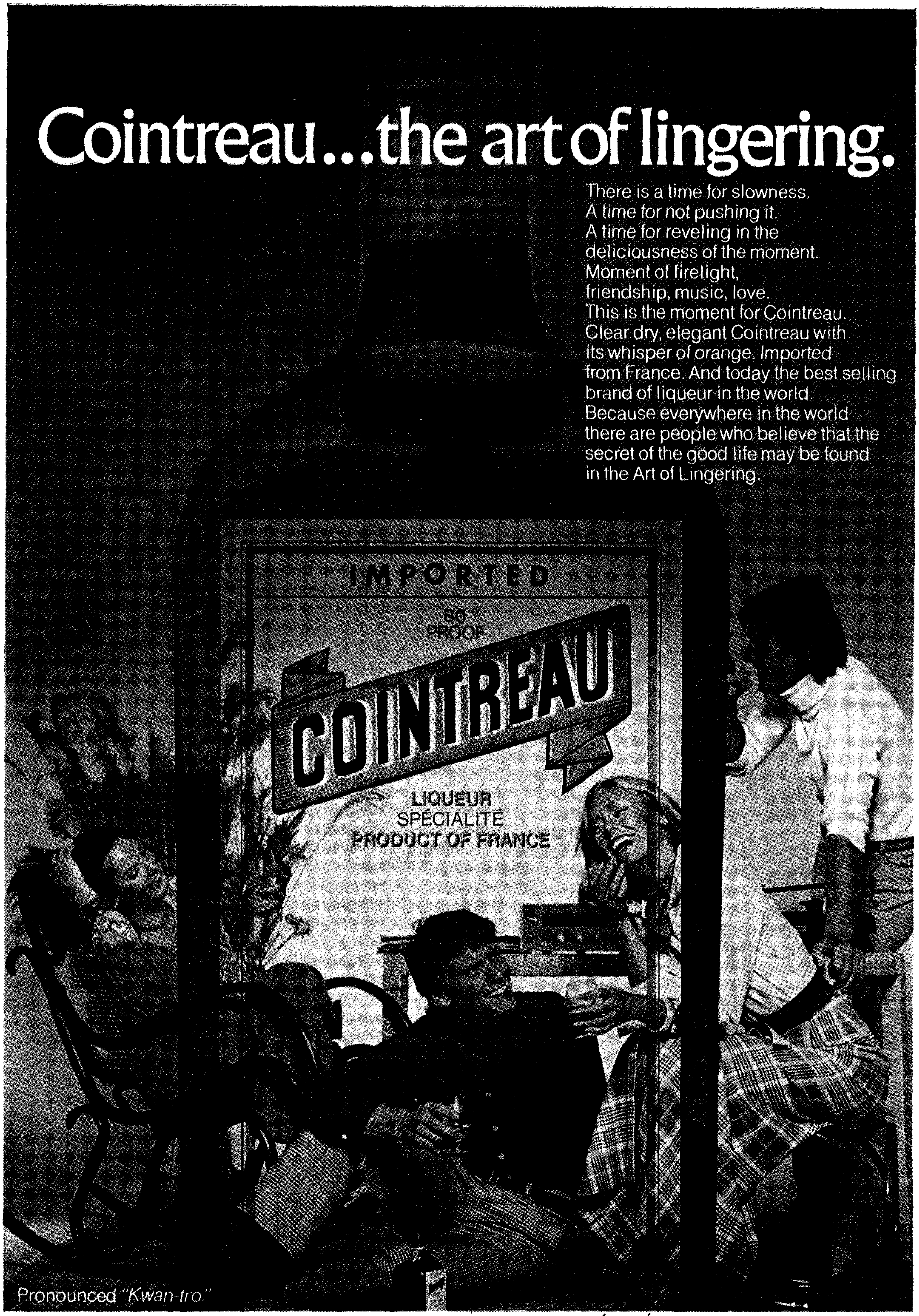
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enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Sutton; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Nov. 19.)

Hester Street—With Steven Keats and Carol Kane, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Plaza.)

The Human Factor—With George Kennedy, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (Trans-Lux East, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 19.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 15.)

Ivan the Terrible, Part I (1944)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In this part, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 18.)

The King Steps Out (1936)—Those with merciful memories blocked this one out long ago. Josef von Sternberg asked that the film not be included in retrospectives of his work, but he really did make the damned thing. It's a monstrously overstaged version of Fritz Kreisler's operetta "Cissy," with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone struggling through the scenery playing Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and the young Emperor Franz Josef. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 16.)

Lancelot of the Lake—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. No one but Bresson could use the constriction on commonplace expressiveness that wearing armor means; his great art has always thrived on constraints that he imposes on himself, and this film is a masterpiece of eloquent discipline. We're seeing the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in what amounts to a heap of scrap metal that is the detritus of a shrivelled code, and Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. A film to see and see again; never have economies of composition, of editing, of expository "exciting" climax, of bridging dialogue been more beautifully planned, or ended in such a sense of the copious. In French. (6/9/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 20.)

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Let's Do It Again—This innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam is like a black child's version of "The Sting." The con involves hypnotizing a spindly prizefighter, played by Jimmie Walker, of TV's "Good Times," in his first screen role. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the screen are very likable. The cast includes Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (86th St. East, and Festival.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Symphony; through Nov. 13.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 19.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob (1973)—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. In French. (7/22/74) (Cinema Village; through Nov. 18.)

The Magic Flute—The Mozart opera. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. As a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar and goes on to be a whirling international celebrity as well as a terrific haute-couture designer, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home, she has an overachiever debauch. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed this setback to Ross's talent; he seems to have worked from a do-it-yourself kit. (10/27/75) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The efforts to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13-15.)

Marry Me! Marry Me! (1969)—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 18.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 19.)

Milestones—An acted-out, cross-section view of what the young radicals of the sixties are doing in the seventies—how they're trying to find a revolutionary way of life. It's so long (195 minutes) and so miserably structured that the viewer can't tell who is living with whom, or where, or what the economic base of any of the groups is. The directors, Robert Kramer and John Douglas (who also wrote and edited the film), cut back and forth among people living in communes and burned-out apartments and on the road, who talk about their feelings, and the need to be open about those feelings, in banal, strangely indirect and abstract terms. It's all so maundering and haphazard that it looks like an after-apocalypse movie; this is certainly part of the point, but we never get to understand what the directors' principles of selection were. With Douglas playing a blind potter, Grace Paley playing a filmmaker, and David C. Stone as Joe, of Joe's Bar. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

Mr. Quilp—A musical version of Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop." With Anthony Newley, who also did the music and lyrics. Directed by Michael Tuchner. (Guild.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheer-

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fully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 18.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 19.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 18.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West muttering and wambling, respectively, in a most unusual Western. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-20.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 19.)

Night Caller—With Jean-Paul Belmondo, directed by Henri Verneuil. A French film, dubbed in English. (Columbia II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Nov. 19.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Regency; through Nov. 15.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. The characters are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

No Way Out—With Alain Delon and Richard Conte, directed by Duccio Tessari. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Nov. 18.)

The Odessa File (1974)—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Playboy; through Nov. 18.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Elgin; Nov. 14-15.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—With Jack Nicholson, directed by Miloš Forman. (Sutton, and Paramount; starting Nov. 19.)

The Other Side of the Mountain—With Marilyn Hassett and Beau Bridges, directed by Larry Peerce. (Columbia I, and Symphony; starting Nov. 14.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (Cinema Village, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 19.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 16-17. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 19.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Nov. 14-15.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off this time. This version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; with Reginald Denny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13-15.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 15.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Regency; through Nov. 15.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 12.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (New Yorker; through Nov. 18.)

Rooster Cogbjrn—Just about the worst. A Western shoot-'em-up, with John Wayne wallowing in the role of the one-eyed U.S. marshal carried over from "True Grit." Katharine Hepburn—her role lifted bodily from "The African Queen"—plays the schoolteacher-daughter of a missionary to the Indians. When Wayne and Hepburn spar, it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. Stuart Millar directed, from a script written by the producer Hal Wallis, his wife, Martha Hyer, and others; they all hid—as well they should have—under the pseudonym Martin Julien. (11/3/75) (Loews Ciné; through Nov. 18.)

Royal Wedding (1951)—The director, Stanley Donen, tries to make this musical buoyant, and Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill (yes, the daughter), Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn all work at it, but the magic isn't there. It's jaunty at times but not more than that. The script is weak and the songs by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane are not all they are sometimes said to be. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 16-17.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 19.)

Le Samourai (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Saps at Sea (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy which, unfortunately, draws on the same kind of material others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 18.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with Death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 14.)

The Seven-Ups (1973)—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Playboy; starting Nov. 19.)

The Shanghai Gesture (1941)—Hilariously, awesomely terrible. Hollywood attempted to clean up John Colton's old melodrama about nightlife depravities in Shanghai: Mother Goddam became Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), and her establishment became nothing more disreputable than a gambling den. Josef von Sternberg proceeded to pack the orgiastic, smoky atmosphere with crowds of coolies, diplomats, roulette players, and "bird-cage" girls, and in the foreground is one of the most ridiculous casts ever assembled. Victor Mature, in a burnous, as the languid Dr. Omar—his eyes welling with mysterious passions—is worth the price of admission, and when you throw in Gene Tierney, as Poppy, a rich girl going to the dogs (Tierney acts as if she's having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce), you've got a gorgeous travesty. Some of this effect is probably intentional, but the total effect couldn't have been. Walter Huston stalks through as Mother Gin Sling's former lover, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya, Phyllis Brooks, Ivan Lebedeff, Mike Mazurki, Albert Basserman, Eric Blore, Marcel Dalio, Mikhail Rasumni, and John Abbott. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, Nov. 19.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-20.)

Slither (1973)—The first feature directed by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard R. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Olympia; through Nov. 18.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. The film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Nov. 18. No evening performances on Friday, Nov. 14.)

Stardust—With David Essex, directed by Michael Apted. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Nov. 18.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive, political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and she's his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearance's sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. Van Johnson, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Walburn are in the cast, along with such troupers as Marion Martin and Tom Pedi. If you want to see what Arthur O'Connell looked like when he was younger, watch for the reporter who turns up. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

Story of a Love Affair (1950)—Michelangelo Antonioni's first film, directed by him from his own original story. (The screenplay credits Antonioni and four others.) A Milanese industrialist (Ferdinando Sarmi) sets out to investigate the past of his beautiful, sulky young wife, Paola (Lucia Bosè). The film is unmistakably Antonioni's in its concentration on the unknowability of an intimate's identity, though it is not as cryptic as the aesthetically more beautiful "L'Avventura." As in "La Notte" and "Eclipse" and "Red Desert," the sense of mystery here tends to cling exclusively to the well-off and bored, as though riches and lassitude of spirit had a peculiar allure for the Marxist Antonioni. His political sense of cause and effect, and of the environment that produces disaffection, had to wait until "The Passenger" (1975) to be truly fused with his usual genius. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

The Story of O—From Pauline Reage's novel. Directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Baronet; starting Nov. 14.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Olympia; starting Nov. 19.)

The Sunshine Boys—Based on Neil Simon's play. With Walter Matthau and George Burns. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, be-

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cause the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 20.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians and for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel "Iron Lungs" Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no lift to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Regency; starting Nov. 16.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The suspense plot (reprised in the current "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much, but the Riviera scenery, Cary Grant, and Grace Kelly are at their most luscious. It's a romantic comedy-thriller about a retired jewel thief—a pleasant minor diversion by Alfred Hitchcock. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (New Yorker; through Nov. 18.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Symphony; through Nov. 13.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Elgin; Nov. 19.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Elgin; Nov. 19.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Walking Tall, Part 2—Bo Svenson plays Buford Pusser in this sequel. Directed by Earl Bellamy. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Nov. 19.)

Way Out West (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 18.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (Columbia I; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Nov. 18.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Elgin; Nov. 20.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

Without Love (1945)—One of the dreariest films in the Katharine Hepburn-Spencer Tracy series; it has a metallic flavor. The Philip Barry play was extensively rewritten by Donald Ogden Stewart, and not improved. Tracy is a homespun scientist working on a helmet for high-altitude flying, and Hepburn is a widow with a big house in Washington. The wartime housing shortage is the plot excuse for his moving in with her, on the understanding that they'll have a platonic marriage. And guess what happens. Pedestrian direction by Harold S. Bucquet; with Keenan Wynn, Lucille Ball, Patricia Morison, Gloria Grahame, and Carl Esmond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (St. Marks Cinema, and Thalia; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 16-17.)

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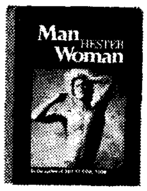

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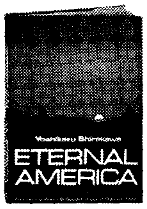

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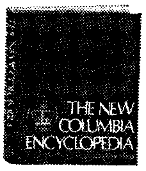

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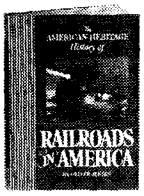

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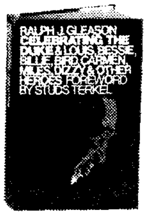

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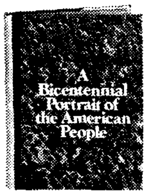

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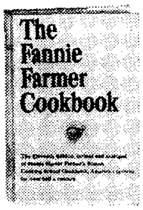

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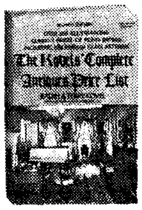

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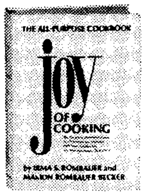

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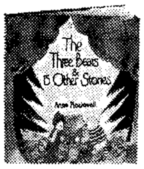

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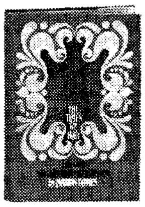

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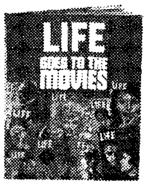

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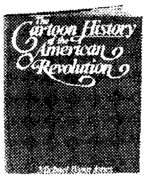

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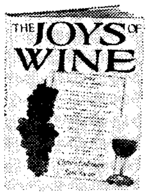

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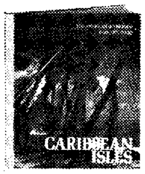

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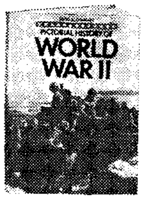

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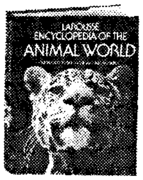

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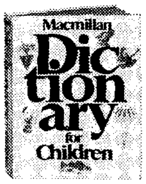

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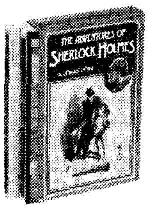

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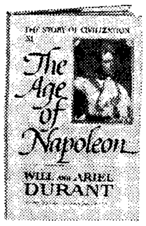

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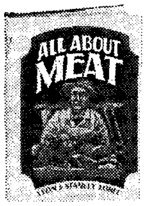

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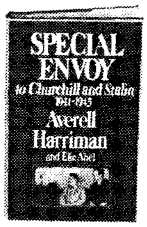

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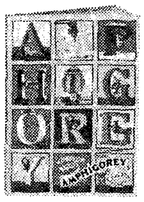

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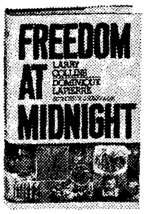

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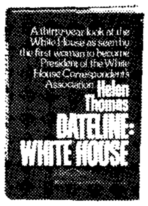

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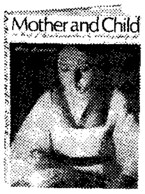

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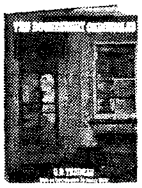

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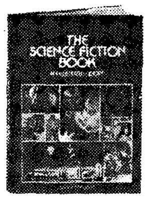

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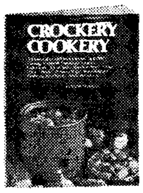

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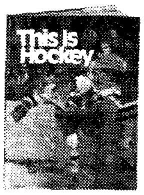

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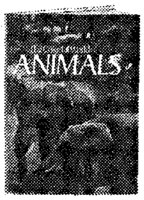

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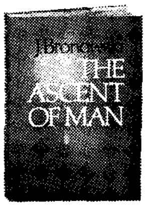

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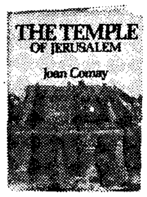

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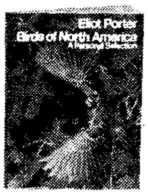

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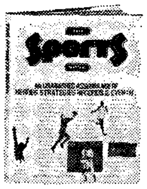

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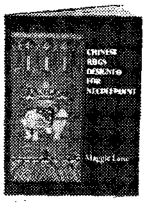

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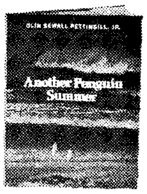

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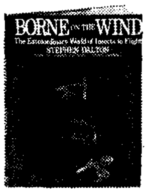

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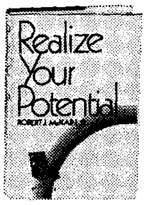

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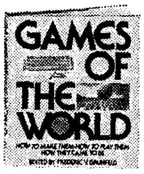

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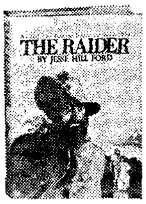

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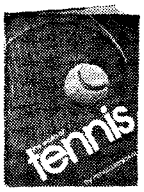

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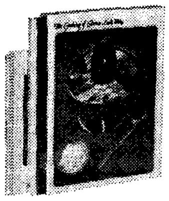

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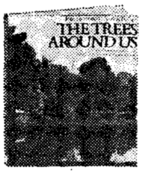

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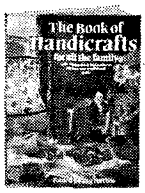

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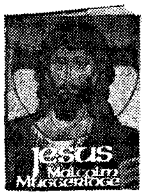

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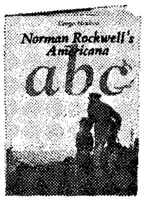

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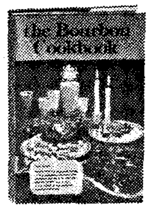

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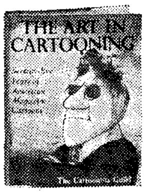

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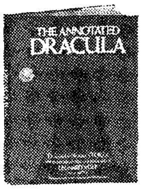

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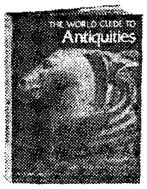

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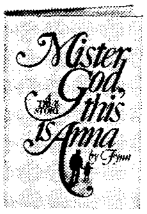
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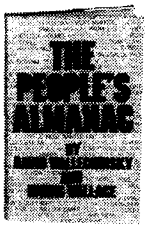
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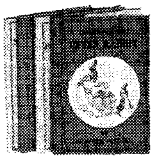

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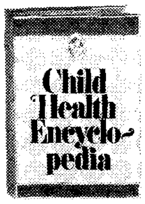
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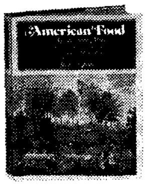
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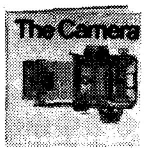

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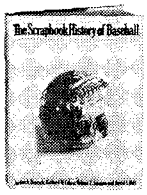
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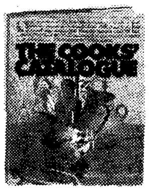
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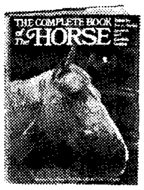
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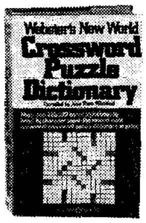
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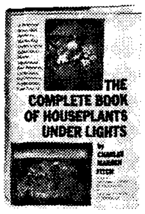
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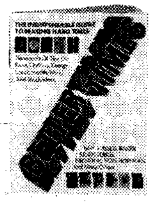
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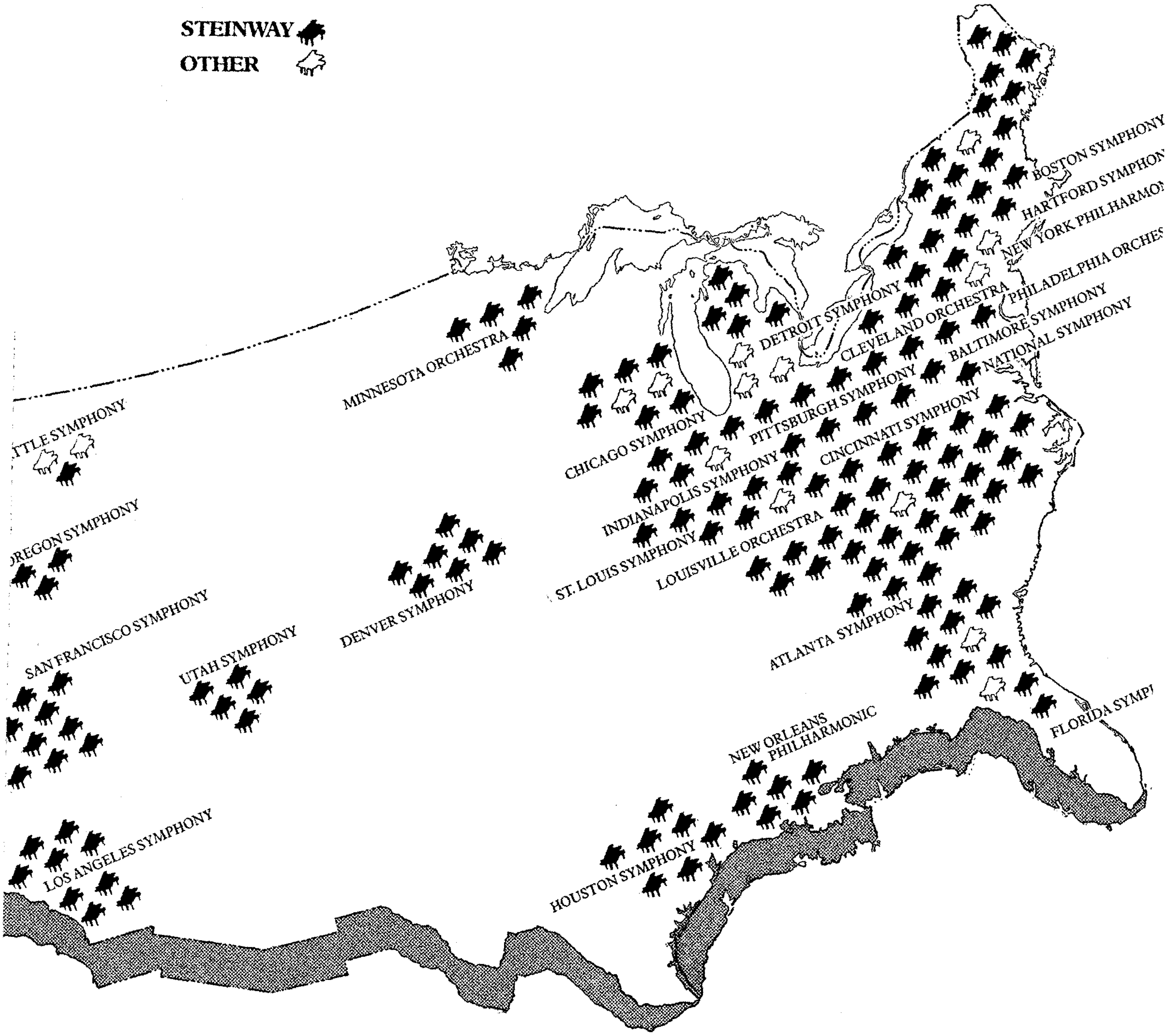
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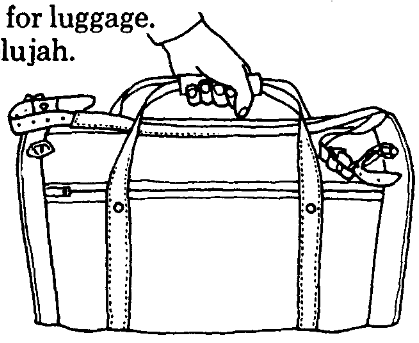

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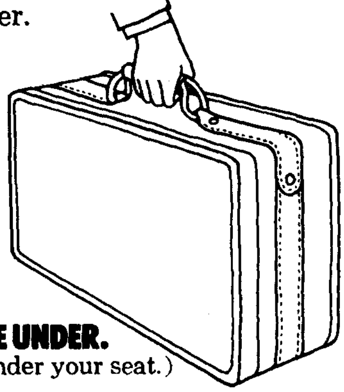
And the wide side-flap opening lets you ram clothes into every seam right up to the heavy duty nylon zipper.



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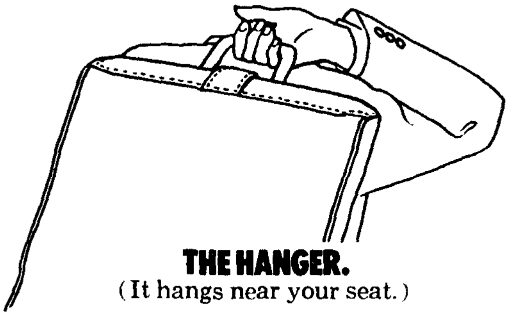

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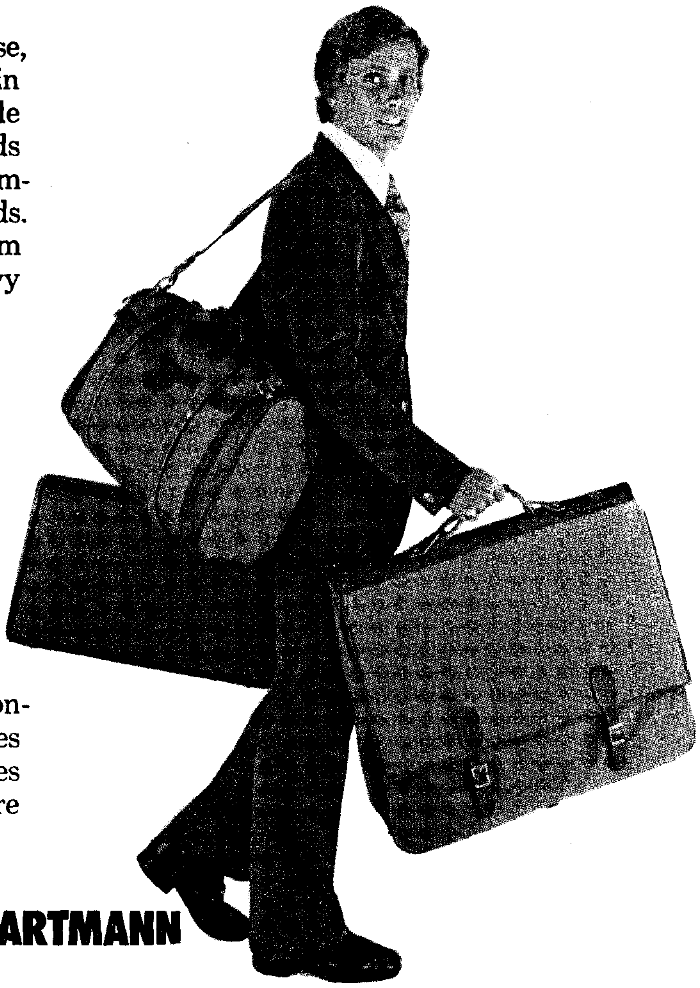
And no law says you can't carry the Carry-Ons on a bus or train. In case you miss the plane.



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The Pacer also comes with AMC's economical 6-cylinder engine and a big 22-gallon gas tank. So you not only get outstanding performance, you also go a long way on a tank of gas.

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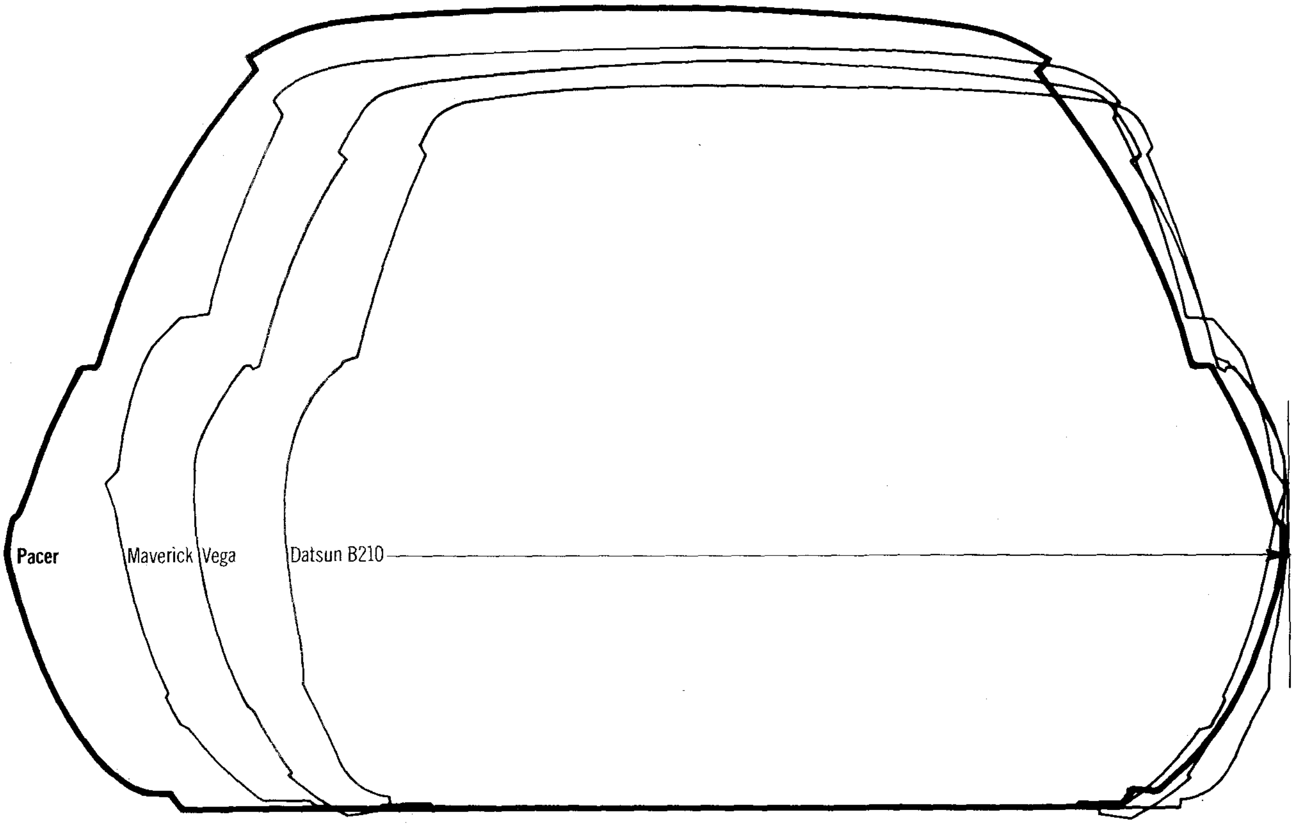

Overall width comparison: Pacer 77.0," Maverick 70.5," Vega 65.4," Datsun B210 60.8"

The AMC Pacer, the first wide small car, is also covered by the wide coverage: THE AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.® At American Motors, we do small things in a wide way.

AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

To us at American Motors, and to our dealers, the exclusive AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN means a commitment to our customers.

AMC's exclusive BUYER PROTECTION PLAN means that AMC will fix or replace free any part, except tires, for 12 months or 12,000 miles whether the part is defective, or just plain wears out under normal use and service.

The following parts and services are covered against factory defects or failure due to wear for 12 months or 12,000 miles.*

Parts fixed or replaced free.

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Engine/Drive train	**Yes**	Yes	Yes	Yes
Spark plugs	**Yes**	No	No	No
Shock absorbers	**Yes**	No	No	Yes
Brake linings	**Yes**	No	No	Yes
Clutch linings	**Yes**	No	No	Yes
Wiper blades	**Yes**	No	No	No
All light bulbs	**Yes**	No	No	No
Hoses & Belts	**Yes**	Yes	No	No

®BUYER PROTECTION PLAN is reg. U.S. Pat. and Tm Off.
*Chrysler coverage is 12 months. Unlimited mileage.
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Services provided free.

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Wheel alignment	**Yes**	No	No	No
Wheel balancing	**Yes**	No	No	No
Align headlights	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust carburetor	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust distributor	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust brakes	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust clutch	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust transmission bands	**Yes**	No	No	No
Adjust & tighten belts	**Yes**	No	No	No
Tighten nuts & bolts	**Yes**	No	No	No
Free loaner car	**Yes**	No	No	Yes
Trip Interruption Protection	**Yes**	No	No	No

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The clothes: Hardy Amies of London

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the midst of nearly boundless intellectual confusion, New York City heads toward default. The plain truth is that no one—not Mayor Beame, not Governor Carey, not President Ford—can speak with much authority on either the causes of default or its probable consequences. Nor is this state of affairs, regrettable as it may be, surprising. Default is too close, too large, and too new to be seen clearly yet. In time, people will make out what it is we are dealing with—the work has already begun—but for the moment we are unable even to determine its order of magnitude. Some observers—and they are numerous—regard the crisis as strictly local. Others regard it as a crisis of all American cities. Still others regard it as a crisis of cities all over the world—and, indeed, a glance at such cities as Rome and Bonn shows them to be suffering from many of the ills that are troubling New York. There is also a school of thought which holds that the crisis is more than an urban crisis, and encompasses the economy of the whole United States. This school finds the causes of New York's difficulties in the present recession and in the policies of recent national Administrations, including their policies in Vietnam, where the United States just finished spending a hundred and fifty billion dollars. (New York is looking for a *guarantee for a loan* of six or seven billion dollars.) Another school of thought goes further still, holding that the crisis embraces the world economy, and seeing the fate of New York as a warning for whole nations. Speculation on particular causes of the crisis similarly ranges from the minute to the gargantuan—from "mismanagement" in City Hall to the putative decline of Western civilization. Thinking on the consequences of default runs the same gamut: some people anticipate mere short-term discomfort for New Yorkers, and others anticipate a catastrophe for the entire nation—or even a world depression. The twisting-and-turning progress of efforts to cope with default also reveals the essentially unknown nature and unknown size of the threat. The people who are supposed to be in charge cannot decide which level of government, if any, should assume responsibility for the crisis. At one moment, they appeal to the banks; the next moment they appeal to the labor unions; and the moment after that they appeal to the federal government. Coalitions are formed and then fall apart. Package deals are contrived and then dissolve. Proposals are made and their possible consequences are explored later. These groping moves, shifting explanations, and crumbling plans are signs of a fundamental ignorance—an ignorance that it would probably be best to accept for the time being. Our ignorance is where we all begin as we try to take the measure of the threatened disaster. It is our common ground.

Nevertheless, many confident-sounding voices are heard, and among them the voice of President Ford rings exceptionally loud with spurious certainty. He subscribes to the narrowest of all the explanations: New York's problems are confined to New York; the city, in the words of his press secretary, is a "wayward daughter" addicted to heroin; if default arrives, the harm will be to New Yorkers alone. From confident explanation the President moves on to blame, and becomes abusive: New York has been "profligate;" it threatens to spread an "insidious disease" throughout the country. And from blame he proceeds to punishment: New York must suffer for its errors. While others are still searching for information and understanding, he arraigns suspects, tries them, convicts them, and passes sentence. In the meantime, prejudices against New York which have nothing to do with the city's economy are stirred up around the country, and unhappy New Yorkers begin to respond in kind. For each overconfident assertion that is made at the White House, New York retaliates with an overconfident assertion of its own. As the debate heats up, symbols supersede actualities, and a personification of New York establishes itself in the minds of millions of Americans. This person is loud and arrogant, lazy, probably somehow foreign, and practically a mugger. His qualities are added up and weighed against the qualities of another imaginary person, who is supposed to represent the rest of the country. An irrelevant drama is superimposed on an actual crisis, and the actual New York City—the eight million people who are hanging from the straps of run-down buses and subways and sending their children to overcrowded schools and trying to keep their property and themselves safe—is forgotten. The fate of the nation's first city hangs upon the outcome of a popularity contest, and the sober inquiry that might reveal

what has gone wrong in New York is cut short before it can really begin.

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Headline

IF there were a Pulitzer Prize for headline writing, this year's winner, hands down, would be William Brink, the managing editor of the *News*. A little after five on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 29th, Mr. Brink was sitting at the news desk with a pencil in his hand and a chaotic heap of copy paper in front of him. As usual, he was trying to come up with something snappy for the next morning's front page, and he was batting around ideas with the editors and reporters who happened to be within earshot. At the *News*, the main headline is called the 120, because it's usually in large, 120-point block letters. When there's an unusually big story, as there was that day—President Ford had ruled out any federal help for the city until after a default—the headline is sometimes set in 144-point type. With two lines of eleven "units" each to play with, Mr. Brink would have to keep it terse. He wrote:

FORD REFUSES
AID TO CITY

A bit dull, and, anyway, "FORD REFUSES" was a half unit too long. He tried

FORD SAYS NO
TO CITY AID

That fitted, but it was still mundane. "What I wanted to do," Mr. Brink told us a couple of days later, "was to get across the idea that Ford hadn't just declined to help us; he had, in effect, consigned us to the scrap heap. He was cutting us adrift, sending us down the drain."

Then Mr. Brink wrote two words on his sheet of copy paper:

DROP DEAD

That was short, and sweet besides. Above, he wrote:

FORD TO CITY:

With the spaces, the colon, and the "I" counted as a half unit each, it came out to exactly eleven units. There was general approbation around the news desk. A grizzled deskman said, "Sounds like the old *Daily News*." Michael O'Neill, the editor of the *News*, came out of his office, looked at the headline, laughed, and said, "Terrific." By the time people were getting to work on Thursday, Mr. Brink's headline had been reproduced on two million copies of the *News* and had been seen by every ambulatory literate or semiliterate in town. By Friday morning, it had been held up before the cameras by commentators on all three television networks. The wire services sent out photographs of it, which appeared in hundreds of papers around the world. Last week, both *Time* and *Newsweek* displayed it prominently in their stories on New York's woes. It was, without question, the most successful headline the *News* has ever run.

Of course, headlines sell no bonds. As the saying goes (allowing for inflation), that headline and fifty cents will get you a ride on the subway. But morale hasn't been all that high in this city of late, and Mr. Brink's contribution cheered people up all over town. It was pugnacious, intemperate, outraged, biassed, and pithy—a superb distillation of the New York-cabdriver idiom. The headline in that day's *Times* ("FORD, CASTIGATING CITY, ASSERTS HE'D VETO FUND GUARANTEE; OFFERS BANKRUPTCY BILL") was, by comparison, a genteel, leisurely essay on urban finance.

All this started us thinking about *News* headlines in general. We've noticed a number of patterns over the years. For example, the *News* believes there's no such thing as a public figure with a name that can't be shortened. This is a world in which Brez, Henry K, Hubie, and Rocky are movers and shakers, as Khrush, DeG, and McGov used to be. Politicians with "funny" names, especially foreigners, run other risks. When a French Premier of pre-DeG days started to lose political support, the headline in the *News* was

PFLIMLIN'S CHANCES
GROWING PFLIMSIER

When the topic is murder, as it so often is in *News* headlines, the preferred verb is "to slay." A psychiatrist's nefarious plans engendered this headline:

SHRINK HELD IN
PLOT TO SLAY 3

Crimes involving theft would be almost unheadlineable without the use of the letter "G," which stands for "grand," meaning a thousand dollars. Thus:

SOPHIA ROBBED
OF 600G GEMS

If the predicate is interesting or exciting enough, the subject can be dispensed with entirely in a *News* headline. Nevertheless, the verb has to agree with its absent noun, whether that noun is singular, as in

AXES WIFE, SONS
AND HANGS SELF

or plural, as in

BARE 21G DEAL
BY SCHOOL EXEC

Of course, this sometimes gives rise to confusing mock imperatives, as in

HURL ROCKS AT
NIXON IN CALIF.

Unlike the *Times*, which is constrained by the self-discipline of impartiality, the *News* feels free to indulge a sense of identification with its readers in its headlines. When Prohibition was repealed, the *News*' headline was "YOU CAN DRINK!" When the subway fare jumped a dime to thirty cents, the headline was an enormous "OUCH!" with a photograph of a token in place of the letter "O." This was the tradition in which Mr. Brink was working when he fashioned his masterpiece. We shook him warmly by the hand when we dropped in at the News Building the other day to congratulate him. He is a tall, big-boned man with a deeply lined, slightly flushed face. He has been with the *News* since 1970, before which he was a senior editor at *Newsweek*, and he has been managing editor for about a year. We asked him if he'd written any other one-twenties he considered noteworthy. He thought for a moment, and said, "We did one in Chinese when Nixon was over there. Let's see." He rummaged in a cabinet and pulled out a *News*. The headline (in English) was "NIXON IN CHINA," and there were Chinese characters running down one side of the page. "We got a calligrapher to do this," Mr. Brink said. "It says, 'Welcome, Nixon,' or so we were led to believe. I got worried at the last minute, though. I started thinking maybe the calligrapher was pulling a joke on us. So I took it around to some of the Chinese restaurants on Second Avenue. I'd just go up to a guy and flash it. We didn't run it until I got three Chinese waiters to say 'Welcome, Nixon.' "

Dream

WE sat down on a bench in City Hall Park for a moment last week to enjoy the sun, and found ourself next to a woman with her head in the folds of a reflector. "You're not planning to steal my bag, are you?"

she asked. "It's filled with pieces of paper that I've written things down on that I can't read anymore." The voice was muffled, but we knew it was that of our friend Janet.

"No," we said.

"My dream is in there somewhere," the voice went on. "There were three sentences I wrote down, and the second— I can't remember the first one. I write all these things on little pieces of paper. I'm continually frustrated in my dreams—just like the rest of my life." Janet put down the reflector and started to rummage in her pocketbook. "This little piece of paper," she said, pulling out a handful of scraps. "Maybe it's here. Most of the pieces of paper I find tell me I have to go down for jury duty. I can't find the October one, but here's one from July. See?" she said, waving a document. "It's a subpoena. Well, look at the way they spell my name. I can get out of it only if I'm a disabled embalmer. Look at this!" Janet passed us an itemized bill of some sort. "Twenty-nine dollars and fifteen cents!" she said. "I don't even think it belongs to me."

We passed it back.

"Oh, this is what I'm dying to do. 'Munch 'n' Learn.' Look at that. Now, that is fantastic, isn't it? 'Eight Munch 'n' Learn Sessions.' I think I'll do French Monday and Wednesday, and Italian Tuesday and Thursday. That takes up four lunches for two weeks. Now, here's another thing." She held up another thing. "The New School is sending people to Guadeloupe to learn French for only seven hundred and seventy-five dollars. That includes getting there. It's a whole week, and you get to go to a cocktail party; full breakfast and dinner every day—I don't eat breakfast—and you have unlimited use of a Sunfish boat. That's Course No. 5096-4. I always feel better when I'm sunburned."

Janet stuffed the flyer back into her bag and proceeded to read from a letter: " 'Dear Parent, thank you for your check that . . .' I owe them six thousand dollars," she said, "but I paid them twelve dollars for a Parents' Weekend. Oh, God, the things you have to do! You meet in a tent. You meet a lot of deans. I asked this guy what he taught, and he said he was too busy being a dean.

"Here's a letter from Bergdorf Goodman." Janet studied the letter for a while. "I never heard of a bank saying 'Do not redeposit,' " she said. "This is from my cousin Herman. 'Enclosed is the airline ticket, for which you owe me thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents. I'm sorry things didn't work out for you in West Virginia. Love, Herman.'

"Now, I have this, about love or marriage, by George Sand." Janet held up a newspaper clipping. "She wrote it in 1834, and she says she thinks marriage will be abolished and something more humane will come along. The kids will be born and the parents won't be shackled to each other. I think that's what she says. I cut it out.

"This is a list of guests for a party I'm never going to give. Oh, here it is—the thing I dreamt. The first sentence was 'The American Dilemma.' Then I have ' "A" is for "alphabet," ' and 'Buy me some dessert.' I thought it was going to solve the world's problems.

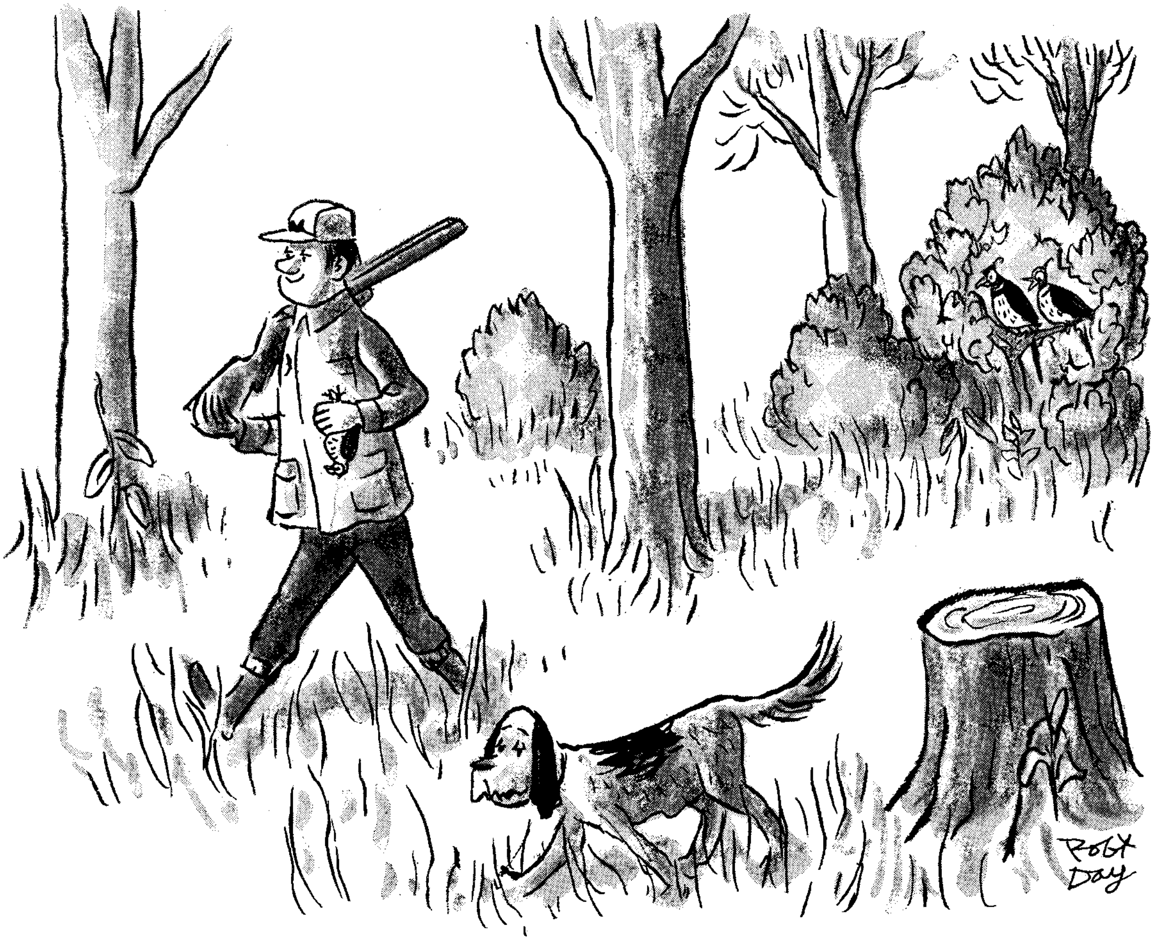
"Here's the coming attractions at Buddy's Place," Janet continued. "I went there. Here's a card asking me when I'm coming to Europe. Let's see. Oh, my God, here's a check from Philip Morris! Herman and Bergdorf Goodman—they can each have half of that. Here's my ex-husband's income-tax return, saying he didn't— Oh, no, it's *my* income-tax form, which I carry with me at all times.

" 'What jobs have you held in the past twenty years?' " Janet read from a long sheet of paper. She held it out to us, and we reached for it. She pulled it back. "You don't want to read that," she said. "I've held all my jobs for about three months.

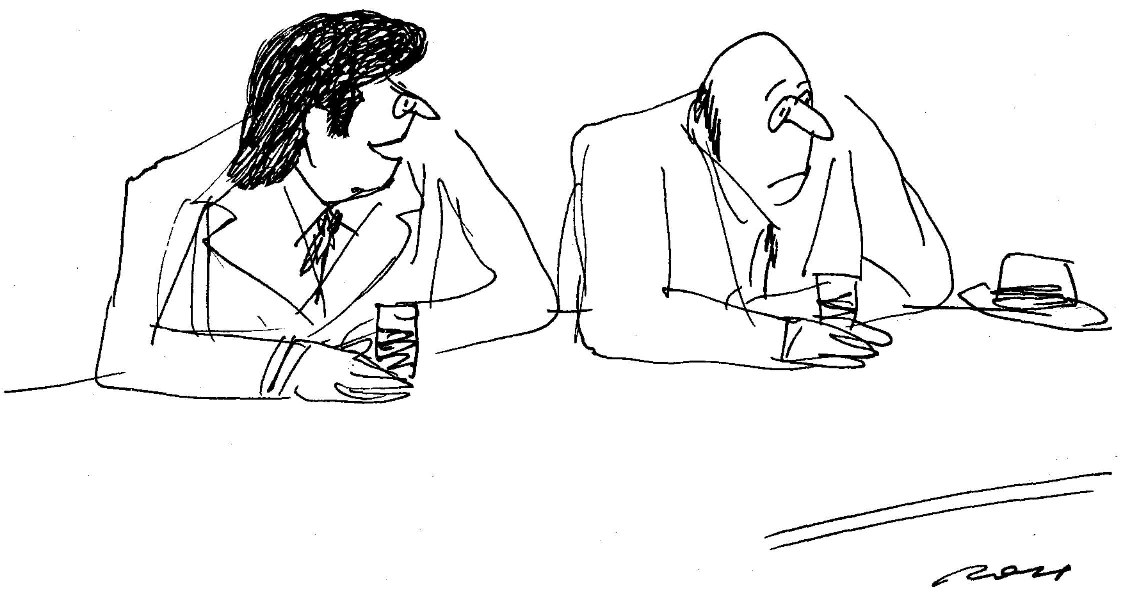
"How about this? A Xerox copy of a certificate of appreciation from Mayor Beame. And here's somebody in Nutley, New Jersey—somebody I met on a train. I said I would put him on my mailing list.

" 'Your deficit was twenty-five thousand dollars and forty-six cents rather than one thousand four hundred and forty dollars and forty-six cents,' " Janet read from another of her letters.

"The forty-six-cents part is right,



"I find it hard to believe that that crummy bird is worth more than the both of us put together."



"I'll tell you why you're bald and I'm not. It's the genes. I read up on the genes, and, boy, do I know my genes! Take me. I got good genes."

• •

anyway," she commented. "I think I straightened that out.

" 'Dance under the stars.' I missed this. 'Everybody is going to be there,' it says.

"There's a robe sale at Bonwit's, but I don't think I'm allowed in there for three years.

"Here's another letter from Herman." Janet read to herself. "Hmm," she said. "Well, I better do that.

" 'Mind Control Center.' I keep almost going. I'm going to go there. It doesn't get you— it doesn't make you any younger, but it makes you get over wanting to be younger. Settling for a life of misery, it's called."

Janet examined another piece of paper briefly. Then she put her papers away and stuck her head inside the reflector again.

"Anyway," she went on, "I think it gets you to believe in yourself, and you can start pushing people around the way you always wanted to and never felt you had the right. Actually, I like the mind control where you control the other person's mind. Or else you get a very cheerful point of view. I have a feeling it's not going to work, or it works for about two weeks and the whole thing wears off. Maybe you could stop carrying a torch for one guy and switch to another one. If the guy you like marries someone else, it gives you a very optimistic attitude—that it's all worked out for the best. Actually, I suppose it's instead of believing in God. I'd prefer something more reciprocal. Did I tell you about the train from Providence, Rhode Island?"

We said no.

"There was a lady with two children," Janet continued. "In the first place, my own daughter wasn't speaking to me. She said she was reading, but she stayed on the same page for two hours. So I walked across the aisle and talked to a girl who told me that she and her mother tell each other everything, and I said I wasn't sure I wanted to know everything, and then she started to tell *me* everything. So I went back and met the honeymoon couple, and I told them I'd get them a hotel in New York for two days and tickets for a show.

"Then I met the guy who was completely covered with Indian jewelry—that blue stuff. He sells it. I ended up buying a beautiful necklace wholesale for about four times as much as I would have paid for it in New York. Then I asked the lady with two little girls how far apart they were in age, and she said eighteen months, which is how far apart mine are. It turned out she had left her husband. Later, it turned out she had just left him for the weekend. And she didn't know what she was going to do, so I called a friend of mine who owns a hotel, and he said could she afford forty dollars, and I said no, twenty, and he said O.K. The cabdriver was so excited about the whole thing that he wouldn't let us pay for the cab. I always talk to strangers."

Janet put the reflector down and looked at us. "Oh, my God, I know you!" she said.

We nodded.

"Usually, I don't remember them," she went on. "I walked into a Chicken Delight in Massapequa, and this guy comes up and says 'Hi.' He was the manager. I met him on the subway last week. Everybody gives me their name, and I keep saying, 'I'll put you on my mailing list.'

"The other day, I was waiting for the train at Eighty-sixth Street, and the girl on my right put her fingers in her ears, because of the noise of the train, and I said, 'I bet you'd love to leave New York, but you can't, because you're an actress.' She said, 'How did you know?' I was right, of course. Then I found out that the man on my left was a movie producer, so I introduced them to each other. Another man was staring at me, just for no reason, so I introduced them all. He was a French physicist. He said 'May I call you?' and I said 'Are you married?' and he said 'Of course,' so I gave him my office number. He called me at the office in French, and the man who answered the phone was Spanish. I'm counting on Mind Control. Maybe it will make me not mind putting my right age on my passport. I've been driving without a license for ten years for that reason. Did I ever tell you about the time I went to jail for the weekend?"

We said no.

"God, I want my face lifted!" Janet said. "I expect Mind Control to tell me how to be able to afford it. If you pull out the skin on my neck—which I don't want you to do—it takes about an hour and a half for it to go back."

Janet pulled out the skin on her neck. "Look at that!" she said. "There's a woman in California who says she doesn't go around in her old clothes, why should she go around in her old skin? People say to me I have an age complex. I've had it since I was fourteen. I went to Alexander's to take a belly-dancing class, which they give in the men's locker room. At least, I think that's where it was. Men kept coming in and saying 'I just have to get my hat,' 'I just have to get my shoes.' There was a girl with little tinkling bells. The record got stuck in the middle, and went on and on in one place. You do a lot of wriggling, and you're supposed to have a very vacant stare from the neck up. It was exhausting, and I didn't feel the least bit better afterward. I wanted to reduce, and I went out and had a huge meal. Are you on my mailing list, by the way?"

We said no.

Dinner

WHEN, the other night, Johnny Carson tossed off a joke about a Robert Redford look-alike contest ("The winner was a jar of mayonnaise"), he couldn't have seen Robert Redford very recently. The evening before, we had met the movie star in person, and he didn't look a bit like a jar of mayonnaise. He was at the Fifth Anniversary Dinner of the Natural Resources Defense Council, a public-interest law firm, of which he is a trustee, and if he resembled anything in particular it was the No. 10 of ten bowling pins—which is an inconspicuous pin at first but is often left standing when the others have been knocked down. He had a two weeks' growth of beard, was wearing an Irish-tweed jacket, a striped shirt, and a solid-dark tie, and, when we arrived for pre-dinner drinks, was standing with three other guests at a small round table that held bowls of pretzels and potato chips. He seemed trim, happy, and unaffected. We describe him very carefully because of something a foundation executive's wife said to us later that evening: "Oh, I must look at Robert Redford. My daughter will never forgive me if I can't describe him."

The scene of the dinner was a certain midtown club (the same "certain midtown club" that had shyly asked us to keep its name out of print when it catered an N.R.D.C. luncheon three years ago), and the guests included Laurance Rockefeller, Joseph Papp, Louis Auchincloss, Stewart Mott, Whitney North Seymour Senior and Junior, James Marshall, Robert Boyle, Boris Bittker, Lloyd Garrison, and, no doubt, many notables whom we didn't happen to see. During drinks, we talked with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stevenson, from the Buffalo area; Mr. Stevenson is a real-estate man and a bank director, his wife a retired schoolteacher and an enthusiastic environmentalist. Mrs. Stevenson, who had a charming smile and was wearing a long blue dress, gave us a fascinating account of a battle to save some roadside trees in her home town, and then said, "Oh, thank goodness! There's another long dress. I thought I was the only one. The invitation had said if we were going to be in New York we should simply 'drop in.' I didn't know what to do, but in my town in the evening we wear a long dress."

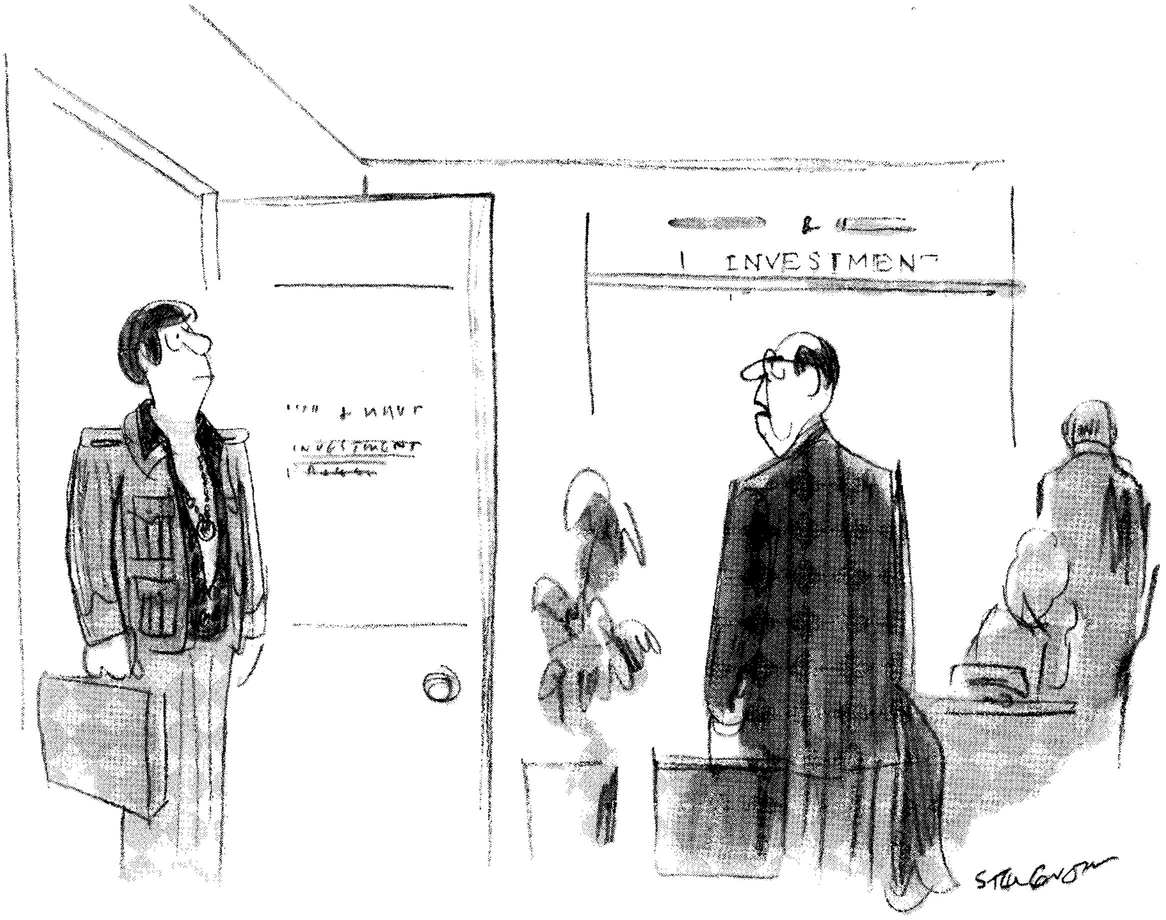
Without having looked hard, we pointed out still another woman in a long dress. Mrs. Stevenson seemed immeasurably relieved.

Dinner was announced, and we stepped into a hallway, and who should be in our path but Redford himself! He was talking with John Hamilton Adams, the executive director of the N.R.D.C. We placed ourself strategically by the star's elbow, but he was spun completely around by a woman behind him, who said she wanted to meet "one of the two most handsome men in the world." The other one, it seemed, was her father. When she had gone on, Mr. Redford turned to us and informed us, earnestly and patiently, that he had been involved with the environmental movement for ten years and that he now worked mostly with three organizations—the N.R.D.C., the Environmental Defense Fund, and an energy task force of the Scientists' Institute for Public Information. He had been an outdoorsman all his life, and had hunted as a youth, but had given up hunting when he became a family man. His work for the environment included lobbying, which he did on the basis of information supplied by the staffs of environmentalist groups. "They give me the hand grenade and I throw it," he said.

"Does being an actor help you or hurt you when you speak for the environment?" we asked.

"It's a double-edged sword," Redford replied. "There are some people who aren't willing to accept you as anything but an actor, and there are some who think you must be coming at the issue from a hidden angle—a political angle. And then there are a few who say, 'Great! You're an actor, and you're still doing this.' I can work with them."

"Do you ever think of speaking directly to the people—going on the



"You look groovy, Heffernan—very groovy. Now go home and get dressed."

00:00
PORGES

'Tonight Show,' for instance, and talking about the environment?"

"No, the only show in which you could do that sort of thing was Dick Cavett's. He would let you be serious for a whole evening. With Johnny Carson, you're there for your entertainment value, and they get nervous if you aren't entertaining them. But I do want to speak to people in towns where they're fighting over an issue, and I may start doing that soon."

A pretty woman broke in to tell Robert Redford how much she had enjoyed "Jeremiah Johnson."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that," he said, his face lighting up. "That was filmed on my property, you know."

She said she thought it had been filmed in Zion National Park.

"Parts of it were, but the winter scenes—in the Wasatch Range, near Provo—were filmed on my property. So it's my most personal film."

Dinner turned out to be a sumptuous feast of black-bean soup, chicken Divan, and a crème-de-menthe parfait. On our right, Mrs. Sherry Barnes, a staff member of Stewart Mott's Spectemur Agendo foundation, discoursed on the likely effects in developing nations of parents' being able to predict a child's sex during pregnancy, and on our left Miss Betty J. Stebman, a professional fund raiser, speculated on whether the man on *her* left, an investment adviser, would be able to convince the I.R.S. that a four-hundred-and-forty-dollar dinner for two at The Palace had been a business expense.

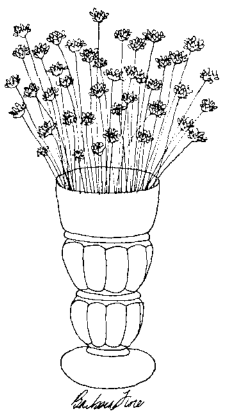
The first two after-dinner speakers were trustees: David Sive, who read some rhyming couplets about the N.R.D.C. staff ("Prestige foundations, Las Vegas madams,/If they've got money, there goes Adams"), and Stephen P. Duggan, who, with manifest satisfaction, reviewed the organization's first five years of environmental litigation ("If you're going to worry about government, worry about the executive and legislative branches. Don't worry about the courts, because the courts—at least the federal courts, where we mostly work—have been good to us"). Then Mr. Duggan called on Robert Redford ("our newest trustee") to make a few remarks, and Mr. Redford said how proud and happy he was to be there. He said he wasn't very good at speaking before groups, and leaned diffidently over the lectern with his eyes held up—like a prisoner being interrogated. He told a story on himself. Once, he said, he spoke before a meeting of Utah bankers, and got angrier and angrier as he looked at them, and lectured them about their reckless land policies, and went on and on and on, and when he was finished he was asked just one question: "Did you really jump off that cliff in 'Butch Cassidy'?"

Then it was time for the presentation of the Environmental Protection Award, which the N.R.D.C. gives occasionally to persons who have done outstanding work in its cause. The winner this time was Oregon's former governor, Tom McCall, and his prize was an old print of Astoria, Oregon. Mr. McCall, a surprisingly big man—a veritable lumberjack in a double-breasted suit—rose from a seat beside the lectern, accepted the picture from Mr. Duggan, and delightedly showed it to a photographer and then to everyone else. The Governor is famous for having supported Oregon's law against throwaway cans and bottles, for having advocated strict conditions to be set on new development in his state, and for other controversial stands. In some extended remarks he made after putting the picture down, he stepped delicately along a few of these battle lines. Of his 1970 comment telling out-of-staters "Visit but don't stay," he said, "I guess I'll never live down the misinterpretations of that remark. Some people have said I'm against tourism, and, of course, publicly I'm not." He said that the state had not yet completed its land planning, that it did not know where development should go, and that it did not want to be part of a Seattle-to-San Francisco megalopolis. "My state, queen bee though she be, is not yet ready for the swarm," he said. He also told a story we remember. On his travels, he likes to describe his family's ranch—seven hundred acres of river-bottom land, with views of the Blue Mountains to the east and of the Cascades to the west. Once, a man responded with a description of *his* ranch: "Why, Guv'nor, we can get in a pickup in the morning and drive all day and still not reach the end of it." McCall replied, "On our ranch, we've got a pickup like that, too."

TANHUM

Tanhum Makover buttoned his gaberdine and twisted his earlocks into curls. He wiped his feet on the straw mat before the door, as he had been told to do. His prospective father-in-law, Reb Bendit Waldman, often reminded him that one could study the Torah and serve the Almighty and still not behave like an idle dreamer. Reb Bendit Waldman offered himself as an example. He was everything at once—a scholar, a fervent Chassid of the Sadgora rabbi as well as a successful lumber merchant, a chess player, and the proprietor of a water mill. There was time for everything if one wasn't lazy, Reb Bendit said—even to teach yourself Russian and Polish and glance into a newspaper. How his prospective father-in-law managed all this was beyond Tanhum. Reb Bendit never seemed to hurry. He had a friendly word for everyone, even an errand boy or servant girl. Women burdened down by a heavy spirit came to him for advice. Nor did he neglect to visit the sick or—God forbid—to escort a corpse. Tanhum often resolved to be like his prospective father-in-law, but he simply couldn't manage it. He would grow absorbed in some sacred book and before he knew it half the day had gone by. He tried to maintain a proper appearance, but a button would loosen and dangle by a thread until it dropped off and got lost. His boots were always muddied, his shirt collars frayed. As often as he knotted the band of his breeches it always came untied again. He resolved to commit two pages of the Gemara to memory each day so that in three and a half years he might finish with the Talmud, but he couldn't manage even this. He would become preoccupied with some Talmudic controversy and linger over it for weeks on end. The questions and doubts wouldn't let him rest. Certainly there was mercy in Heaven, but why did little children or even dumb animals have to suffer? Why did man have to end up dying, and a steer under the slaughterer's knife? Why had the miracles ceased and God's chosen people been forced to suffer exile for two thousand years? Tanhum probed in the Chassidic lore, the cabala volumes, the ancient philosophy books. The questions they raised in his mind plagued him like flies. There were mornings when Tanhum awoke with a weight in his limbs, a pain in his temples, and no urge at all to study, pray, or even perform his ablutions. Today was one of those days. He opened the Gemara and sat there for two hours without turning a page. At prayer, he couldn't seem to grasp the meaning of the words. While reciting the eighteen benedictions, he transposed the blessings. And it just so happened that today he was invited for lunch at his prospective father-in-law's.

Reb Bendit Waldman's house was constructed in such a way that one had to pass through the kitchen to get to the dining room. The kitchen was aswarm with women—Tanhum's prospective mother-in-law, her daughters-in-law, her daughters, including Tanhum's bride-to-be, Mira Fridl. Even before entering the house he heard the racket and commotion inside. The women of the house were all noisy and inclined to laughter, and often there were neighbors present. The cooking, baking, knitting, and needlepoint went on with a vengeance, and games of checkers, knucklebones, hide-and-seek, and wolf-and-goat were played. On Chanukkah they rendered chicken fat; after Sukkoth they made coleslaw and pickled cucumbers; in the summers they put up jam. A fire was always kept going in the stove and under a tripod. The kitchen smelled of chicken soup, braised meat, cinnamon, and saffron. Cakes and cookies were baked for the Sabbath and holidays, to go with the roast geese, chickens, and ducks. One day they prepared for a circumcision and another day for the ceremony of redeeming the firstborn son; now one of the family was becoming engaged, and now they all trouped off to a wedding. Tailors fitted coats, cobblers measured feet for shoes. At Reb Bendit Waldman's there was ample occasion to have a drink of cherry or sweet brandy and to nibble at an almond cookie, a babka, or a honey cake. If a guest from another town came to visit, half the town sent over a kugel. Reb Bendit made fun of the women of the house and their exaggerated sense of hospitality, but apparently he, too, enjoyed having his house full of people. Each time he went to Warsaw or Krakow he brought back all kinds of trinkets for the women—embroidered headkerchiefs, rings, shawls, and pins—and for the boys, pocketknives, pens, gold embossed skullcaps, and ornate phylactery bags. Apart from the usual wedding gifts—a set of the Talmud, a gold watch, a wine goblet, a spice box, a prayer shawl with silver brocade—Tanhum had already received all kinds of other presents. It wasn't mere talk when Tanhum's former fellow-students at the Brisk Yeshiva said that he had fallen into a gravy pot. His bride-to-be, Mira Fridl, was considered a beauty, but Tanhum had not yet had a good look at her. How could he? During the signing of the marriage contract the women's parlor was jammed, and in the kitchen Mira Fridl was always surrounded by her sisters and sisters-in-law.



The moment Tanhum crossed the threshhold he lowered his eyes. True, everyone had his destined mate; forty days before he, Tanhum, had been born it had already been decided that Mira Fridl would become his spouse. Still, he fretted that he wasn't a suitable enough son-in-law for Reb Bendit Waldman. All the members of the family were jolly, while he was reticent. He wasn't good at business or quick of tongue, not playful, not good at games, unable to perform stunts or do swimming tricks in the river. At twelve he already had to take free board at the homes of strangers in the towns where he was sent to study at the various yeshivas. His father died when Tanhum was still a child. His mother had remarried. Tanhum's stepfather was a poor peddler and had six children from a previous marriage. From childhood on, Tanhum went around in rags and was neglected. He constantly berated himself for not praying fervently enough or devoting himself sufficiently to Jewishness, and he warred eternally with evil thoughts.

This day, the tumult in the kitchen was louder than ever. Someone had apparently just told a joke or performed some antic, for the women laughed and clapped their hands. Usually when Tanhum came in, a respectful path was cleared for him, but now he had to push his way through the throng. Who knows, maybe they were making fun of him? The back of his neck felt hot and damp. He must be late, for Reb Bendit was already seated at the table, with his sons and sons-in-law, waiting for him to appear. Reb Bendit, in a flowered robe, his silver-white beard combed into two points and a silk skullcap down over his forehead, lolled grandly in his armchair at the head of the table. The men had apparently had a drink, for a carafe and glasses stood on the table, along with wafers to crunch on. The company was in a joking mood. Reb Bendit's eldest son, Leibush Meir, a big, fleshy fellow with a huge potbelly and a round reddish beard circling his fat face, shook with laughter. Yoshe, a son-in-law—short and round as a barrel and with liquid black eyes and thick lips—giggled into a handkerchief. Another son-in-law, Shlomele, the wag, jokester, and mimic, impudently imitated someone's gestures.

Reb Bendit asked Tanhum amiably, "You have a gold watch. Why aren't you on time?"

"It stopped running."

"You probably didn't wind it."

"He needs an alarm clock," Schlomele jested.

"Well, go wash your hands," and Reb Bendit pointed to the washstand.

While washing his hands Tanhum wet his sleeves. There was a towel hanging on the rack, but he stood helplessly dripping water on the floor. He often tripped, caught his clothing, and bumped into things, and he constantly had to be told where to go and what to do. There was a mirror in the dining room and Tanhum caught a glimpse of himself—a stooped figure with sunken cheeks, dark eyes below dishevelled brows, a tiny beard on the tip of the chin, a pale nose, and a pointed Adam's apple. It took him a few seconds to realize that he was looking at his reflection. At the table, Reb Bendit praised the dish of groats and asked the woman who had prepared it what ingredients she had used. Leibush Meir demanded a second helping as usual. Shlomele complained that he had found only one mushroom in his portion. After the soup, the conversation turned serious. Reb Bendit had bought a tract of forest in partnership with a Zamosc merchant, Reb Nathan Vengrover. The two partners had fallen out, and Reb Nathan had summoned Reb Bendit to the rabbi's the following Saturday night for a hearing. Reb Bendit complained to the company at lunch that his partner was totally lacking in common sense, a dolt, a ninny, a dunderhead. The sons and sons-in-law agreed that he was a jackass. Tanhum sat in terror. This was evil talk, slander, and who knows what else! According to the Gemara, one lost the world to come for speaking so disrespectfully of another man. Had they forgotten this or did they only pretend to forget? Tanhum wanted to warn them that they were violating the law: Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people. According to the Gemara, he should have stuffed up his ears with the lobes so as not to hear, but he couldn't embarrass his prospective father-in-law this way. He sank even lower in his chair. Two women now brought in the main course—a platter of beef cutlets and a tray of roast chicken floating in sauce. Tanhum grimaced. How could one eat such a repast on a weekday? Didn't they remember the destruction of the Temple?

"Tanhum, are you eating or sleeping?"

It was his intended, Mira Fridl, speaking. Tanhum came to with a start. He saw her now for the first time—of medium build, fair, with golden hair and blue eyes, wearing a red dress. She smiled at him mischievously and even winked.

"Which would you prefer—beef or chicken?"

Tanhum wanted to answer, but the words stuck in his throat. For some time already, he had felt an aversion to meat. No doubt everything here was strictly kosher, but it seemed to him that the meat smelled of blood and that he could hear the bellowing of the cow writhing beneath the slaughterer's knife.

Reb Bendit said, "Give him some of each."

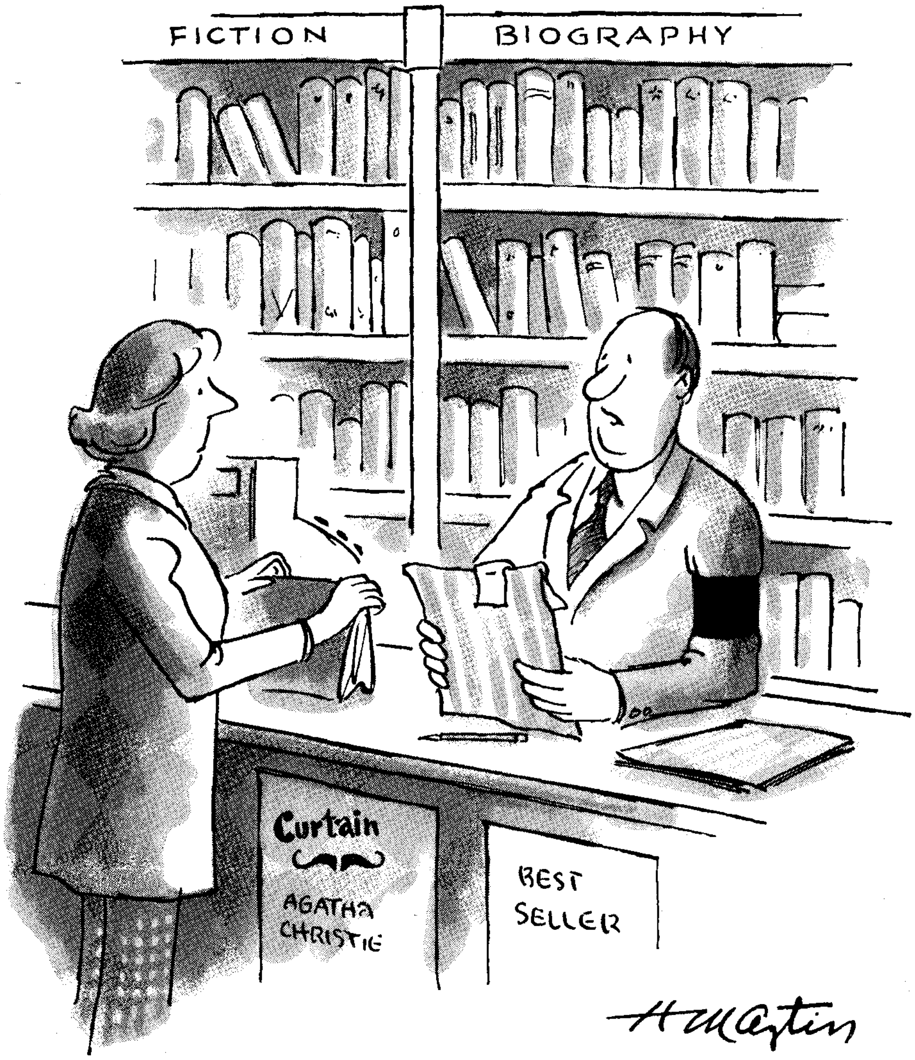
Mira Fridl served a cutlet and then, with her serving spoon poised over the platter of chicken, asked, "Which would you like—the breast or a leg?"

Again Tanhum was unable to answer. Instead, Shlomele the wag said with a leer, "He lusts for both."

As Mira Fridl bent over Tanhum to put a chicken leg on his plate, her bosom touched his shoulder. She added potatoes and carrots, and Tanhum shrank away from her. He heard Shlomele snicker, and he was overcome with shame. I don't belong among them, he thought. They're making a fool of me. . . . He had an urge to stand up and flee.

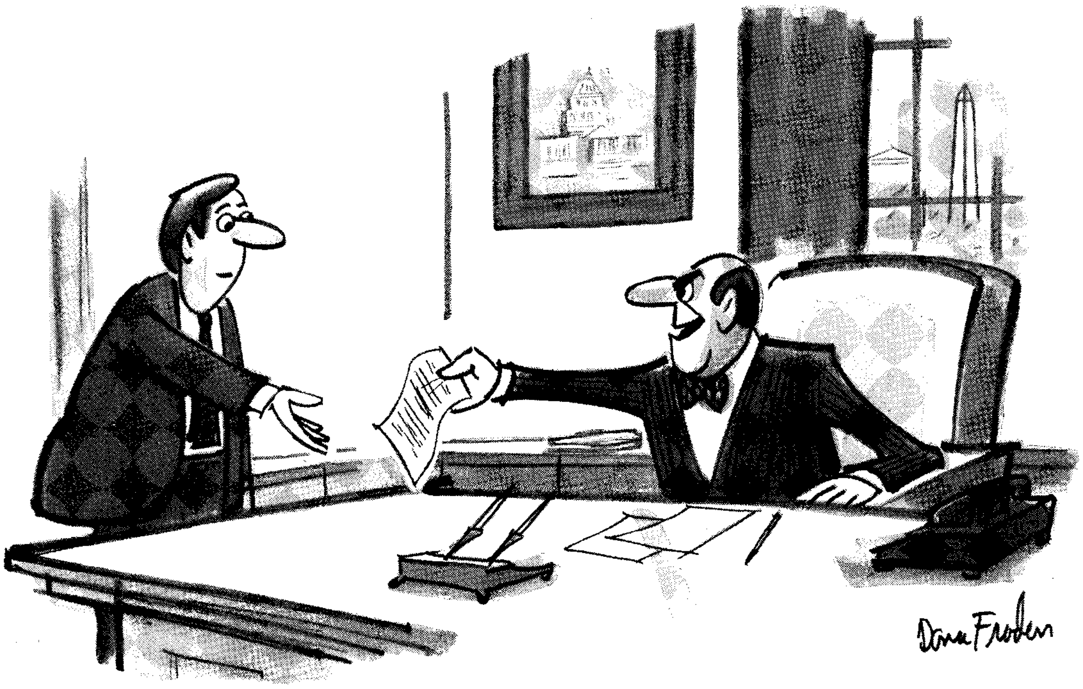
"Eat, Tanhum, don't dillydally," Reb Bendit said. "One must have strength for the Torah."

Tanhum put his fork into the sauce and dug out a sliver of meat, doused it in horseradish, and sprinkled it with



"*Hercule Poirot, il est mort.*"

salt to blot out the taste. He ate a slice of bread. He was intimidated by Mira Fridl. What would they talk about after the wedding? She was a rich man's daughter, accustomed to a life of luxury. Her mother had told him that a goldsmith from Lublin had fashioned jewelry for Mira Fridl. All kinds of fur coats, jackets, and capes were being sewn for her, and she would be provided with furniture, rugs, and porcelain. How could he, Tanhum, exercise control over such a pampered creature? And why would she want him for a husband? Her father had undoubtedly coerced her into it. He wanted a Talmudist for a son-in-law. Tanhum envisioned himself standing under the wedding canopy with Mira Fridl, eating the golden soup, dancing the wedding dance, and then being led off to the marriage chamber. He felt a sense of panic. None of this seemed fitting for his oppressed spirit. He began to sway and to beg the Almighty to guard him from temptations, impure thoughts, Satan's net. *Father in Heaven, save me!*



"Take this, Henderson, and hide it from the public."

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Leibush Meir burst into laughter. "What are you swaying for? It's a chicken leg, not Rashi's commentary."

REB NATHAN was expected to bring his arbitrator, Reb Feivel, to the hearing. Reb Bendit Waldman also had his own arbitrator, Reb Fishel, but nevertheless he invited Tanhum to attend the proceedings too. He said that it would do Tanhum good to learn something about practical matters. If he turned to the rabbinate, he would have to know a little about business. It was entirely feasible that that stubborn villain, Reb Nathan, wouldn't agree to a compromise and would insist on the strict letter of the law, and Reb Bendit asked Tanhum therefore to take down the books and go over the sections that dealt with the codes governing business partnerships. Tanhum agreed reluctantly. The entire Torah was holy, of course, but Tanhum wasn't drawn to those laws dealing with money, manipulation, interests, and swindle. In former years when he studied these subjects in the Gemara, it hadn't occurred to him that there really were Jews who reneged on written agreements, stole, swore falsely, and cheated. The idea of meeting in the flesh a person who would deny a debt, violate a trust, and grow rich from deception was too painful to contemplate. Tanhum wanted to tell Reb Bendit that he had no intention of becoming a rabbi, and that it would be hard for him now to lay aside the treatise in which he was absorbed and turn to matters that were alien to him. But how could he refuse Reb Bendit, who had raised him out of poverty, and given him his daughter for a bride, and provided him with overcoats, underwear, a sheepskin coat, a residence, holy books, a prayer shawl with silver brocade, and a thirteen-pointed fur hat besides? This would have enraged his future mother-in-law and turned Mira Fridl against him. It would have incited a feud and provoked evil gossip. It would have led to who knows what quarrels.

During the next few days, Tanhum didn't have enough time to get deeply into "The Breastplate of Judgment" and its many commentaries. He quickly scanned the text of Rabbi Caro and the annotations of Rabbi Moshe Isserles. He hummed and bit his lips. Obviously even in the old days there had been no lack of frauds and of rascals. Was it any wonder? Even the generation that received the Torah had its Korah, its Dathan, its Abiram. Still, how could theft be reconciled with faith? How could one whose soul had stood on Mount Sinai defile it with crime?

The Din Torah, the hearing, began on Saturday evening, and it looked as though it would last a whole week. The rabbi, Reb Efraim Engel, a patriarch of seventy and author of a book of legal opinions, told his wife to send all those who came seeking advice about other matters to the assistant rabbi. He bolted the door of his study and ordered his beadle to let only the participants enter. On the table stood the candles that had ushered out the Sabbath. The room smelled of wine, wax, and the spice box. From the way the family had described Reb Nathan Vengrover as a tough man and a speculator, Tanhum expected him to be tall, dark, and with the wild gaze of a gypsy, but in came a thin, stooped little man with a sparse beard the color of pepper, with a milky-white cataract in his left eye, and wearing a faded gaberdine, a sheepskin hat, and coarse boots. Pouches of bluish flesh dangled beneath his eyes and he had warts on his nose. Being the plaintiff, he was the first to speak. He immediately began to shout in a hoarse voice, and he kept on shouting and grunting throughout the proceedings.

Reb Bendit smoked an aromatic blend of tobacco in a pipe with an amber cover; Reb Nathan rolled cigarettes of cheap, stinking tobacco. Reb Bendit spoke deliberately and graced his words with proverbs and quotations from the saints; Reb Nathan slammed the table with his fist, yanked hairs from his beard, and called Reb Bendit a thief. He wouldn't even let his own arbitrator, Reb Feivel—who was the

WHERE

The last berries fall,
I hear the scraping sound of someone walking by
on the sidewalk,
the story of Chekhov's trip across Siberia
weighs on me,
the hiss of his sled—
this is the late afternoon hour of absence
when I can see myself.

I feel you get up from the bed again with your gentle hands,
with your bluish-gray eyes of no true color—
we are sitting by the window.
This is the place where the hour divides.
You point out to me the beginning of the cold street,
saying, as you lean out,
"Here, where the bare trees are,
is where the cold street begins."

—S. J. Marks

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size of a cheder boy, with eyes green as gooseberries and a red beard that fell to his loins—get a word in edgewise. Reb Bendit recalled the details of the agreement from memory, but Reb Nathan consulted whole stackfuls of papers that were filled with row upon row of a clumsy scribble and stained with erasures and blots. He didn't sit in the chair provided for him but paced to and fro, coughed, and spat into a handkerchief. Reb Bendit was sent all kinds of refreshments and drinks from home, but Reb Nathan didn't even go near the tea that the rabbi's wife brought in. From day to day his face grew more drawn, and was gray as dust and wasted as if from consumption. From nervous tension, he chewed his fingernails and tore his own notes into tiny shreds.

For the first two days, Tanhum was completely bewildered by what went on. The rabbi again and again implored Reb Nathan to speak to the point, not to mix up dates or inject matters that had no bearing on the subject. But it all came gushing out of Reb Nathan like water from a pump. Gradually Tanhum came to understand that his prospective father-in-law was being accused of holding back profits and falsifying accounts. Reb Nathan Vengrover maintained that Reb Bendit had bribed Prince Sapieha's steward to chop down more acres of timber than had been stipulated in the contract. Nor would Reb Bendit allow Reb Nathan and his associate near the Squire, or to get in contact with the merchants who purchased the timber, which was tied in rafts and floated down the Vistula to Danzig. Reb Bendit had allegedly announced one price to Reb Nathan, when he had in fact got a higher one from the merchants. Reb Bendit had claimed to have paid the brokers, loggers, and sawyers more than he actually did. He employed every trick and device to oust Reb Nathan from the partnership and to seize all the profits for himself. Reb Nathan pointed out that Reb Bendit had already twice gone bankrupt and subsequently settled for a third of his debts.

Reb Bendit had kept silent most of the time, awaiting his turn to speak, but finally he lost his patience. "Savage!" he shouted. "Hothead! Lunatic!"

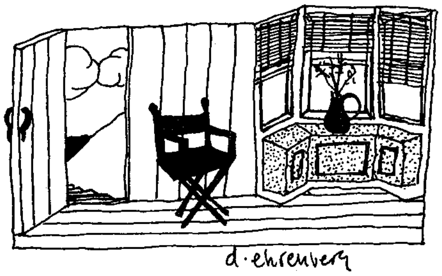
"Usurer! Swindler! Robber!" Reb Nathan responded.

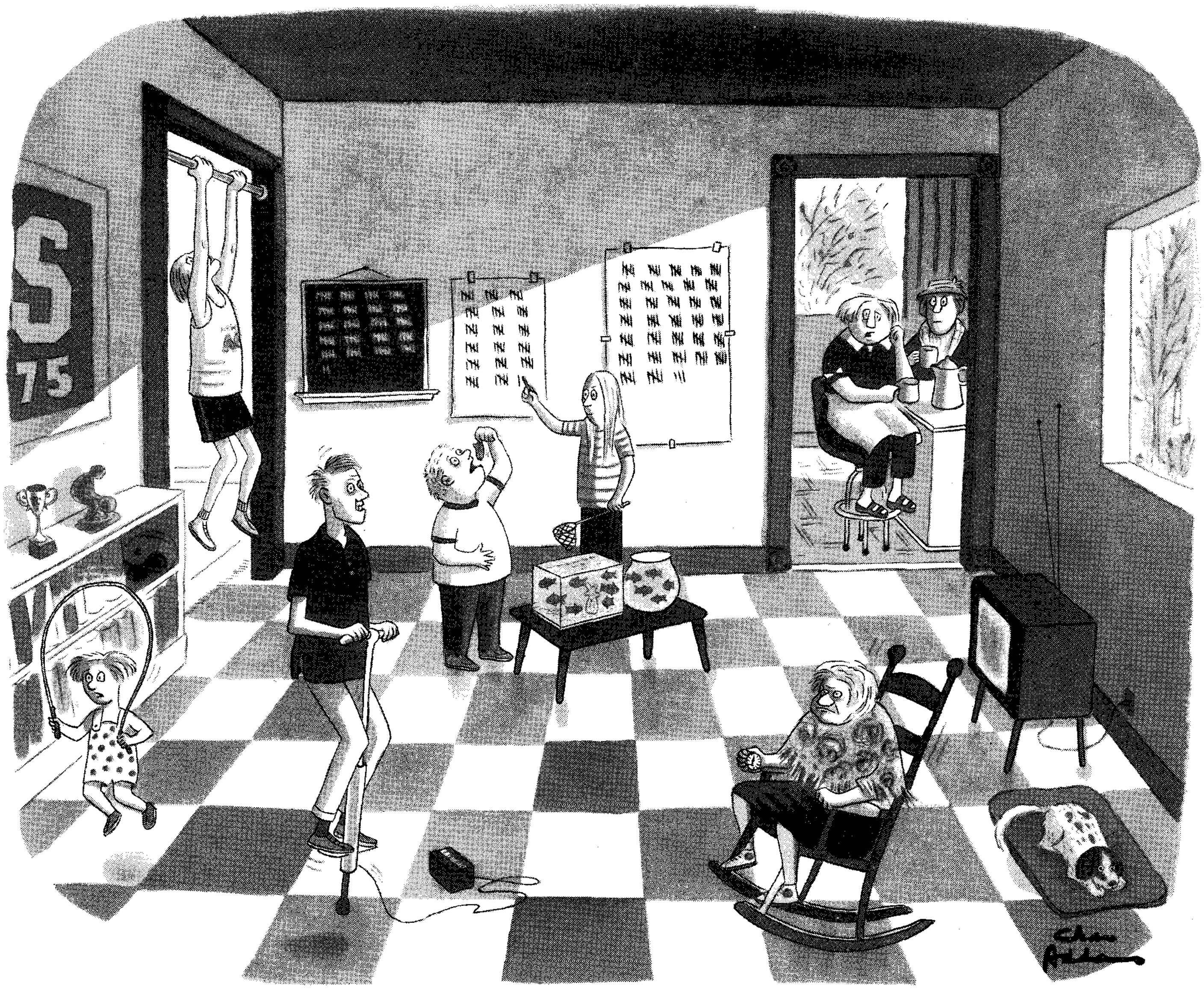
On the third day, Reb Bendit calmly began to refute Reb Nathan's charges. He proved that Reb Nathan contradicted himself, exaggerated, and didn't know a pine from an oak. How could he be allowed near the Squire when his Polish was so broken? How could he lay claim to half the income when he, Reb Bendit, had to lay out hush money to the gentry, stave off unfavorable decrees, shower assessors and marshals with gifts out of his own pocket? The more glibly Reb Bendit spoke, the more apparent it became to Tanhum that his prospective father-in-law had broken his agreement and had indeed sought to rob Reb Nathan of the profits and even part of his original investment. But how could this be, Tanhum wondered. How could Reb Bendit, a man in his sixties, a scholar, and a Chassid, commit such iniquities? What was his justification? He knew all the laws. He knew that no repentance could excuse the sin of robbery and theft unless one paid back every penny. The Day of Atonement didn't forgive such transgressions. Could a man who believed in the Creator, in reward and punishment and in immortality of the soul, risk the world to come for the sake of a few thousand gulden? Or was Reb Bendit a secret heretic?

In the closing days, Reb Bendit, his arbitrator, Reb Fishel, and Tanhum didn't go home for dinner—the maid brought them meat and soup. But Tanhum didn't touch the food. There was a gnawing in his stomach. His tongue was dry. He had a bad taste in his mouth, and he felt like vomiting. Although he fasted, his belly was bloated. A lump formed in his throat that he could neither swallow nor disgorge. He didn't weep but his eyes kept tearing over, and he saw everything as if through a mist. Tanhum reminded himself that only that past Sukkoth, when Reb Bendit had gone to the Sadgora rabbi, he had brought the rabbi an ivory ethrog box that was decorated with silver and embossed in gold. Inside, couched in flax, lay an ethrog from Corfu that was pocked and budding. The Chassidim knew that besides contributing generously to the community, of which he was an elder, Reb Bendit also gave the rabbi a tithe. But what was the sense of robbing one person to give to another? Did he do all this to be praised in the Sadgora study houses and be seated at the rabbi's table? Had the greed for money and honors so blinded him that he didn't know the wrongs he committed? Yes, so it seemed, for during evening prayers Reb Bendit piously washed his fingers in the basin, girdled his loins with a sash, stationed himself to pray at the eastern wall, swayed, bowed, beat his breast, and sighed. From time to time he stretched his hands up to Heaven. Several times during the arbitration he had invoked God's name.

Thursday night, when it came time to pass judgment, Reb Nathan Vengrover demanded a clear-cut decision: "No compromises! If the law says that what my partner did was right, then I don't demand even a groschen."

"According to law, Reb Bendit has to take an oath," Reb Nathan's arbitrator, Reb Feivel, asserted.





"Sometimes I wish this family had never heard of the 'Guinness Book of World Records.'"

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"I wouldn't swear even for a sackful of gold," Reb Bendit countered.

"In that case, pay up!"

"Not on your life!"

Both arbitrators, Reb Feivel and Reb Fishel, began to dispute the law. The rabbi drew "The Breastplate of Judgment" down from the bookcase.

Reb Bendit cast a glance at Tanhum. "Tanhum, why don't you speak up?"

Tanhum wanted to say that to appropriate another's possession was as serious an offense as swearing falsely. He also wanted to ask, "Why did you do it?" But he merely mumbled, "Since Father-in-Law signed an agreement, he must honor it."

"So you, too, turn on me, eh?"

"God forbid, but—"

" 'Art thou for us or for our adversaries?' " Reb Bendit quoted from the Book of Joshua, in a dry voice.

"We don't live forever," Tanhum said haltingly.

"You go home!" Reb Bendit ordered.

TANHUM left the rabbi's study and went straight to his room at the inn. He didn't recite the Shema, or undress, but sat on the edge of his cot the whole night. When the light began to break, he packed his Sabbath gaberdine, a few shirts, socks, and books in a straw basket, and walked down Synagogue Street to the bridge that led out of town. Months went by without any news of him. They even dredged the river for his body. Reb Bendit Waldman and Reb Nathan Vengrover reached an agreement. The rabbi and the arbitrators wouldn't permit it to come to oath-taking. Mira Fridl became engaged to a youth from Lublin, the son of a sugar manufacturer. Tanhum had left all his presents behind at the inn, and the bridegroom from Lublin inherited them. One winter day, a shipping agent brought news of Tanhum: he had gone back to the Brisk Yeshiva, from which Reb Bendit originally brought him to his town. Tanhum had become a recluse. He ate no meat, drank no wine, put pebbles inside his shoes, and slept on a bench behind the stove at the study house. When a new match was proposed to him in Brisk, he responded, "My soul yearns for the Torah."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

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NEW YORK (AP)—A car with $93,251 in its trunk was stolen from Kennedy Airport Friday, police said.

The service operates at the airport twice a week.—*Dallas Morning News.*

Something to keep in mind.

SLIDING

THE cold had begun very suddenly on Tuesday night, when Bernard had gone out to play. The boys were playing kick-the-tin in the lamplight at the top of the street, and nobody realized how cold it was until Randall Jenkins went home for his cap and scarf. Then they all felt the bitter weather—at their knees, their wrists, the tips of their ears. Bernard went indoors and borrowed his father's knitted scarf and found his own old gloves from last winter. Pretty soon, the game was on again and they forgot about the weather.

That night in bed, the sheets were hard and slippery, unfriendly as ice. Carefully, by an act of will, Bernard made warm a place in bed exactly the same shape as his body, thin and hunched under the covers. He extended it gradually, inch by inch, sending his toes gently into the cold until at last he was straight and comfortable. Everything was fine then, except that he had to pull the blankets firmly about his ears and shoulders. In the morning, the window was covered with frost flowers, and the kitchen fire blazed ferociously against the Welsh winter. He called for Danny Kenyon, as usual, on the way to school. Danny was his best friend, and they ran all the way, although Danny was short and plump.

Bernard was used now to the ice. Out in the yard, the tap had been frozen for days and a tongue of glass poked out of its mouth. Every morning was gray and spiteful, churlish light making the whole world dingy. Patches of hard grit gathered in the gutters and at the corners of streets, whipping against the boy's face and into his eyes. All day long, the shops kept their lights on, but there was nothing cheerful about them; only Mr. Toomey's shop was strong with color, because of the brilliant globes of his pyramids of oranges.

In school on Friday morning, Albert Evans began to cry. The teacher asked him why, but Albert wouldn't answer. It was Randall Jenkins who told about Albert's legs. The inside of his thighs was chafed raw—red all the way from his groin to his knees. The skin was hard and angry, and there were weeping cracks in it. The teacher let Albert sit in front, near the stove, and he didn't have to do any arithmetic. When Bernard told his mother about Albert's legs, she narrowed her mouth and said that Annie Evans had no more sense than the day she was born, and then she took a pot of ointment over to Albert's house. While she was out, Bernard's father told him it had been the coldest day in more than twenty years. It was funny about skin and cold weather. Some boys turned red because of the cold, and some rather blue, and Danny Kenyon's knees went a kind of mottled color—but he only laughed. When Bernard's mother came back, she was vexed. "Poor little scamp," she said. "It's agony for him to walk at all."

After breakfast on Saturday morning, Bernard climbed into his den, which was the room above the stable in the yard. His father had whitewashed the walls for him, and together they'd carried up some old chairs from the house. Two large kitchen tables, covered with paints and bits of models and old newspapers, stood side by side under the windows. His record-player was there, too, and it was warm because of the oilstove. It was a fine room, with an enormous spider in the corner of the roof and a web thick and black against the white wall. Bernard sat in a chair near the stove and began to think of the things he would do when the summer came and he would be nine, going on ten. He and Danny Kenyon would go camping, they would find a field that nobody else knew about, and every day would be cloudless. He made the field in his head—the perfect green of its grass, its great protective tree in one corner, and its stream so pure that you could see every fragmentary pebble, every waving strand of weed in its bed. They were too young to go camping. He knew that.

And then Randall Jenkins climbed the stairs. He was grinning. He carried about his neck a pair of heavy boots, tied by their laces. He took them off and dropped them proudly on the floor, where they stood bluntly on their uncouth soles, exactly as if they still had someone's feet in them and invisible legs climbing up from them. Randall held out his hands to the stove and danced slowly around it, revolving so that he warmed himself all over.

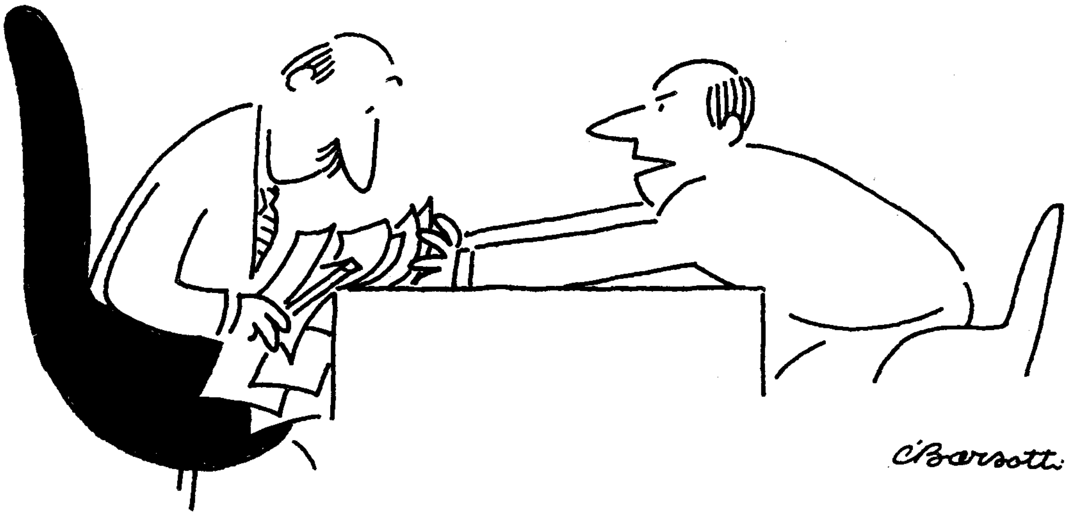
"Coming sliding?" he said. "This afternoon? We're all going—on the big pond; it's holding."

"I'll ask," said Bernard. "I expect it will be all right."

He thought of the big pond under the hills, its heavy acres hundreds of yards wide, the water cold and thick. It held in its silence fabulous pike, more than a yard long and twenty pounds in weight, although Bernard had never seen one. He didn't like the big pond.

"You'll need special boots," said Randall. "I've borrowed my brother's—take a look at them."

"Oh, yes, we know them. We hate them."



"However, now the ball is in your court."

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He lifted the great boots and held them for Bernard's inspection. The soles were an inch thick and covered with a symmetrical pattern of bold nails—flat squares shining like silver. Crescents of smooth metal were screwed at heel and toe into the leather, the edges worn thin as a razor.

Randall rubbed his sleeve over the scarred toe caps, breathing on them as he burnished.

"These are the ones," he said. "My brother's old working boots. They might have been made for sliding."

"They're too big for you," said Bernard.

"Size 7," said Randall with satisfaction. "My brother's grown out of them. Three or four pairs of socks and they'll fit me—you watch, I'll scream right across the pond."

He moved the boots through the air as if they were fighter planes.

"You'll need a pair like this," he said. "Otherwise you'll never go any distance."

Randall was lucky to have big brothers. Bernard thought dismally of his own boots—light, gentlemanly, with rubber soles and heels. His grandfather didn't like rubber soles and heels, either. Only thieves and policemen, he had said, two classes of society with much in common, wear rubber on their feet. Bernard didn't understand that.

"Is Danny Kenyon coming?" Bernard asked.

"Sure," Randall said. "We're all going. I told you."

AFTER lunch, they all went to the pond, protected by layers of clothing against the wind's knives, their woollen hats pulled over their ears. Some of the boys had managed to borrow heavy boots, just to be like Randall Jenkins, and they clumped awkwardly up the hill as they learned to manage their erratic feet. Randall Jenkins turned out his toes, shuffling around corners like Charlie Chaplin, and they all laughed.

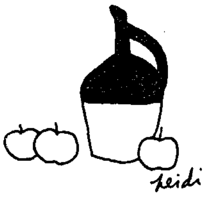
Bernard began to feel very happy. He began to imagine the long quietness of his gliding over the ice. He thought of thick ice, clear as glass, beneath which the cold fish swam, staring up with their goggle eyes at the sliding boys. He thought of ice like a dazzling mirror set in the hills, on which they could skim above their own images, each brilliant slider like two perfect boys—one upside down—joined at the feet. In his happiness he jostled and bumped against Danny Kenyon, and Danny charged right back at him, until they were both laughing and the wind blew away their white breath in clouds from their mouths.

But the pond was a disappointment. Winter had taken all the life from the hills, and the face of the ice was gray and blind—the color of the flat sky above it. There were no reeds at the lake's edge. Featureless, the ice stretched on, swept by an unhindered wind. The boys bent their heads down against the brutal cold. Their voices were feeble; they felt small and helpless. Only Randall Jenkins was unaffected. Whooping and waving at the ice, he began to run, lifting his enormous boots in slow, high-stepping strides. He ran on, planting his laughable feet one after the other so heavily that Bernard imagined he could hear the whole bowl ringing; and then, his legs rigid, both arms raised for balance, he slid with comic dignity. They all rushed after him, sliding and calling. The afternoon was suddenly warm and vigorous.

Bernard was a good runner, and he hurled himself along so that the momentum of his first slide would be memorable. He raced past two or three of the boys and then stopped, his legs braced wide, head up, arms raised. He was expecting something birdlike, something approaching flight, but nothing happened. His rubber soles clung wickedly to the surface of the ice and he slid no more than a few yards. He was inconsolable.

He shuffled cautiously along the margins of the ice, tentative and humble. Far out, in the wide middle of the pond, he could see the dark figures of his friends, freely sliding, gyrating, crouching, skating on one leg. Their voices came bouncing to him high and clear like the calling of seagulls. But he ran alone at the edge of the lake, unable to slide. Then, unexpectedly, without warning, he found himself free of the binding friction that had held him. He had begun to glide. He sat on the bank, lifted one foot, and inspected the sole of his boot. A thin layer of polished ice, thinner than a postage stamp, had built itself onto the black rubber. He saw that the other boot was also transformed, and he ran jubilantly into the heart of the pond, far outstripping the loud boys, sliding far and fast, hearing their admiration and surprise. The pond was his.

LATE in the afternoon came two young men, tall, with deep voices, all of seventeen years old. They strapped on their sharp and proper skates, and skated expertly. Briefly, the boys watched them, but soon Randall Jenkins had organized a game of follow-my-leader. Randall was a superb leader, his invention and audacity encouraging them to a skill and daring they had not known they possessed. The last dare was to run as fast as they could toward the ice from the shore itself, leaping from the bank at full speed. Randall raced forward, his long slow legs gathering pace as he ran, and then he leaped high outward from the bank, landing yards out. Rigid as a scarecrow, he sped on, stopping at last a prodigious way out, and standing absolutely still in the attitude of his sliding. One by one they followed him, although nobody was as brave as Randall, nobody would hurl himself as uninhibitedly from the steep bank. At last, only three boys were left. Bernard thought he had never seen anything as lovely as the dark ice, hardly lit at all as the light faded, and the still figures of his friends dotted about on it, not moving, their arms in a variety of postures, their bodies bent or upright. He took a great breath, and ran. He had never felt so light, he was full of fiery energy. He reached the bank and thrust himself so urgently, so powerfully, that the exhilaration of his leap made him gasp. He hit the ice beautifully, and felt at once the speed of his sliding, and he knew that nobody had ever slid so far. Stopping at last, he looked around. He was yards farther than Randall Jenkins, miles farther than the other boys. Jackie Phelps was slowing miserably a long way off, and only Danny was left to jump.



He could see Danny up on the bank, preparing to run, swaying from one foot to the other, bent forward at the waist. Cupping his hands, Bernard shouted, "You'll never reach me!"

Danny waved furiously. You could see that he was going to give it all he had by the way he set his shoulders. He ran forward and leaped wildly from the bank. Bernard could see him so clearly that everything seemed to happen in slow motion. He saw Danny hit the ice and knew that it was wrong. Danny landed on his heels, not on the flat of his feet, and his body was already tilting gently backward. He sped along, the slope of his body already irrevocably past the point of recovery. They saw his heels leave the ice, and for a perceptible moment he sailed through the unsupporting air before the back of his head cracked frighteningly against the surface. He lay broken and huddled. Bernard could not move. He could see Danny in a black heap, but he couldn't move toward him. It was Randall Jenkins who reached him first, and they all ran in behind him.

They crowded around Danny, looking down at him. His face was still and white, his eyes closed. As they looked, a little worm of blood appeared at one nostril and curled onto Danny's lip. What if he should die? Bernard bent, and in an urgency of terror lifted his friend. Randall helped him, and together they hauled Danny to the bank. Some of the boys were crying, and Randall set them to collect twigs, pieces of paper—anything that would burn. Bernard took off Danny's gloves and rubbed his hands in his own. Danny's fingers were very cold, but in a while he began to move and groan. Twice he opened his eyes, without recognizing them and without saying anything. Randall lit a fire, and it burned with a dull light, sullenly. He sent all the boys except Bernard to find more fuel, told them to rip branches from small trees. Bernard wiped the blood from Danny's nose, and after a while the bleeding stopped. It hadn't been very much, he comforted himself. His knees hurt from bending down so long. Behind him, Randall had whipped the fire into a huge blaze that pushed away the darkness, and the boys sat near it, not speaking. Danny moved heavily, sat up, and looked at Bernard.

"Oh, my God," said Danny Kenyon. "What happened?"

He was all right; everything was all right. The boys cheered, slapped each other on the back, put Danny to sit even nearer the fire. They danced and sang, released from fright, and they were pert and arrogant when one of the young men suddenly appeared.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked, bending over Danny.

"Nothing," said Randall airily. "Nothing at all."

"None of your business," said Jackie Phelps, out of the darkness.

"How old are you?" said the young man to Bernard.

"Ten," lied Bernard. He pointed to Randall. "And he's eleven," he said.

"Get that boy home," said the young man. "How do you feel, son?"

"Great," said Danny. "I feel great."

"Get home," said the young man. "And the rest of you see that this fire is out."

He skated into the darkness. Bernard could feel the iron shearing of his blades.

The fire was very hot. Bernard could imagine it warming a thin crust of frozen soil, then maybe deeper, a half inch deep. Already he could hear the ice hiss in the released ground. He sat with his back up against Danny's back, so they were both comfortable. All the boys sat around. They were very quiet.

BIT by bit, the dark and the cold crept into the interstices of the flames, winning the night back for winter. Randall got up and stamped about. His feet had gone to sleep.

"Time to go, lads," he said. "Time to go."

They stood up and followed obediently behind Randall. Bernard was so tired that his legs were slow and stiff, and his mind was always about two steps in front of them, but in a little while they got better. The boys went down the lane past the old rectory and started down the hill toward the town. A night wind flew at them as if it cared nothing for people and meant to blow straight through them. Bernard began to shiver. What if Danny had died? He saw again Danny's face as he lay on the ice, as white and stiff as a candle. As he looked, an imaginary worm of blood crawled from Danny's nose and covered the side of his cheek. He closed his mind from the terror of it and put his arm over Danny's shoulder.

"How do you feel?" he whispered, but Randall heard him.

"He feels great," Randall Jenkins roared, his voice red as fire. "What's the matter with you? He feels fine!"

"I'm O.K." said Danny. "Honest, I'm O.K."

A few small flakes of snow fell out of the sky. The boys felt them hit their faces, light as cobwebs, and then vanish. It was intolerably dark and cold. As they entered the first streets of the town, the boys moved together for solace and started to run. They trotted close together, moving home as one boy through the darkness, united against whatever terror might threaten them. —Leslie Norris

•

ANOTHER PLACE

I walk
into what light
there is

not enough for blindness
or clear sight
of what is to come

and I notice
the water
the single boat
the man standing

he is not someone I know

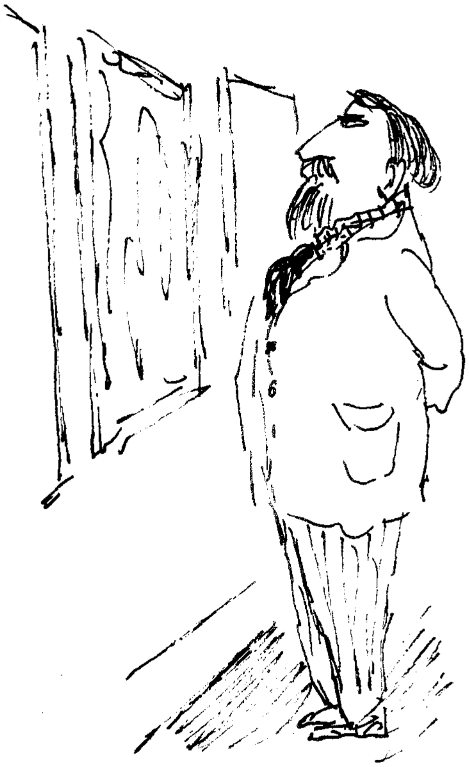
this is another place
what light there is
spreads like a net
over nothing

what is to come
has come to this
before

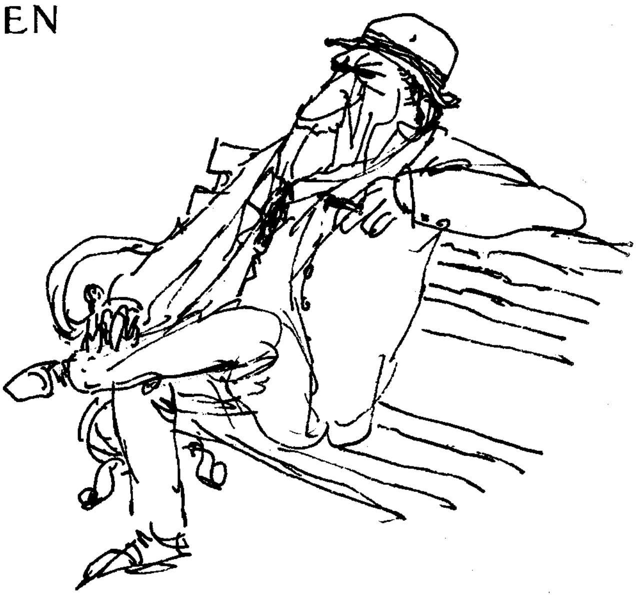
this is the mirror
in which pain is asleep
this is the country
nobody visits

—Mark Strand

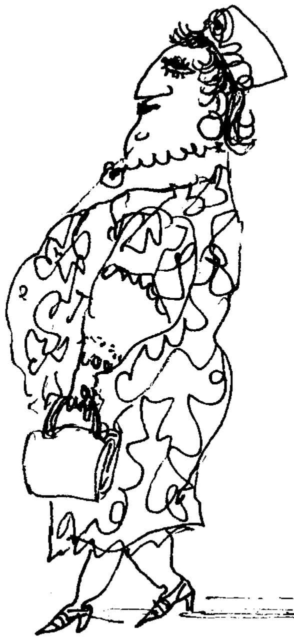
FELLOW MEN



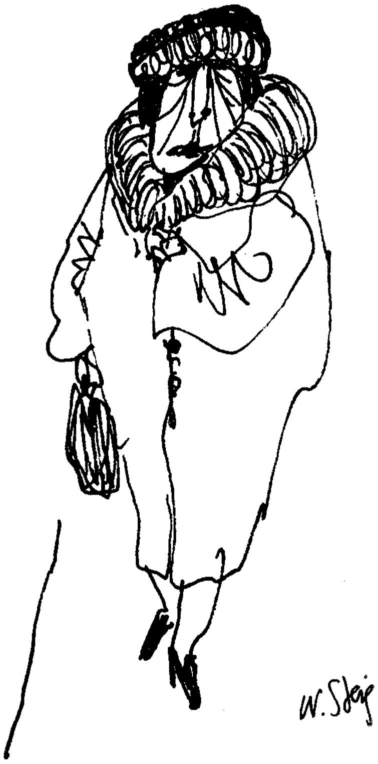
Artist Viewing Colleague's Work



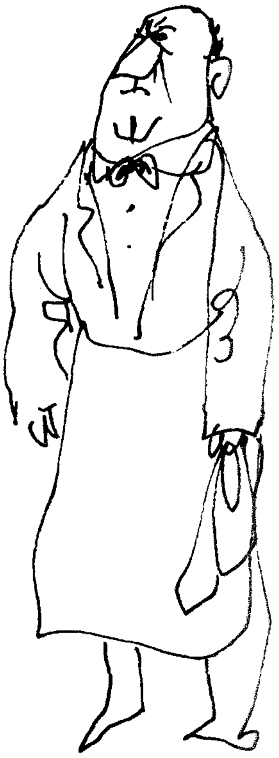
Man Who Has Seen It All



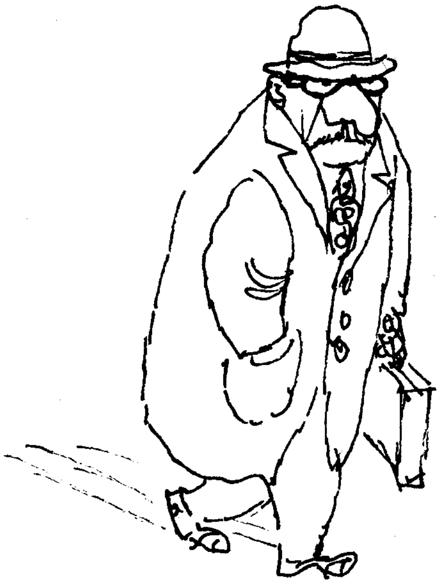
Woman Heading for Special Sale



Recluse on Mysterious Errand



Veteran Waiter



Businessman Taking His Worries Home

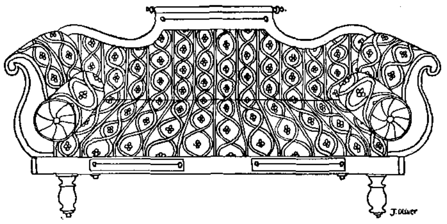
ANNALS OF LAW

THE LIBERTY OF EVERY MAN—III

"THE history of congressional investigations is in large part the history of American politics," Telford Taylor wrote in "Grand Inquest," a legal and historical account of such inquiries over the years. Taylor's book appeared in 1955, shortly after the conclusion of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's attack on liberals in the guise of a congressional investigation into Communist influence in high places in the United States government—part of what Taylor called the "cold civil war" between the right and left wings in this country. By the end of 1954, McCarthy's demagoguery had run its course, and he had destroyed himself. That year, the Republicans lost control of Congress, and his chairmanship of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, which he had used as an inquisitorial forum, passed to Senator John L. McClellan, Democrat of Arkansas. McCarthy died not long afterward, but his spirit survived—indeed, flourished—in his successor, who used the subcommittee he inherited to carry on the domestic cold war, in a less flamboyant but a more lasting and effective fashion, for nearly two decades. As McClellan seems to view American society, little that is wrong with it cannot be attributed to Communist subversion or to his other favorite scourge—criminals and those who are "soft" on them.

In the nineteen-sixties, the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' modest attempts to create some measure of racial equality and to alleviate poverty in America provoked Senator McClellan to charge that both efforts were led by subversives who urged their followers to defy the laws of the land. When riots swept through black slums in scores of American cities during the spring and summer of 1967, a domestic hot war—a race war—looked more than likely. On August 11th of that year, the United States Senate finally went into action to confront the crisis—by appointing McClellan, an implacable segregationist from the rural South, to investigate black riots, largely in urban centers of the North, and to recommend ways of eliminating their basic causes. Despite his obvious unfitness for the task and his reputation for always reaching the conclusion, after lengthy investigations and public hearings, that he had started out with, some of his colleagues hoped that the threat facing his country would persuade him to examine the problem seriously and fairly. If he did, it was agreed, he could be trusted to do a thorough job, for he was also known as an exceedingly tough and capable committee chairman. But liberals and most moderates in both parties were appalled by the choice. "There is no charity in the man," one Democrat said in private. And a Republican dismissed McClellan as "a ruthlessly self-interested bigot." Even so, few senators dared oppose his appointment openly. He was too powerful to take on as an enemy, and in the end he got the job simply because he wanted it. According to his opponents in the Senate and out, he wanted it because it provided an unparalleled opportunity to destroy both the anti-poverty and the civil-rights movements, by tying them together and publicly branding them as subversive in spirit and criminal in conduct.

The first hearing on the riots held by the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations concerned a gunfight between police and some snipers at Texas Southern University, a predominantly black college in Houston. The lead-off witness from Houston was its mayor, who told the members of the subcommittee, "It is impossible for me to discuss a big-city riot in Houston, because Houston has not had one." That point interested Senator McClellan less than the information that Stokely Carmichael, the militant field director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, had spoken in Houston not long before the disturbance there, and that many anti-poverty workers in the area were either members or "friends" of S.N.C.C. McClellan kept trying to establish a connection between Carmichael and black discord in Houston, but the officials of that city who testified kept assuring him that Carmichael had had no influence on the community, and one of them said, "He did a very intellectual speech that night." However, when the second set of hearings was held, on another black "riot" in the South—this one in April, 1967, near the campus of Fisk University, also a predominantly black school, in Nashville, Tennessee—city officials assured McClellan that Carmichael had indeed had a great influence on the community. He had gone to Nashville a few days before the disorder there to speak at Tennessee State University, at Fisk, and at Vanderbilt University, and also to attend a small civil-rights conference being held in the city at the time by members of the Southern Students Organizing Committee (S.S.O.C.), the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), and S.N.C.C. Several hours after his last speech, at Vanderbilt, some Fisk students picketed a bar near their campus to protest the ejection of a drunken black soldier by a saloonkeeper they had long had trouble with, a battery of riot police moved in on them, the students fought back, and a clash involving about five hundred people ensued; there were few serious injuries, and only thirty thousand dollars in damage was done. At this point in the hearings, McClellan was particularly curious about what he called a "secret meeting" held by SCEF and attended by Carmichael the day before the bar fracas. A colloquy between Chairman McClellan and Captain John Sorace, who oversaw the Nashville Police Department's intelligence division, followed:



McClellan: Do you have any information as to what occurred in any secret meetings?

Sorace: We have no direct information on the SCEF meeting. There was a flyer put out alleging that Carmichael was to speak about Communism and black power. The SCEF people have denied issuing such a flyer.

McClellan: Did you see the flyer?

Sorace: Yes.

McClellan: Do you have it with you?

Sorace: We don't have it with us; no, sir.

McClellan: Do you have it in your files?

Sorace: We do.

McClellan: I would like you to send it to us or get a copy of it to us for the record.

Sorace: We will.

McClellan: Attach a letter when you transmit it, saying "This is the flyer" about which you testified. I wish you had it with you.

A little later, McClellan asked Sorace and two of his subordinates whether they knew what had been said at the meeting, and they explained that although they had managed to infiltrate the groups attending the conference, no undercover agent had been present at the SCEF meeting, so they had no information on what took place

"It's oldies like that who spoil the image of this place."

* *

there. According to those at the meeting, Carmichael had spoken quietly, with none of the inflammatory rhetoric he used in public, about what he meant by the phrase "black power." The term frightened many white people, who took it as a threat of black vengeance, and the press had used it so carelessly and frequently to create headlines that many whites imagined they were about to be murdered in their beds. What the words meant, Carmichael explained to the civil-rights workers, both blacks and whites, at the meeting, was that it was now time for black people to run black affairs, without interference, aid, or direction from whites. "Stokely was very gentle and sympathetic to the people at the meeting," a participant said afterward. "Some were whites who had dedicated their lives to the civil-rights struggle, and now he had to tell them they could no longer play a direct role in it. He was very kind." The official minutes of the meeting read:

> Mr. Stokely Carmichael, in Nashville to speak at Vanderbilt, met with the [SCEF] board in a closed session Friday morning. He explained his position on the need for black power in politics and economics: In the last twenty years, the gap between the income of blacks and whites has doubled. Laws have been enacted which create an image of improvement, but coalition groups have not had enough power to implement them. Unless blacks have power, any coalescence with whites works to the advantage of the whites. For power, blacks must organize. Integration, if it occurs, will be a by-product rather than the end sought. Following Mr. Carmichael's talk was a lively question-and-answer period.

At the beginning and the end of the session, prayers were offered by three ministers who attended the conference, which was held in the Methodist Board of Evangelism Building.

Sorace sent McClellan the flyer, which had been handed out on the streets of Nashville before the SCEF meeting and which purportedly had been issued by SCEF in conjunction with S.S.O.C. and the Nashville Committee for Alternatives to War in Vietnam. The flyer said, in part:

> The Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc. (SCEF) is actively engaged in anti-Vietnam and peace activities, and is headed by Carl Braden, who was accused in a state trial in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1954 of being head of the Communist Party of Kentucky and who later went to prison for refusal to answer questions concerning this before the Un-American Activities Committee. N.C.A.W.V., S.S.O.C. and the S.N.C.C. are highly gratified to be a part of this SCEF Conference, noting that these organizations have received valuable assistance from SCEF, both materially and spiritually.... It is regretted that a majority of the SCEF directors' and staff meetings will not be open to the general public and to the news media; however, one of the meetings will be addressed by invited guest Stokely Carmichael, controversial S.N.C.C. Chairman, and this address will be open to the public and the news. Carmichael will address the SCEF Conference on the theme "S.N.C.C.—Black Power for Communism."

The organizations involved denied issuing the flyer, and it is difficult to imagine how anyone could believe they had issued it—undoubtedly the reason Sorace hadn't bothered to bring a copy of it to the hearing. But McClellan ordered it put into the record, and afterward he repeatedly cited its reference to the title of Carmichael's speech

"They control ninety-six per cent of the market in something nobody wants anymore."

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and to Braden's alleged, and still unproved, membership in the Communist Party.

Another subject that McClellan was interested in during the hearings on Nashville, and that he brought up again and again, was the presence of a couple named Alan and Margaret McSurely at the SCEF conference and at the private session addressed by Carmichael. At the time of the conference, McSurely was working in Kentucky with the Appalachian Volunteers, one front in the federal war on poverty, and his wife was a part-time employee of SCEF. McSurely was fired shortly afterward for his left-wing views, and went to work for SCEF, too, his assignment being to help organize the unemployed and working poor people in Appalachia to assert their rights. On August 11, 1967, three months before the McClellan hearings, the McSurelys had been arrested in a raid on their home near Pikeville, Kentucky, by local authorities, charged with sedition against the state for trying to "create turmoil among our poor," and were locked up in jail. A dozen police and local officials had participated in the raid, and seized the couple's papers and books. The next day, the state attorney who led the raid told reporters that he had uncovered "a Communistic library out of this world," together with detailed plans for a Communist takeover of Pike County, and that he would make the material he had seized available to Congress.

On October 8th, three weeks after a federal tribunal threw out the Kentucky sedition law on the ground that it was unconstitutional, Senator McClellan covertly dispatched a subcommittee aide named John Brick to examine the McSurelys' papers, which were still being held, on orders of the federal court, in custody by the state government pending any appeal by the state on the case. With the coöperation of the man who led the raid on the McSurelys—Thomas Ratliff, Commonwealth Attorney for that section of Kentucky and Republican nominee for lieutenant governor that year—Brick acquired copies of two hundred and thirty-four documents, and took them back to Washington. On October 17th and 18th, Brick served subpoenas on the McSurelys and Ratliff demanding that they turn over to the subcommittee all of the impounded papers that had anything to do with certain left-wing organizations—ostensibly on the ground that the outfits the McSurelys were associated with had been mixed up in the riots. The McSurelys, who knew nothing about the transmission of the copied documents to McClellan, immediately asked the federal District Court for the Eastern District of Kentucky to set aside the subpoenas and to order the return of their possessions held in custody by Ratliff, on the ground that the state had failed to appeal the federal-court ruling on the Kentucky sedition law's unconstitutionality. The district court rejected this request, so the McSurelys appealed the decision to the Supreme Court. During the first round of the subcommittee's hearings on the Nashville riot—from November 7th through November 9th—no mention had been made of the SCEF "secret meeting" or of the McSurelys. On November 10th, the Supreme Court ordered the district court to hold a hearing on their request for the return of their papers and the move to quash the subpoenas, and the district court set December 5th for the hearing. With that, McClellan suddenly ordered another round of hearings, held on November 21st, and this was the occasion on which he questioned Sorace about the "secret meeting"

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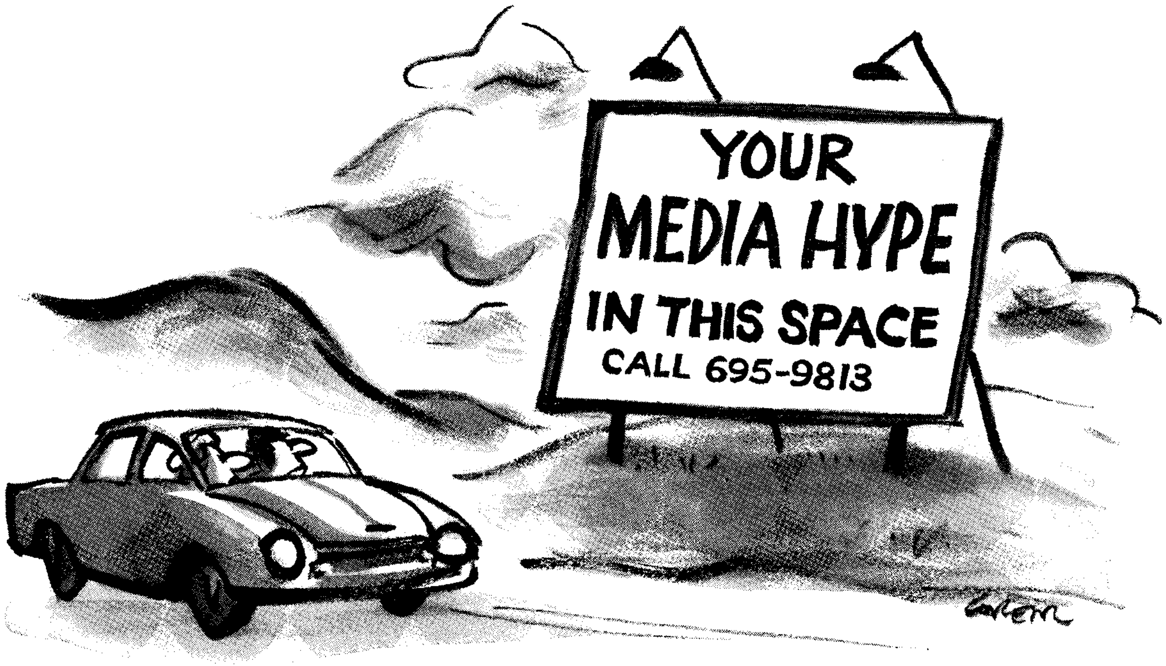


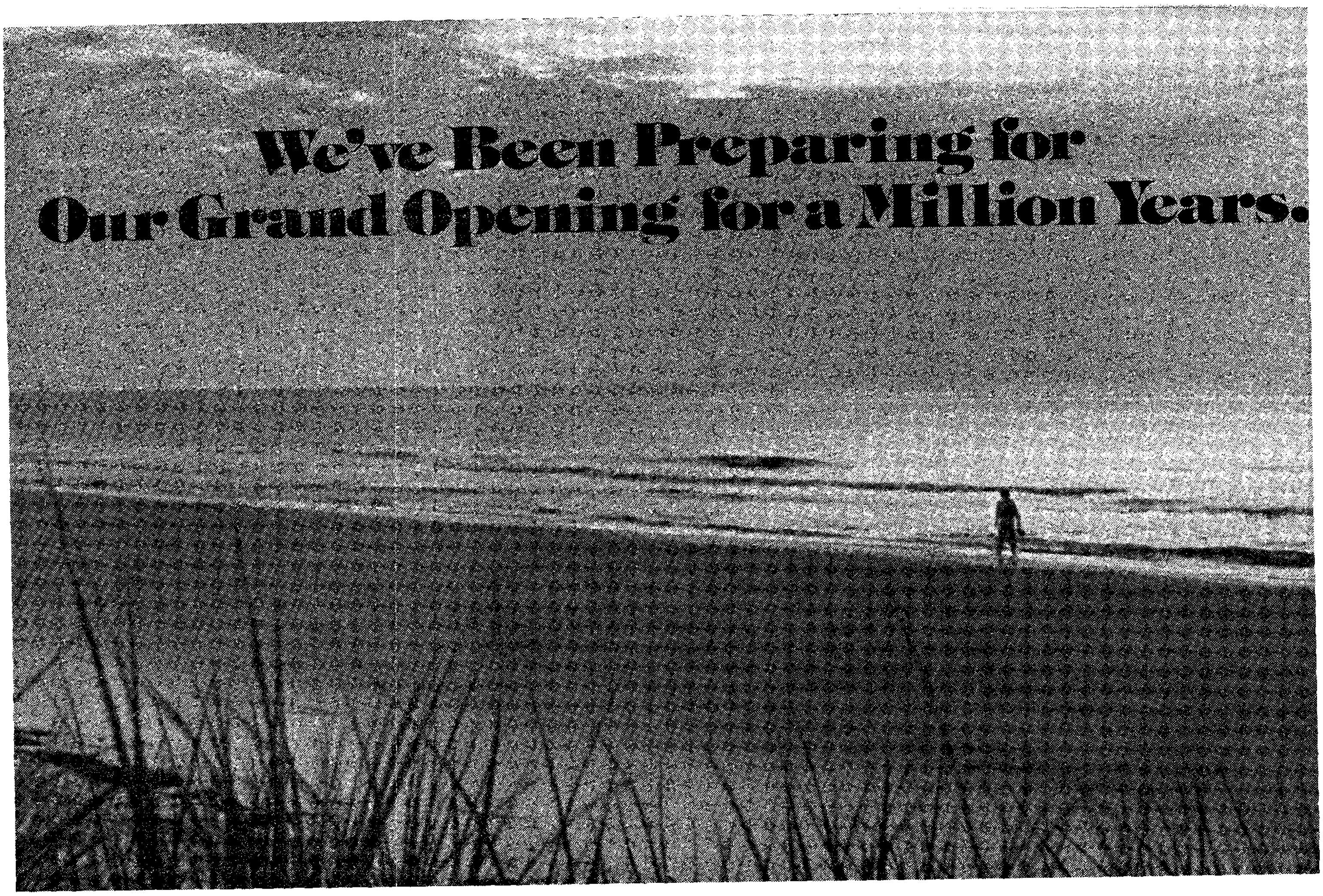
and the McSurelys. At the time, the couple and their lawyers knew nothing about this event, either, and it wasn't until the December 5th hearing before the district court that they got some idea of what seemed to have been happening. At that hearing, Brick was forced to divulge—by way of a "stipulation" as to the facts in the case—that he had secretly examined and obtained copies of the McSurelys' papers and had taken them back to McClellan in Washington. Also at that hearing, the Justice Department lawyers representing the subcommittee submitted an affidavit from McClellan stating that he had received information from Ratliff (without mentioning how that information had been received) and from the hearings on the Nashville riot (without mentioning any dates) indicating that the McSurelys had been connected with various organizations which were "involved to some extent in causing the riots."

It was at this point that the McSurelys' lawyers began to develop a theory about their opponents' behavior. "It looked as if the second round of hearings on Nashville had been convened mainly to get Sorace's testimony on the record, in order to make it appear that McClellan had independent evidence about the McSurelys, apart from the covert use of their papers, on which to base the subpoenas for their stuff," one of the lawyers explained recently. "In other words, we felt that the second hearings were set up to furnish a cover for the actual basis for the subpoenas—Brick's illegal copying and seizure of the McSurelys' papers—and to conceal McClellan's role in this dirty business, which we had known nothing about until the stipulation in court on December 5th. As far as we can make out now, concealing McClellan's role was to be the government's goal for the next five years." In any event, the McSurelys went on fighting the subpoenas from the subcommittee—on the grounds that they violated their constitutional rights of free speech and assembly and privacy—for more than a year through the district court, the Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and the Supreme Court.

Finally, on further instructions from the Supreme Court, the court of appeals took jurisdiction over the case, and ordered the McSurelys' possessions returned to them, without prejudice to the Senate's subpoena powers. Minutes after the papers were handed back to the McSurelys at the Pike County Courthouse, in November, 1968, a United States marshal served them with a new set of subcommittee subpoenas, which were almost identical with the originals and which commanded them to appear before the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations on January 14, 1969. The subpoenas ordered the McSurelys to bring with them "all books, records, correspondence, documents, and other papers which relate to or are concerned with" the activities of SCEF, S.N.C.C., S.S.O.C., Students for a Democratic Society, the Appalachian Volunteers, the United Planning Organization, the National Conference for New Politics, and Vietnam Summer. At no time during the subcommittee's long hearings was any evidence introduced to link five of these eight organizations with the riots supposedly being investigated. At no time during the hearings did McClellan attempt to question any of the thirty-odd other participants at the so-called "secret meeting." And at no time, then or later, was there any evidence that this meeting and the McSurelys were in any way connected with the Nashville riot.

ALTHOUGH the raid on the McSurelys failed to persuade them to leave Pike County, they did decide it was time to get out when their house was bombed early one morning in December, 1968. That same day, the McSurelys packed their car with a few possessions, bundled up their year-old son, Victor, and drove east. They moved into the basement of a small red brick house that McSurely's mother, a widow, lived in just outside Washington, in Arlington, Virginia, to get ready for the subcommittee hearing. Early in January, it was postponed—without explanation but presumably because just about everybody in the capital was getting ready for the inauguration of Richard Nixon on January 20th—and the McSurelys moved back to Kentucky, this time to Lexington, where they went on working for SCEF. The subcommittee hearing was then scheduled for mid-February, but it was again postponed without explanation, and was finally fixed for March 4th. Shortly before that date, the McSurelys returned to the basement of his mother's house.

They were determined not to comply with the Senate subpoenas, whatever the consequences—partly because they were outraged by the wanton invasion of privacy they had suffered and were resolved to vindicate themselves, and partly because they feared what might happen to some of their friends if they gave in. The papers McClellan had subpoenaed contained numerous letters to and from radicals the McSurelys knew across the country, some of whom had written rather revealingly about their work, their troubles with employers and the government, and in some cases about their revolutionary hopes and plans. Several of the letters were of a more



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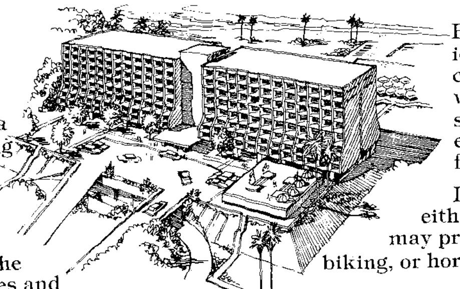

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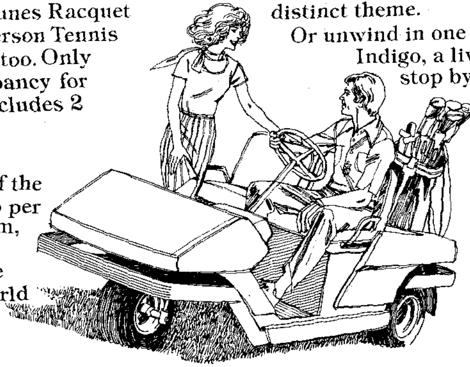

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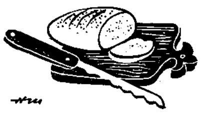
intimate nature—particularly a couple from Drew Pearson, the columnist, to Margaret, who had been his mistress a few years before when she worked as his personal assistant. Pearson and his associate, Jack Anderson, had repeatedly attacked McClellan in print for allegedly using his position in the Senate to protect his financial interests, and the McSurelys knew that copies of the letters from Pearson had been taken by Brick to Washington for the Senator to read, along with a copy of an extremely personal diary that Margaret had kept during and after her liaison with Pearson. As the time for the hearing approached, the McSurelys agreed that they must keep Pearson's name and the names and personal affairs of their friends out of the public record, and for the same reason—to divulge these matters would invade everyone's privacy, including their own.



"Our theory was that McClellan wanted to put in the record all these revealing letters from people we knew, to get them in trouble with their bosses and associates and local authorities," McSurely explained later. "We also figured that he wanted to get Pearson's love letters to Margaret on the record to silence, or maybe ruin, him. If we answered any questions about any letters, our lawyers told us, we would have to answer all questions about all the letters, including those from Pearson. We had heard from a source inside the subcommittee that it had kept copies of all the documents Brick took, even though the federal court ordered the originals and all copies returned to us. We were afraid that McClellan's counsel on the subcommittee would cite the contents of, say, the Pearson letters and claim these were from notes they had made of the originals, which hadn't been expressly forbidden by the court order. That way, McClellan could have easily trapped us. The same source also told us that McClellan spent hours reading and chuckling over Margaret's diary. It made us sick with rage."

THE civil-rights movement of the late nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties created a small but increasingly skillful group of lawyers who began restudying the Constitution and devising new legal means of obtaining justice for their clients. In the mid-sixties, some of these lawyers moved on to assist the anti-war movement, and used many of the techniques and tactics they had devised during the civil-rights struggle. In 1966, one of the leading lawyers in this group, William M. Kunstler, went into partnership with Arthur Kinoy, a professor at Rutgers Law School, Benjamin Smith, a New Orleans civil-rights lawyer, and Morton Stavis, a Newark, New Jersey, lawyer in private practice, to set up what ultimately became the Center for Constitutional Rights, in New York City, as a kind of law firm for radical reformers who were persecuted, and often prosecuted, by government on one level or another. Kunstler had represented SCEF in some earlier litigation, and when the McSurelys were arrested in Kentucky SCEF asked him to take on their case. Kunstler and Stavis represented the McSurelys before the federal courts, and continued to represent them in their fight against the Senate subpoenas, without charging a fee, in a contest that is still going on.

Kunstler handled the case at the subcommittee hearing, and in preparing the McSurelys for what they might expect he warned them that if they simply appeared before the subcommittee and refused to turn over the subpoenaed documents Senator McClellan would probably try to bar them from offering any detailed explanation of their reasons in order to keep the unseemly acts that he and his staff had engaged in off the official record. According to Kunstler, McClellan would try to limit that record to the subcommittee's authorization by the Senate to investigate the riots of 1967, the Chairman's explicit request for information pertaining to those riots from the McSurelys, and their refusal to comply with the subpoenas. In other words, Kunstler explained, McClellan would probably allow only enough evidence to be entered in the record to justify a contempt-of-Congress citation, which carries a penalty of up to a thousand-dollar fine and a year in prison, but not enough evidence to justify the McSurelys' resistance to the subpoenas. If that was McClellan's strategy, Kunstler went on, the McSurelys should have a counter-strategy to get the story of what had happened to them—that is, their essential reason for refusing to honor the subpoenas—into the record in some way, so that a trial jury might find the circumstances sufficiently extenuating to acquit them, and so that if the two were convicted they would have a sound basis for an appeal. In the end, he recommended an unusual tactic—a civil suit for damages against the members of the subcommittee and its senior legal aides for vio-

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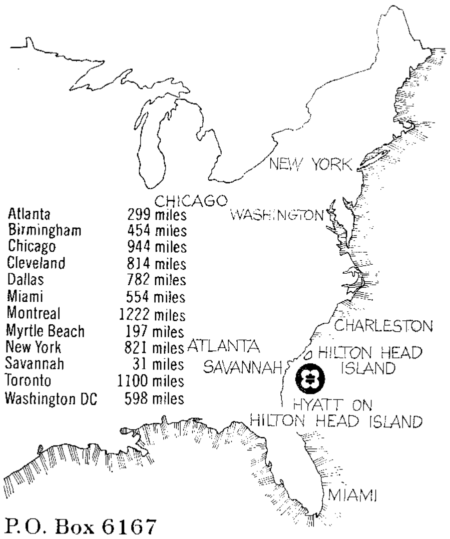

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lating the McSurelys' constitutional rights. The purpose of such a suit, he said, would be threefold: to obtain compensation for the McSurelys as a means of making up in some way for what they had been put through, to discourage politicians like McClellan from treating other citizens as he had treated them, and to get the crucial story of the case on the record in an official and detailed form. On the last point, Kunstler explained that even if McClellan allowed the McSurelys to tell their story at the hearing, they might become so carried away by their outrage at what had happened, and was still happening, to them that they would neglect to make the fine legal points that might be essential to their defense in the event of a trial and an appeal.

The McSurelys approved of this tactic, so Kunstler and Nancy Stearns, also of the Center staff, drew up a civil "complaint" against McClellan and the other members of the subcommittee (Democratic Senators Henry M. Jackson, Sam J. Ervin, Jr., Edmund S. Muskie, and Abraham Ribicoff, and Republican Senators Robert P. Griffin, Karl E. Mundt, Charles A. Percy, and Jacob K. Javits), together with the general and chief counsels of the subcommittee (Jerome S. Adlerman and Donald F. O'Donnell). The complaint recounted the McSurelys' experiences from the time they moved to Kentucky in April, 1967, to the present, and charged that the subpoenas were the result of a conspiracy between members and aides of the subcommittee, on the one hand, and Kentucky officials, on the other, that was aimed at "intimidating, deterring, and stigmatizing" the plaintiffs and "preventing them from pursuing their political, poverty, peace, and/or civil-rights activities." This conspiracy, the complaint went on, had deprived the plaintiffs of their constitutional rights under the First Amendment by denying them "the fundamental guarantees of freedom of speech, press, assembly, association, thought and belief, [and] the right of citizens to petition their government for redress of grievances," and under the Fourth Amendment by denying them "the right of citizens to be secure in their houses, persons, and papers from unreasonable searches and seizures." The McSurelys were joined in the suit by SCEF, S.N.C.C., S.S.O.C., and Students for a Democratic Society, and the complaint asked for compensatory damages of fifty thousand dollars for each of the McSurelys and fifty thousand dollars for each of their co-

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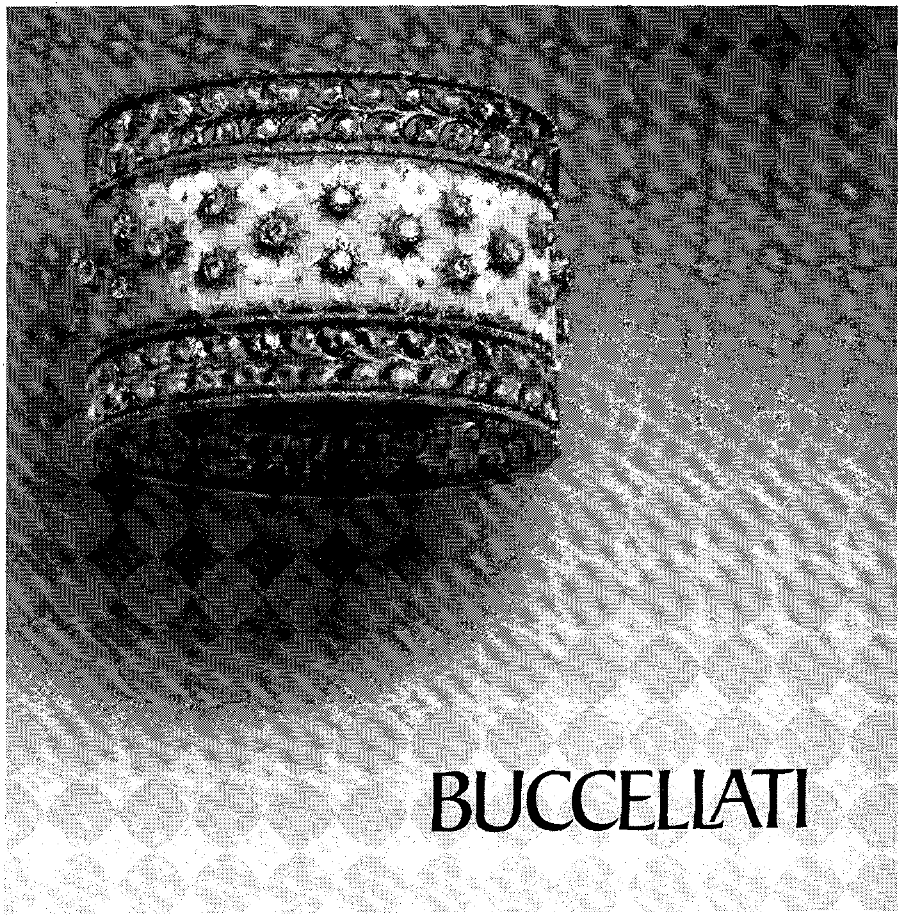

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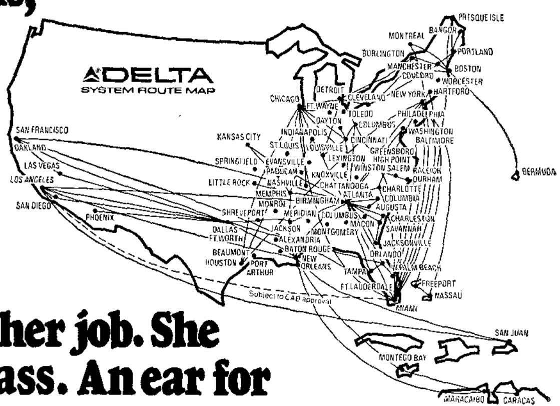
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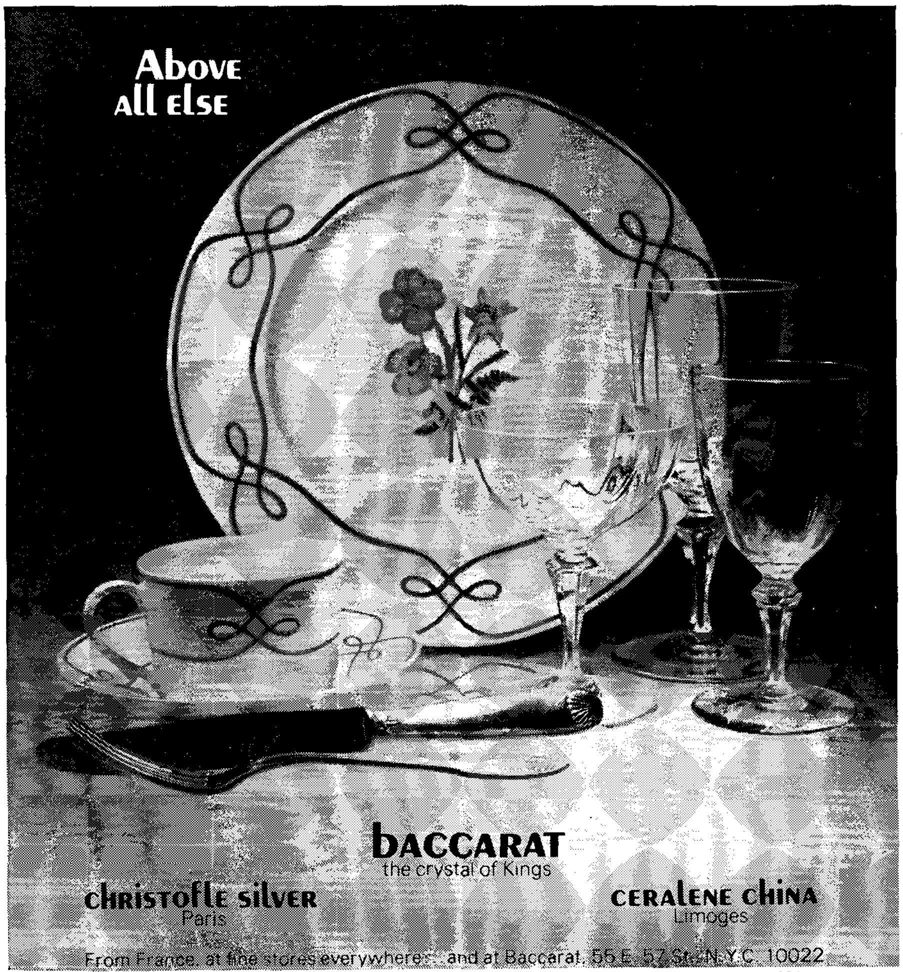
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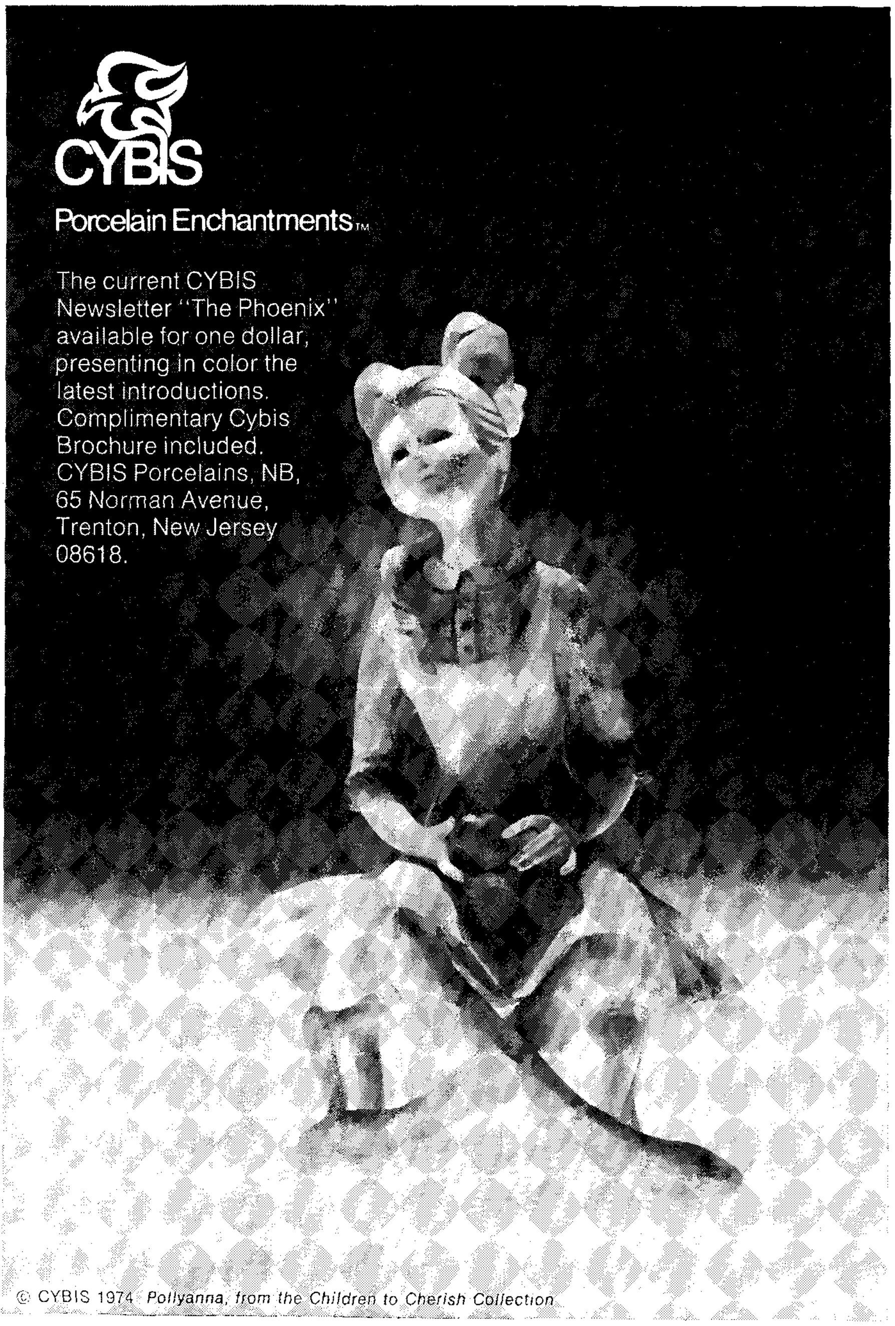
plaintiffs—or a total of three hundred thousand dollars. As a further tactical maneuver, Kunstler decided not to file the complaint with the federal District Court for the District of Columbia until the morning of the hearing, in order to delay official notice of the lawsuit to McClellan and thereby cut down the time he would have in which to devise a counter-counter-strategy to keep the McSurelys' story off the subcommittee's record—in all likelihood, Kunstler assumed, by ruling at the hearing that he had been informed of the lawsuit and that it was a private lawsuit and was not pertinent to the issue before the subcommittee.

Another tactic that the McSurelys and Kunstler worked out was the creation of as much publicity as they could manage, in order to expose McClellan's misuse of his political power and thus limit the lengths to which he might go if he were operating in relative secrecy. The three discussed, and at times disagreed on, how they should create and employ such publicity. One matter they agreed on was that the McSurelys should get together as many friends and friends of friends as they could persuade to attend the hearing and to alert some sympathetic reporters. Kunstler suggested that they might also arrive at the hearing room with a large locked box—"treasure chest," he called it—which they would ostentatiously place on the witness table. Then, when McClellan asked if the box contained the subpoenaed documents, McSurely was to fumble with the lock for a few minutes to create interest on the part of the press, and finally open the box, take out dozens of copies of the civil complaint, and submit them to members of the subcommittee, the audience, and the press.

"Kunstler is a great lawyer, and we agreed with his basic strategy all the way," McSurely remarked afterward. "But we thought the Abbie Hoffman tactic was the worst possible one for us to take. During that period, the press was painting the New Left as a pack of Yippies and crazies, and the last thing we wanted was to be made to look like a couple of nuts, too. We had just spent two years trying, with our own lives at stake, to be an example that would help persuade the working class that their natural allies were radical students and blacks. The Yippie movement had turned white workers bitterly against students, so we didn't want to do anything far out to give McClellan and his friends the chance to tag us as Yippies and increase working-class antagonism. Also, we were very angry—our house had been dynamited just a few weeks before and we'd come close to being killed—and we felt that the whole subcommittee thing was so ludicrous and outrageous that we shouldn't have to defend ourselves at all. We hadn't done anything wrong. It was those murderers in Kentucky and those thieves in the Senate who had done wrong. Finally, Margaret and I decided that if we were going to resist we should do so in a straightforward and legal manner, and take the worst that McClellan had to offer. We were very conscious of the historical background of what the far right had done in the past and was now trying to do to us. In the fifties, men like Joe McCarthy were very quick to grasp the uses that television could be put to as a way to persuade the general public that Communists and Socialists were some kind of slimy snakes writhing through the nation's vitals. They allowed themselves to be put entirely on the defensive by pleading the Fifth Amendment or trying to make their political position look more moderate than it actually was. I felt that this had been a terrible mistake. These men were hounded out of their jobs and often sent to prison, and the public applauded. I think that when they were dragged before congressional committees they should have stood up and said, 'Sure, we want to overthrow the system—if men like you run it. Send us to jail for our opinions, if that's your aim. Here's what our opinions are, and, whatever you do to us, we'll go on fighting you in the name of the people.' That would have made the issues clearer to the public, but the dissenters and rebels acted as if they had something to hide, and became more suspicious in the public mind than ever. We were determined not to make that mistake."

The McSurelys finally persuaded their lawyer to take a strictly legalistic approach to their case, and Kunstler finally persuaded them to generate all the publicity they could accept as suitable to that approach. To this end, they got together a couple of hundred friends, friends of friends, relatives, and sympathetic supporters who agreed to attend the subcommittee hearing, and then McSurely telephoned several reporters to alert them to the event. The day before the hearing, however, Senator McClellan convened a meeting of the subcommittee's parent body, the Committee on Government Operations, of which he was also chairman, told its members that the witnesses



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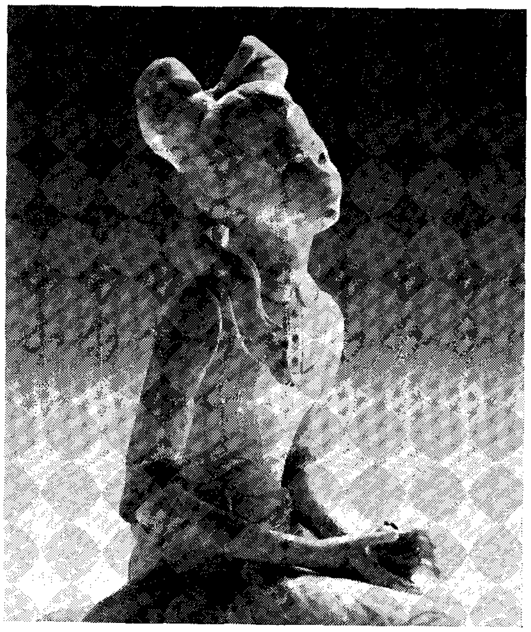

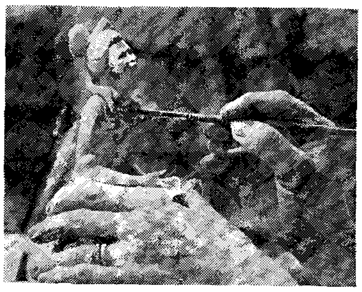

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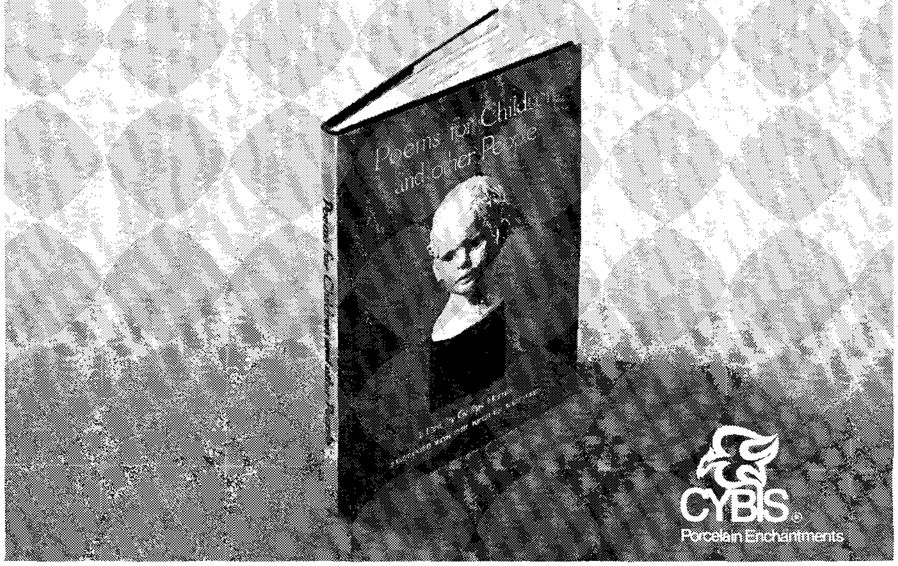

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who were scheduled to appear at a subcommittee hearing the following day were planning to hold a riot at it; in the end, Senator Jackson moved that the hearing be held in executive session; and then Senator Ribicoff seconded the motion, which was unanimously approved. This tactic was by no means new. In "Grand Inquest," Taylor wrote, "Senator McCarthy has devised and exploited a new type of hearing which is neither secret nor public. It is secret in the sense that the press and the general public are excluded, but public in the sense that . . . at the end of the hearing the chairman, or members of the committee or its staff, give the press their version of what has occurred . . . to make sensational headlines having no basis in fact." When word of the plan to hold the hearing in executive session reached Kunstler, the night before, he called the McSurelys, and they met with him to revise their strategy. They decided not to inform their prospective audience that it would be excluded the next morning but to use the secret nature of the hearing as a further reason for not complying with the subpoenas. Kunstler reminded them that they could shout at McClellan all they wanted to about their friends' being shut out of the hearing, as long as they also got the specific legal reasons for their resistance to the subpoenas into the official record. Without that, he added, they would have little hope of staying out of prison.

As soon as the doors to the United States Courthouse were opened on the morning of March 4th, the McSurelys and Kunstler hurried in and filed the civil suit. Then they walked to Capitol Hill and the New Senate Office Building, where they found a crowd of close to two hundred people waiting for them in the broad, marble-floored corridor outside the hearing room of the Government Operations Committee. Several Capitol policemen, thirty of whom were on hand to control the crowd, were blocking the door to the committee chamber, and would admit only the McSurelys and Kunstler. When several members of the crowd loudly objected to their exclusion, the officer in charge warned them that any resistance on their part to Chairman McClellan's orders would be met with their immediate arrest. Kunstler asked the McSurelys' supporters to stand by, and McSurely announced to them that he and his wife would hold a press conference following the hearing.

Once inside the hearing room, Kunstler informally asked McClellan

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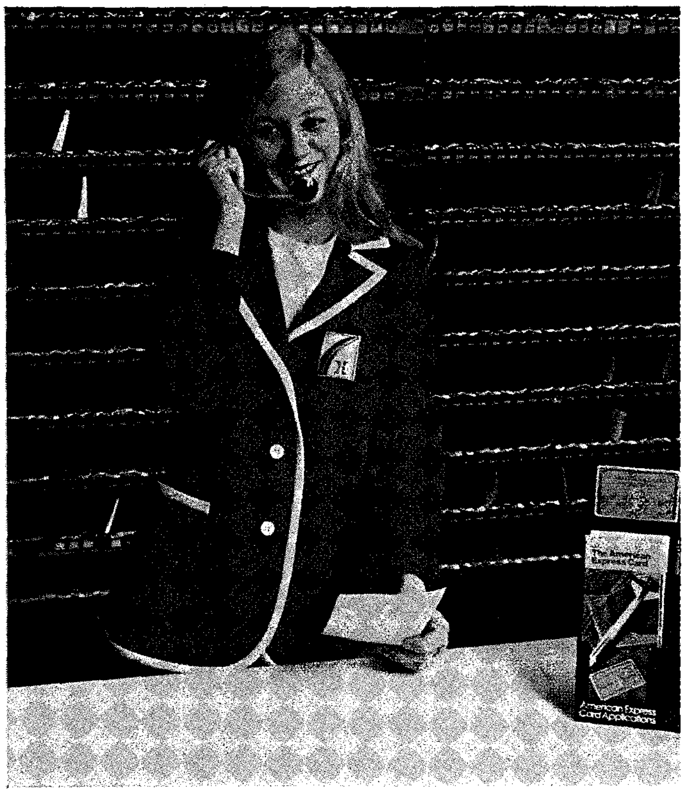

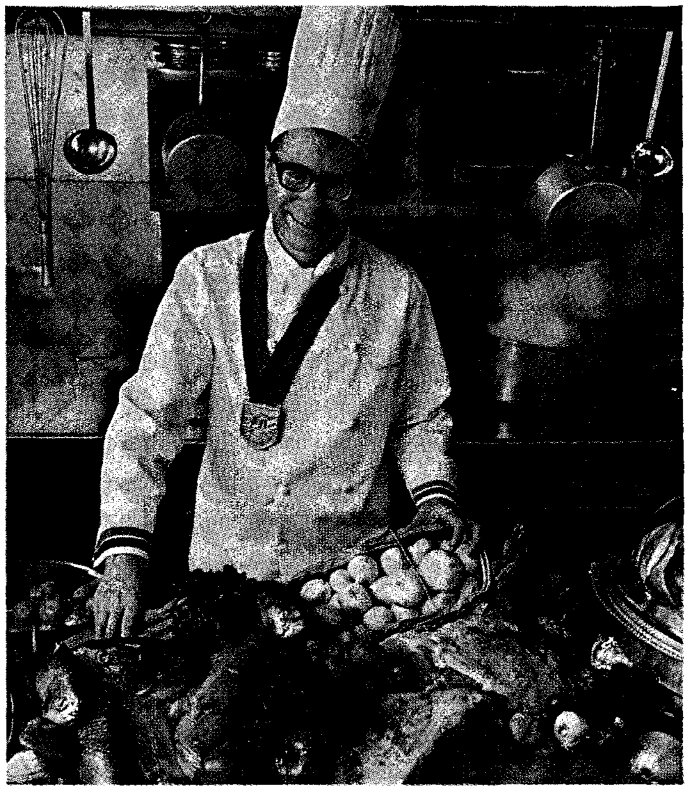

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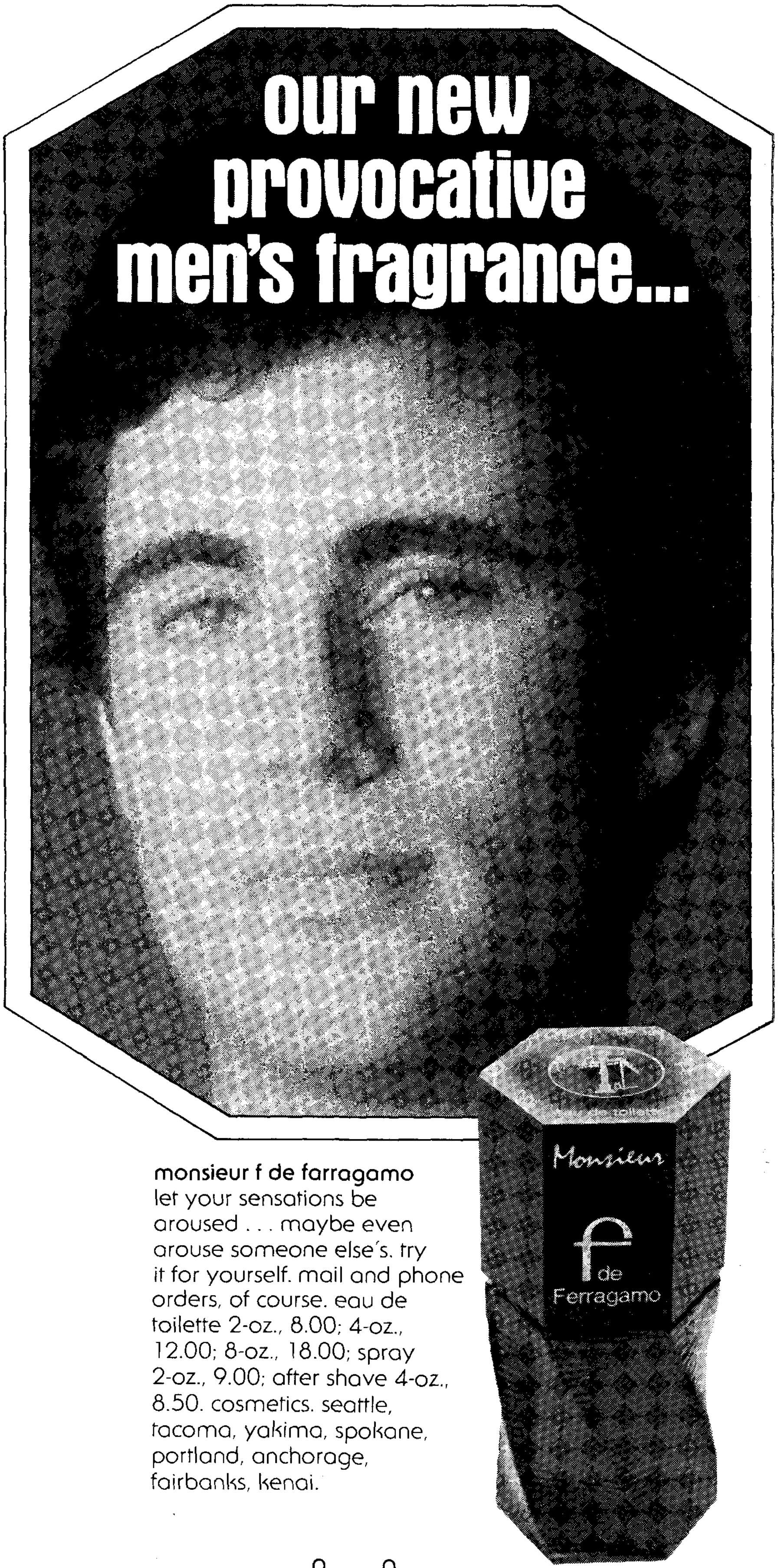
to admit the people waiting outside, but the Senator brusquely retorted that he had no say over the matter, since the full committee had unanimously approved holding an executive session *and it was too late to round up its* members to reconsider their vote. The senators who were present—Ervin, Mundt, and Griffin—took their seats on either side of the Chairman, and the proceedings began. After citing the authority conferred by the Senate on the subcommittee to conduct *an investigation* of the riots, McClellan declared that one of the subcommittee's primary purposes had been "to determine whether the outbreaks of violence were spontaneous or if they were instigated and precipitated by the calculated design of agitators." The Nashville "riot," he said, had been investigated by the subcommittee, by the Senate Judiciary Committee, and by both sides in a civil lawsuit growing out of the riot, and in the course of all these inquiries it was "disclosed that officials, employees, and members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee were deeply involved in the precipitation and instigation of the riot," which had directly followed some "inflammatory speeches by Stokely Carmichael." Continuing, McClellan noted that SCEF had held a "secret meeting" shortly before the riot, and pointed out that among those who attended were Carl and Anne Braden, co-directors of SCEF, who had "been identified as members of the Communist Party by the testimony of an F.B.I. informant in Kentucky courts and before congressional committees," and the McSurelys. "Carmichael made a speech at the meeting, from which the public and the press were barred," McClellan went on—apparently seeing no irony in the fact that if private meetings were inherently suspicious, so was this executive session. "Evidence in the record shows that a press release disseminated before the meeting gave the title of Carmichael's speech as: 'S.N.C.C.—Black Power for Communism.' "

When McClellan finished his statement, Kunstler formally moved that the hearing be opened to the public, explained that the McSurelys had just filed a civil suit against the members of the subcommittee, and asked that the suit be made a part of the hearing record. "Since the complaint contains very specific contentions of unconstitutional, illegal, and unlawful action on the part of this committee in connection with the authorities of Pike County, it is our feeling that the executive session hides from the public the situa-



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tion that is delineated in that complaint and that the public should be admitted to this hearing," he said. Continuing, he pointed out that the McSurelys would waive any protection they might have in an executive session, and again urged that the facts in the complaint, which were by then a matter of record in various federal courts, be included in the subcommittee transcript.

McClellan asked his colleagues if any of them supported the motion. While none of them could have known much about the circumstances that led up to the subpoenas, none of them showed any interest in the constitutional issues involved or in the rights of the witnesses, and none of them even asked for time to glance through the explanation in the complaint. Instead, they remained silent, and McClellan announced, "The committee unanimously rejects the request of the counsel." In quick succession and in the same manner, the committee also unanimously rejected Kunstler's motion that the hearing be postponed until the civil suit was settled and his motion that the subpoenas be quashed, on the ground that they were based on an unconstitutional search and seizure.

Afterward, McClellan asked the McSurelys, in turn, if they were prepared to surrender the subpoenaed documents. "We are not going to take any position on whether we will bring the records and documents until this hearing is opened," McSurely answered. "The issue before this committee today is whether the public has a right to hear what is going on in this committee." McSurely repeatedly tried to make a speech he had prepared—about how the strife in Appalachia, such as guerrilla warfare against strip mining, was the result of despair and disorganization among the people there, not of any subversive agitation; about how such rural "riots" had no connection with urban disorders, except that both were the inevitable result of the same kind of despair and disorganization; about how the slum riots were the last thing that men like Carmichael wanted, since such anarchic outbursts provided the police with the excuse they needed to arrest or kill blacks, including black leaders who were frequently out in the streets at the time trying to persuade the rioters to go home; and, finally, about how it was the economic, social, and racial oppression created by men like McClellan that perpetuated the injustices which led to such riots.

McClellan cut McSurely off before he got past the first few words of his speech, and said, "I take it that you challenge the right of the Senate of the United States and its committees to hold executive hearings?"

McSurely said that was correct, and later he said, "I think the whole country would understand better the causes of the urban disorders, because I think some of the causes are right in this room."

"Are you going to be respectful or not?" McClellan shouted. Finally, after several attempts, he forced each of the McSurelys to state that they would not comply with the subpoenas. And he warned them that they faced contempt-of-Congress citations, gave them three more days in which to produce their papers, and adjourned the hearing.

Immediately afterward, McClellan carried out the next act in the scenario that Taylor described in "Grand Inquest," by telling Daniel Schorr in an interview for CBS News that the McSurelys were part of a worldwide Communist conspiracy. Schorr attended the McSurelys' press conference, told them what McClellan had said, and asked if they had any response to the charge. McSurely replied that indeed they were engaged in a conspiracy—to unite the unemployed, the working poor, and blacks into a coalition that could demand, and get, their rights as citizens of the United States.

When the McSurelys did not produce the documents within the prescribed time, McClellan presented the matter to the members of the subcommittee, and on March 24th they unanimously voted to cite the couple for contempt of Congress. On April 30th, the members of the parent committee also unanimously voted to cite the two for contempt. The following day, McClellan presented to the Senate a report on the issue, in which he charged, again, that S.N.C.C. was "deeply involved in the precipitation and instigation of the riot" in Nashville; that Carmichael made several inflammatory speeches there "in the two days just before the riot;" that SCEF was headed by the Bradens, who "have been identified as members of the Communist Party;" that the McSurelys worked for SCEF; that the day be-

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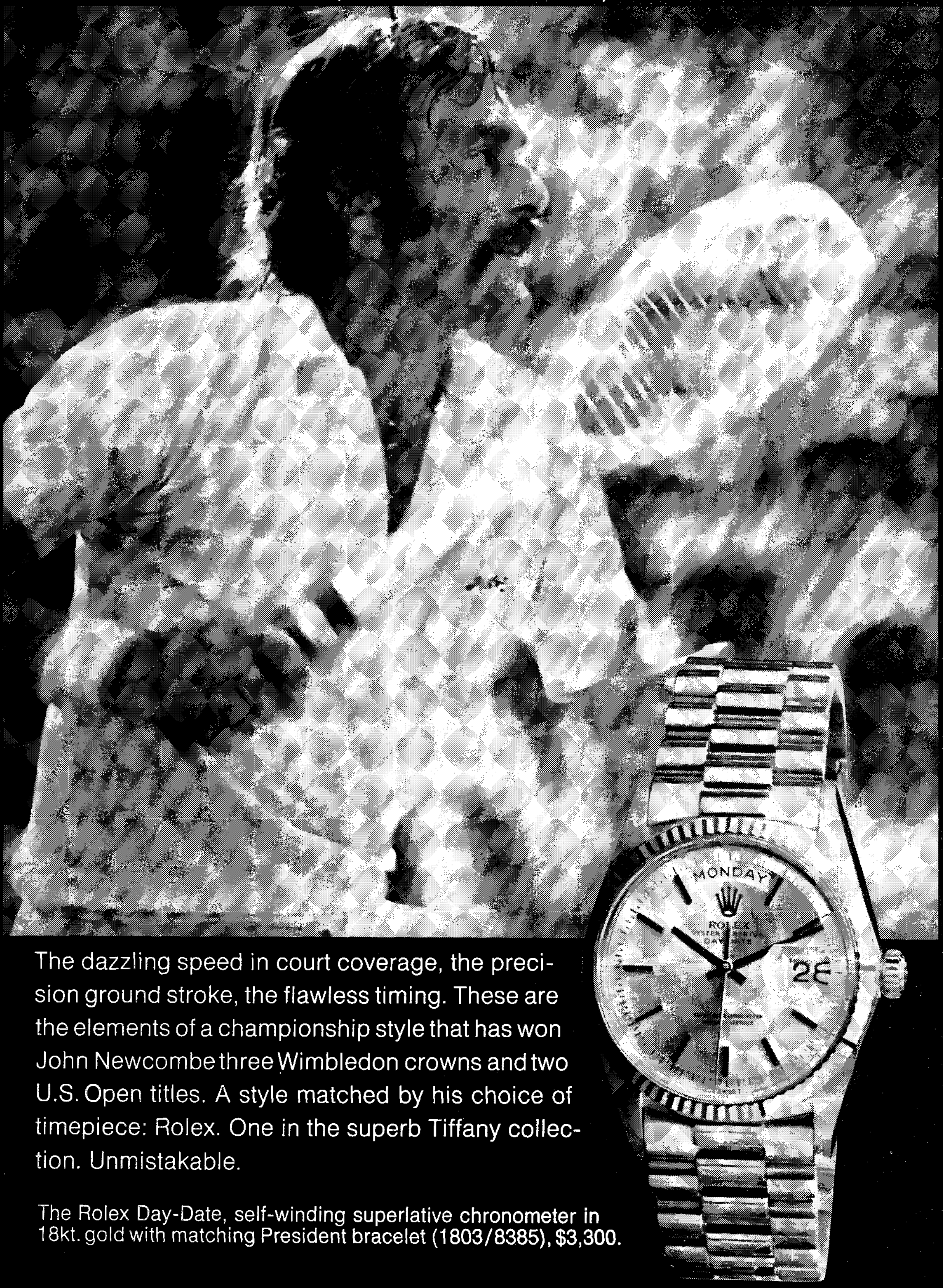

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Please add sales tax where applicable. American Express • BankAmericard fore the Nashville outburst SCEF held a "secret meeting . . . from which the public and the press was barred;" that Carmichael spoke at the meeting; and that "a press release disseminated before the meeting gave the title of Carmichael's speech as 'S.N.C.C.—Black Power for Communism.'" Continuing, the report stated that the subcommittee had "received information" that some documents in possession of Kentucky officials "would be pertinent to the investigation" and that the "subcommittee's staff received copies of some of the documents and other material," which led to the subpoenas for the originals. Assuring the Senate that he had provided "protection of all civil and constitutional rights of the witnesses," McClellan charged that their "contemptuous" behavior left him no recourse but to seek a citation against them. Along with the report, he submitted a Senate resolution instructing the United States Attorney for the District of Columbia to prosecute the McSurelys for contempt of Congress. On May 5th, the resolution came up for a vote. No one objected, and within a matter of minutes the resolution was approved by the Senate.

THE McSurelys were unaware of the subcommittee and committee votes against them, and learned about the contempt resolution only after the Senate passed it. During the couple of months preceding it, they were living in Lexington in comparative safety. They had found a pleasant apartment with a garden, and had renewed acquaintance with old friends and acquired some new ones. McSurely was writing a pamphlet for SCEF on black-lung disease among coal miners, and he worked on that project while his wife took care of the apartment and their son, set up a women's discussion group, and occasionally did some research for SCEF. The Bradens and other members of SCEF—who had supported them and continued to support them in their fight with the Senate—hoped that the McSurelys wouldn't become discouraged and leave the Movement but would go back to the mountains and continue their organizing work. "They said you should never let yourself be run out of a place," Mrs. McSurely recalled not long ago. "But I refused to go back, because I was sure we'd be killed there unless we were armed and ready to kill, too. I was just tired of living in terror. Al drove down into the mountains from time to time to do research on black lung, and every time he left I wondered if I'd ever see him alive again."

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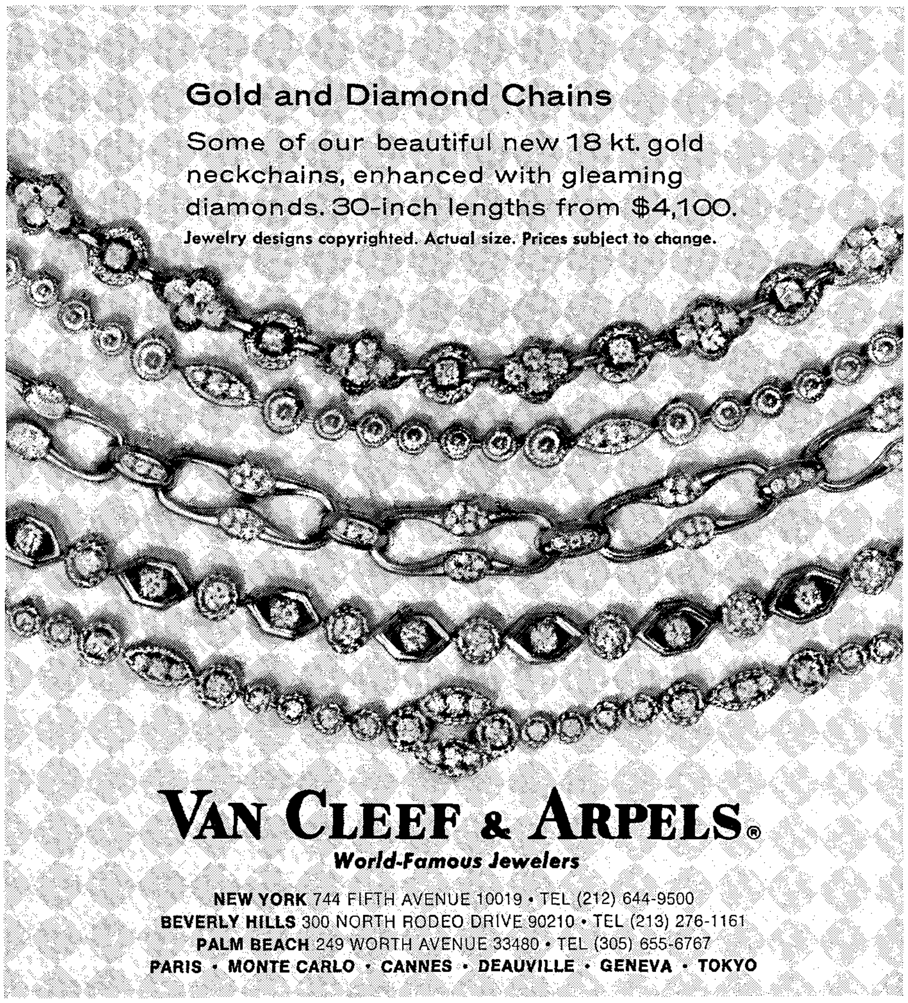
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She paused, looked off reflectively for a time, and finally went on, "Still, I felt bad. I kept thinking about the people in Appalachia and how desperately they needed help, any help at all. Living in the mountains taught me one thing I'll never forget—what it's really like to be poor. In the mountains, if you're a poor person you are without hope. You get up at four or five in the morning and start a tiny coal fire to get warm. Even in the summer it's cold in the mountains early in the morning, and you freeze day and night all winter long. You look at your fire and wonder if your coal will last until you get a few dollars from welfare aid, or an odd job if you're lucky, so you can buy a few pounds of the poorest grade of coal. And you're living on top of a mountain of coal. You never know if you're going to get anything to eat next week, so you eat everything you can when you get the chance, just like a starving dog. Mostly, breakfast is flour-and-water biscuits and gravy made out of bacon fat and more flour and water. You probably won't get any midday meal, and supper will be a slice of bacon and some boiled potatoes and, if it's summertime, some kind of greens. You probably don't have any plates or cups or knives or forks but eat with your fingers out of the cooking pot and drink water out of a tin can. Rent for your little shack is ten dollars a month, and sometimes you can't pay even that. And if you or your children get sick, get some serious illness, you know that's probably going to be the end."

Throughout the spring and early summer of 1969, the McSurelys discussed whether they should stay on in Lexington, move back to the mountains, or leave Kentucky. Mrs. McSurely was adamantly against living in any place like Pikeville, not merely because of the danger but because she had concluded that the adverse publicity created by the raid, their indictment for sedition, the Senate subpoenas, and the bombing of their house had made any hope that they could now be effective in the mountains futile. She contended that the best course to pursue would be to join a trade-union movement in a large city, where they would be among friends and would have some chance of carrying out their organizing work successfully. But McSurely was unhappy about leaving the mountains altogether. "I felt, and still feel, that it was the best place for us to carry on our work," he said recently. "And I didn't like being run out of a place any more than the Bra-

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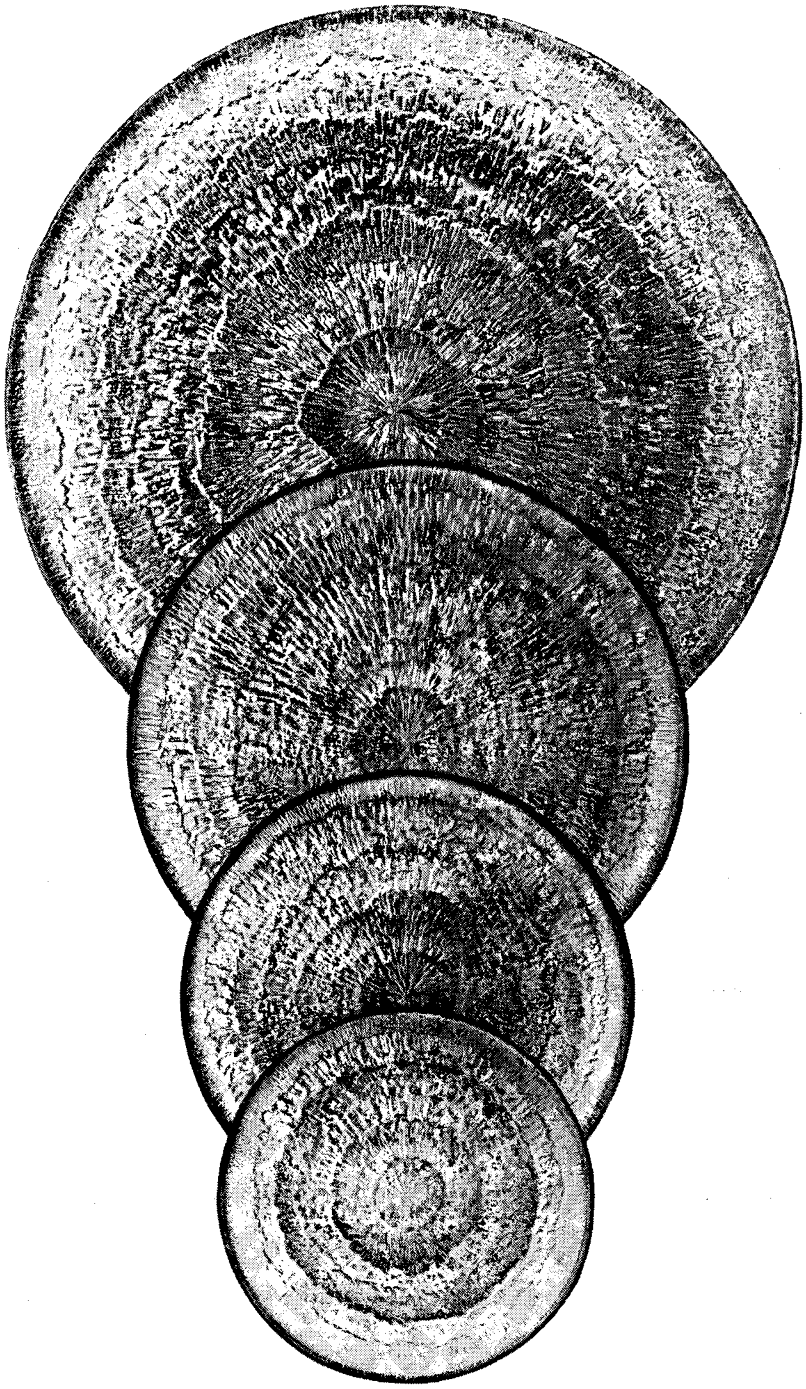

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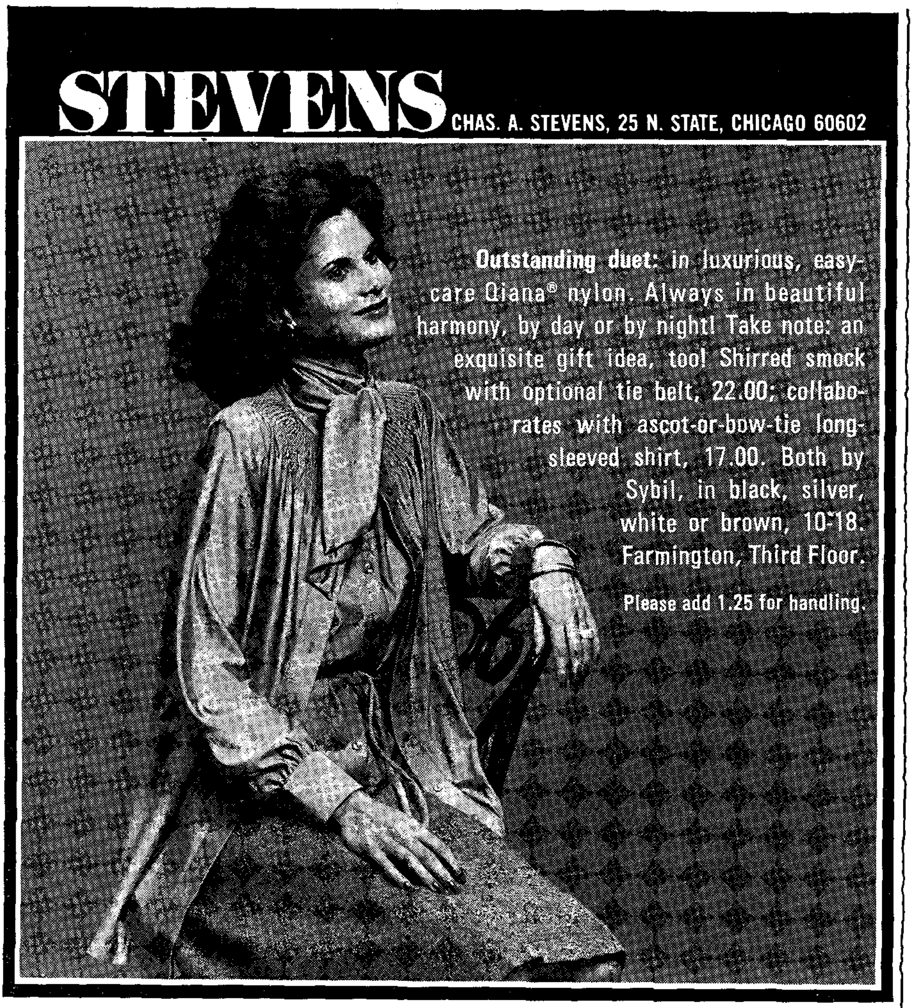
dens did. I guess my pride was hurt." In the end, the decisive factor was the couple's shared conclusion that the most important thing in their lives right then was the contempt-of-Congress case, and that if they were to assist in their defense, the best course for them was to return to the Washington area, so they would be on hand to help their lawyers. In mid-July, the McSurelys moved back into the basement of his mother's house in Arlington. He went to work at a children's summer-recreation center there, and a few weeks later he found a job teaching eighth-grade mathematics at a public school in nearby Prince Georges County, Maryland. "We got a nice apartment not far from the school, and we tried to settle down," Mrs. McSurely said. "But the frustration and fear were beginning to set in on us again, because we didn't know whether we would be indicted or not. If we were and went to trial, we figured that, win or lose, Al would be fired as soon as the school board found out about it."

UNDER the separation-of-powers doctrine, the executive branch of the government prosecutes anyone whom either body of Congress cites for contempt, because a refusal to prosecute could destroy Congress's subpoena powers and render it incapable of obtaining information necessary to the legislative process. (The separation-of-powers doctrine also requires, of course, that Congress not usurp the judicial or executive function. But when a subcommittee rubber-stamps a chairman's personal demand for a contempt citation, a committee rubber-stamps the subcommittee's approval, the Senate or House rubber-stamps the committee's approval, and the executive branch automatically prosecutes the person cited, then one member of Congress is effectively able to breach the separation-of-powers doctrine by dictating what the executive must do.) It is customary in contempt-of-Congress cases for the prosecutor appointed by the Department of Justice to operate independently of the department—that is, to consider himself a lawyer whose client is Congress—but, as it happened, Senator McClellan had so much influence with the department that his personal interest in the McSurely case was bound to be seen in a very special light. He was chairman of the Senate subcommittee that controls the budgets of various twigs on the executive branch, including the Department of Justice. In addition, he was ranking



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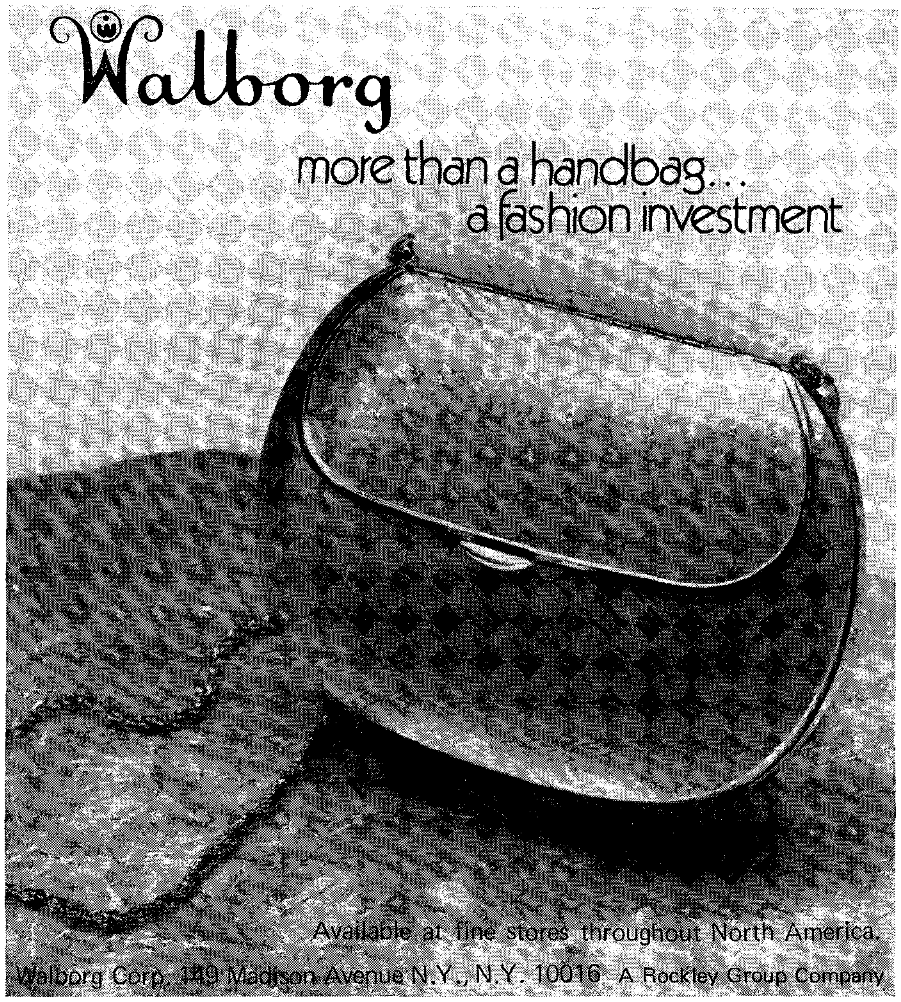

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Democrat on the Senate Judiciary Committee, which controls nominations for federal judgeships and high posts in the department, and together these constitute the most important patronage that any Administration possesses. Moreover, as a leading member of the conservative coalition between Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans on the far right, McClellan was a natural ally of the Nixon Administration, which had been in office a little over three months when the Senate turned the McSurely case over to the Department of Justice. As a domestic cold warrior and law-and-order politician, McClellan was expected to be an avid supporter of the Administration and, most of all, of the Justice Department and Attorney General John N. Mitchell. In return, the Administration was expected to keep McClellan happy by pushing for the kind of harsh anti-crime and anti-civil-liberties legislation that he often sponsored in the Senate. Ordinarily, the Justice Department chooses lawyers from its United States Attorneys offices to serve as special prosecutors in contempt-of-Congress cases, but for the McSurelys' case Attorney General Mitchell picked David Bress, a Democrat who had been the U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia in the Johnson Administration. A successful lawyer in private practice before working for the government, Bress was nominated, in 1968, on the recommendation of Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, to serve on the federal bench. President Johnson submitted Bress's name, in a package of five federal-court nominees, and President-elect Nixon promised to support the nominations, but shortly after he assumed office he ordered them withdrawn. After being criticized for this, Nixon promised to reconsider the nominees on an individual basis, and it was rumored that Bress, who still had friends in high government places after Fortas resigned and Johnson left the White House—most notably Senator McClellan—would be renominated by the new President.

In any event, Bress turned out to be an exceedingly zealous prosecutor. When he presented the government's charges against the McSurelys before a federal grand jury, the only evidence he offered was Senator McClellan's report of the events in the case. The grand jurors heard no witnesses, and Bress—unknown to the McSurelys or their lawyers at the time—presented a strange version of the facts in the case. He told the grand jury that the McSurelys were from Tennessee (not

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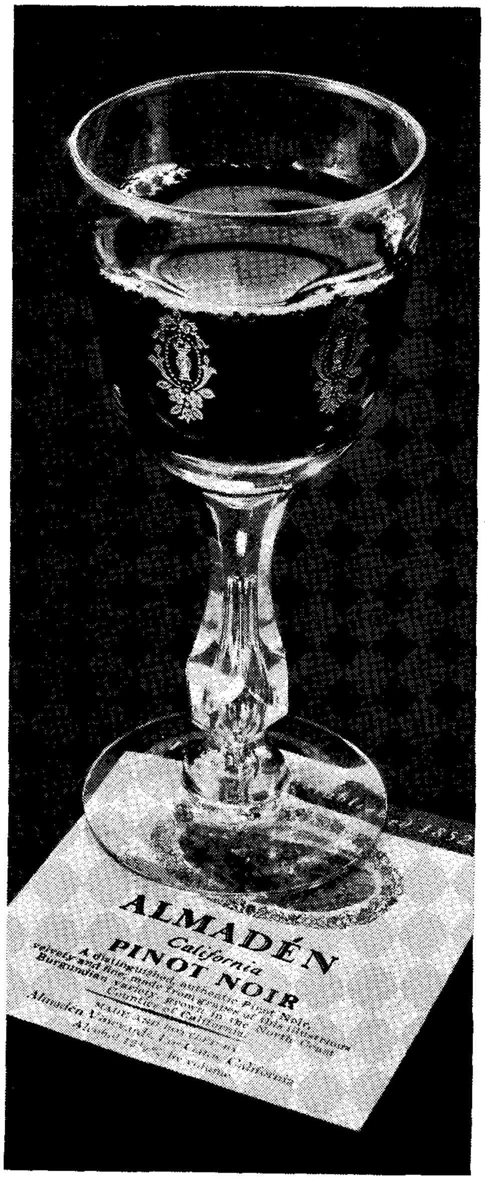

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Kentucky), that he thought they had been involved in litigation in Nashville following the riot there (they hadn't), and that the subcommittee had learned about the documents it had subpoenaed by way of a civil suit involving charges of police brutality during the Nashville disorder (not through John Brick's secret examination and use of the McSurelys' papers, after he had also examined a federal-court ruling that declared the state sedition law under which the seizure was made to be unconstitutional, and that ordered the McSurelys' possessions held in "safekeeping" until their case was finally settled). And when one of the grand jurors asked Bress what reasons the McSurelys had given for refusing to honor the subpoenas, he ignored their explanations in the civil complaint and answered that the question raised a matter of law, not fact, and was up to a judge, not a grand jury, to resolve (a reply that stood against all legal precedent and tradition in grand-jury proceedings). On August 20, 1969, the grand jury indicted each of the McSurelys on two charges of contempt of Congress—one charge for refusing to comply with the subpoenas at the subcommittee hearing and the other charge for not turning in their papers three days later, as McClellan had ordered. On September 5th, the McSurelys were arraigned on these charges before the federal District Court for the District of Columbia.

ONE of the most unjust features of the American system of criminal justice is the gross disparity between the government's resources and an ordinary defendant's resources. Unless a defendant in a case that is at all complicated is very rich or has the kind of broad public support that generates contributions (as in the case of Daniel Ellsberg, whose defense in the Pentagon Papers case cost more than a million dollars, most of it paid by public subscription), one must rely on legal charity. At best, this system provides low-cost or free counsel from organizations like the Center for Constitutional Rights, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Lawyers Guild, or private practitioners who specialize in constitutional law. At worst, this system provides court-appointed hacks of the kind who have been described as "walking violations of the Sixth Amendment's right to counsel." The comparatively few competent civil-liberties lawyers in this country who are willing to donate their time and skills to such generally unpopular causes as the de-

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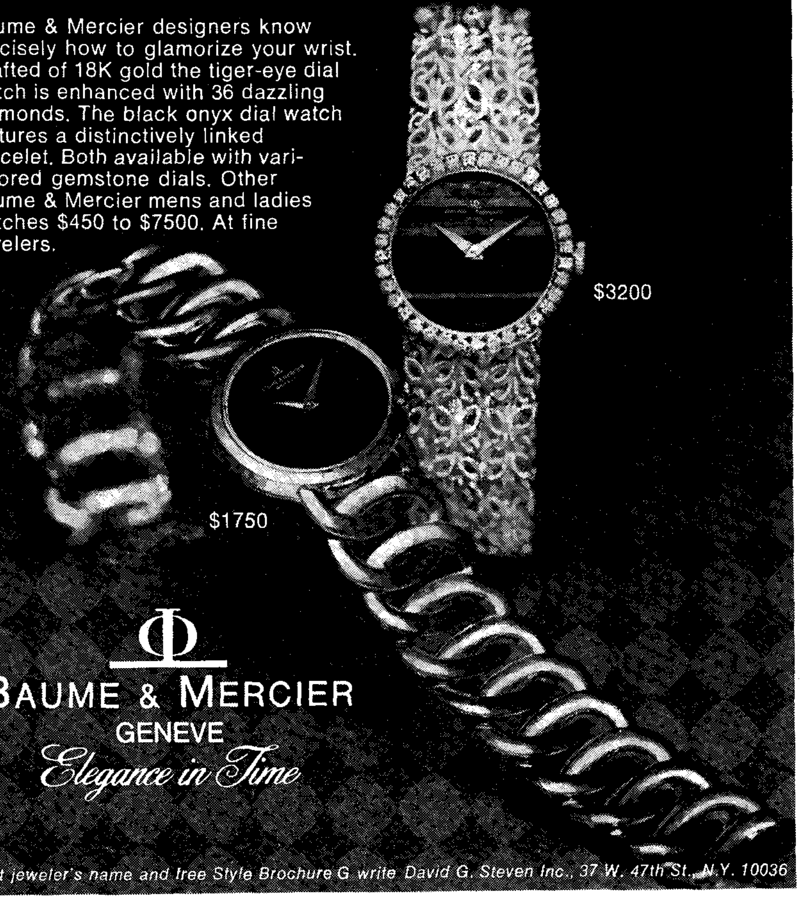

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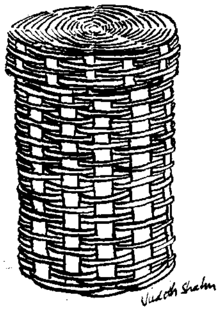
fense of political radicals are overwhelmed with work. Not only are they forced to choose among thousands of clients who deserve proper representation but often they are forced to sacrifice the interests of one client to the more compelling interests of another because of the pressure of time and the shortage of manpower and money. Throughout most of 1969, Kunstler and the small staff at the Center were largely preoccupied with the splashiest radical case of the decade—the Nixon Administration's prosecution of the group that became known as the Chicago Seven, who were charged with conspiracy to incite a riot at the Democratic National Convention the year before—and preparations for the McSurelys' defense had to be delayed. Nothing was done on their behalf to let uninformed senators know about the details of their case before the subcommittee and committee votes for a contempt citation or the Senate vote on the contempt resolution. Nor was any legal move made to counter the government's taking the case to a grand jury. In fact, it wasn't until nearly a month after the McSurelys were indicted that their defense got under way. By that time, at the end of September, the Chicago Seven trial was about to begin, and Kunstler had to devote all of his time—again at no fee—to that, so his partner at the Center, Morton Stavis, who had worked on the McSurely case off and on since it began in Kentucky, took over.



Stavis's strategy from the beginning was to try to develop an unchallengeable basis from which he could show the illegality of the subpoenas *before* any trial took place, and thereby knock out the indictments. For that reason, his first move in defending the McSurelys in the criminal case was to proceed with their civil suit against the members and aides of the subcommittee—by serving a notice in September that he intended to take depositions from the aides involved in the seizure and use of the McSurelys' papers. "By this means, I figured I would either get the story from Brick and the others, which would provide us with a defense, or if they refused I would have a legal foundation for knocking out the indictments on that ground. In the mid-fifties, I represented a left-wing radical who refused to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee and was cited for contempt. I served subpoenas on the members of HUAC demanding access to the committee's files to prove my charge that HUAC's subpoenas were unlawful because they were politically motivated. A federal judge upheld me, so HUAC, rather than open up its files, quietly dropped the case. I hoped we might have the same luck in the McSurely case, although I expected difficulty on other grounds." One of those grounds, he went on, was Article I, Section 6 of the Constitution, which gives members of Congress a form of immunity against private lawsuits by declaring that "for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place." Federal courts have generally interpreted the "immunity clause" to mean that members of Congress are not liable for anything they say in an official capacity, and after the McSurelys filed their civil suit the defendants' lawyers (a team, provided free of charge, from the Justice Department's Civil Division) cited the immunity clause as their principal defense. However, Stavis felt that if he presented a compelling case to show that the defendants in the civil suit had indeed acted unofficially—insofar as they had abetted Senator McClellan's personal and political designs in issuing the subpoenas and had not had a proper legislative purpose—he might persuade a federal court to allow him to question the subcommittee aides in order to prove this point. Stavis hoped to then use whatever he learned from such an interrogation to demonstrate in the criminal case that the subpoenas were solely based on the copies that Brick had provided—illegally, in Stavis's opinion—of the McSurelys' documents. (The government had admitted earlier that Brick got copies of the papers and took them back to the subcommittee, but claimed that the subpoenas had been partly based on other evidence.) This sort of tangled legal maneuvering was necessary, he explained, because of the criminal law's fundamental unfairness in permitting almost no "discovery"—that is, any opportunity for defendants to find out what kind of case the prosecution has, so that a proper defense can be prepared. In civil cases, on the other hand, the law allows virtually unlimited discovery, so Stavis planned to use the McSurelys' civil suit to build a foundation for their defense in the criminal case. Of course, the Justice Department lawyers—and

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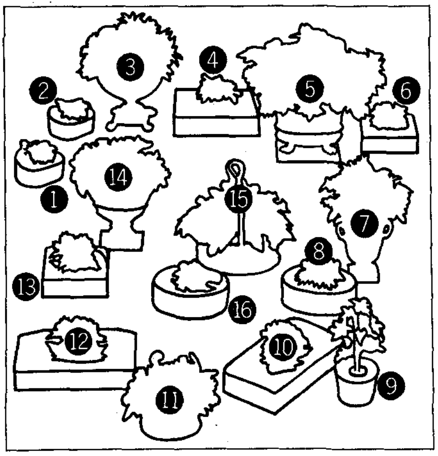

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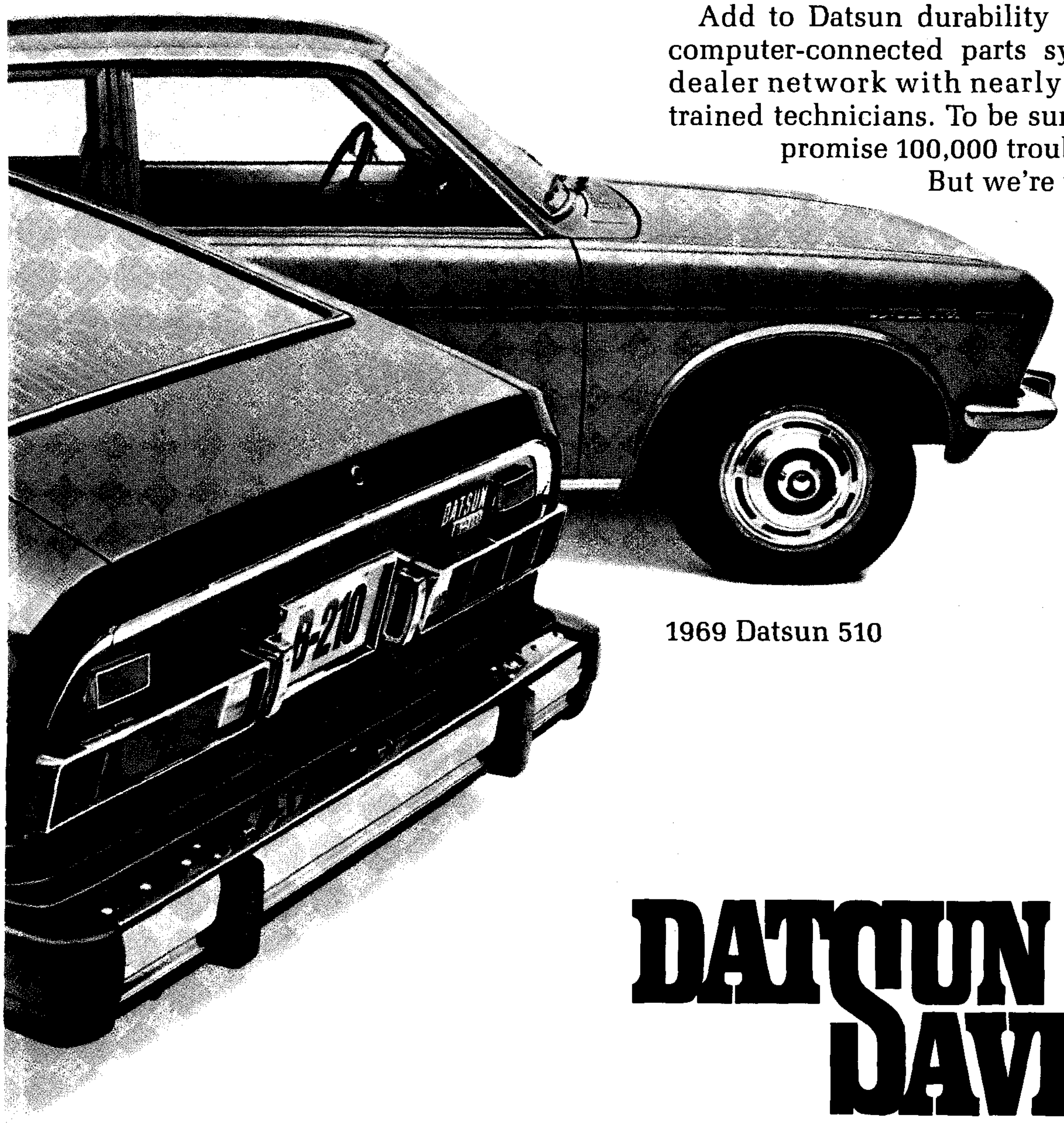

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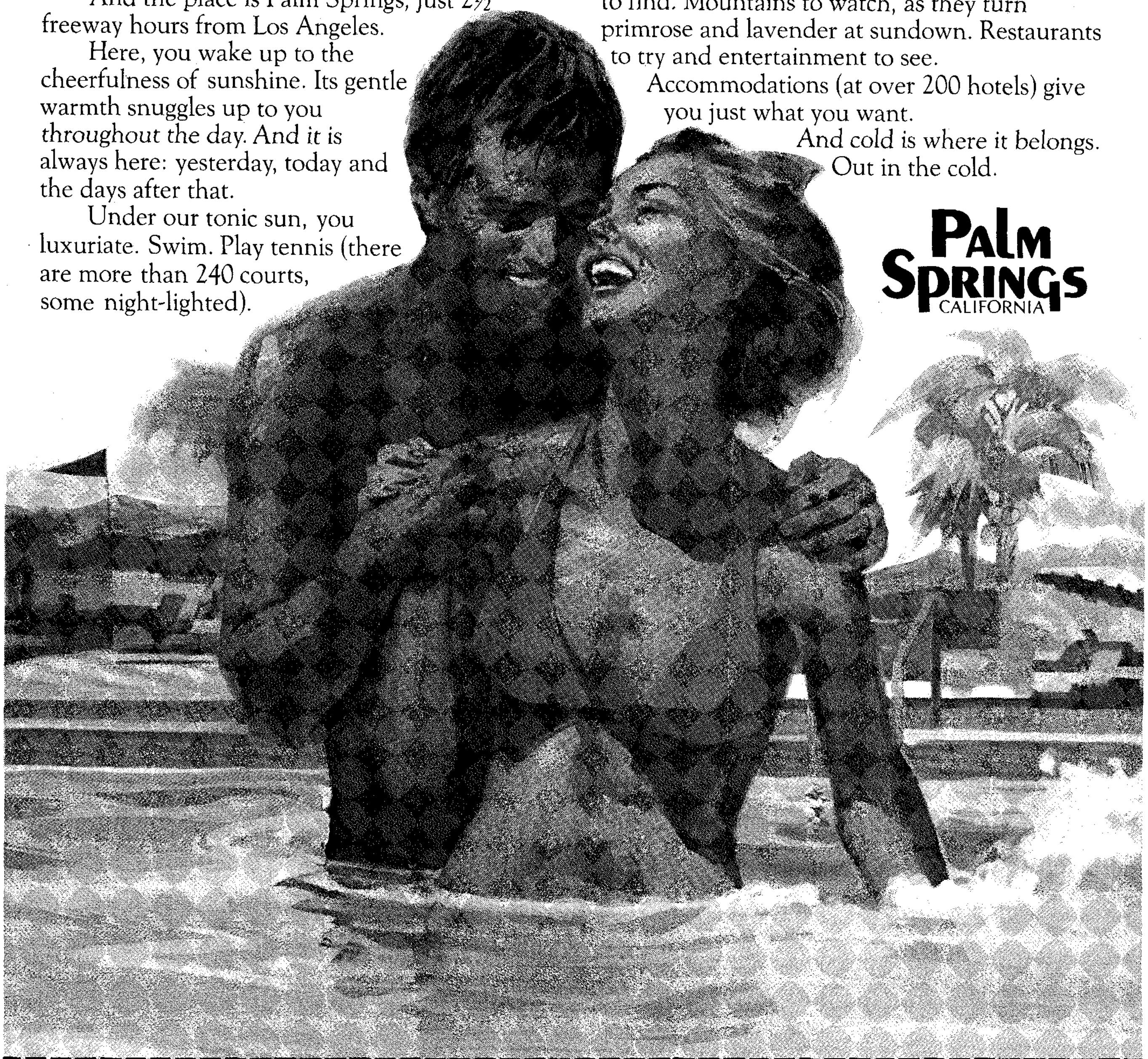

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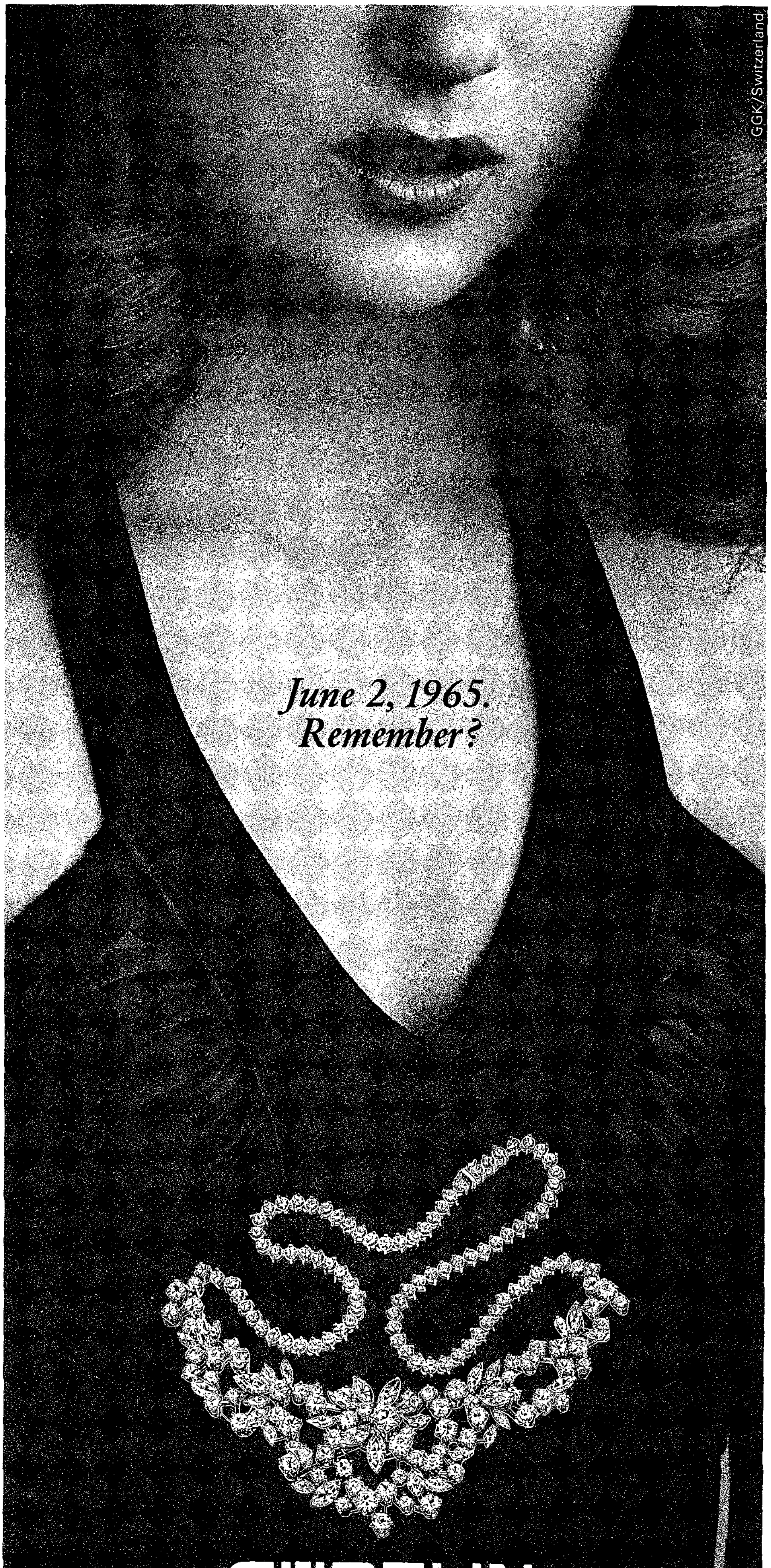
undoubtedly Bress—realized what he was up to, and shortly after he submitted his notice to take depositions from the subcommittee aides the department submitted a motion asking that the civil suit be put off until the criminal case was resolved. When this issue was argued before the district court in Washington in November, the presiding judge granted the government's motion and, on December 18th, ordered that all proceedings in the civil suit be held off until thirty days after the criminal case, including any appellate review, was completed. Stavis immediately appealed that decision to the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit.

Meanwhile, the criminal case went ahead—slowly and with mounting bitterness on both sides. Among the numerous papers that Stavis filed with the district court were a motion for a pretrial hearing (a common legal procedure in civil cases, though not in criminal cases, by which Stavis hoped to get a chance for discovery in the criminal case); a motion to inspect the minutes of the grand-jury session that led to the McSurelys' indictments (also a common procedure, which was not prompted by any suspicion on Stavis's part about Bress's presentation before that body); and a motion to dismiss the indictments on grounds ranging from the failure of the subcommittee to pay for the McSurelys' travel expenses to and from the hearing, in violation of a Senate rule, to the claim that the subpoenas violated the McSurelys' rights under the Fourth Amendment. The Fourth Amendment, which lay at the heart of the case and was ultimately to determine its outcome, states, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." While Stavis conceded in his brief that congressional committees have the authority to order witnesses to appear before them and testify on matters that will assist Congress in framing legislation, as well as to demand that such witnesses bring with them documents on which they are to be examined, he argued that the subcommittee subpoenas clearly constituted a "fishing expedition," since they ordered the McSurelys to turn over "all books, records, correspondence, and documents pertaining to



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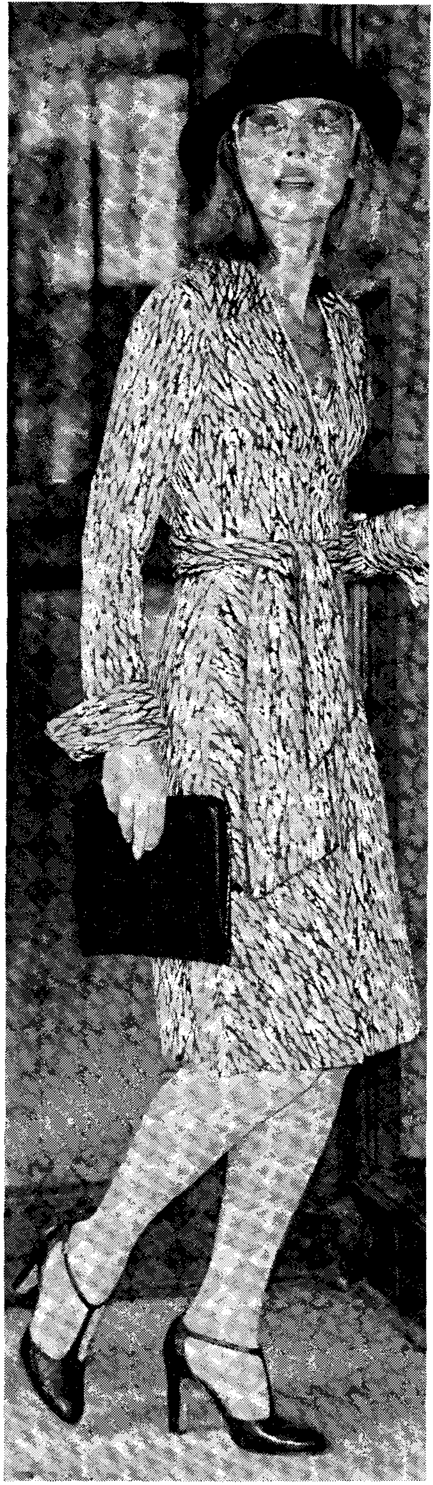

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eight organizations, without identifying a single specific paper." Starting on the first part of a two-part constitutional argument, Stavis pointed out that subpoenas were subject to the same constitutional safeguards as search warrants were. In that light, he added, the contempt prosecution of the McSurelys was clearly at odds with the Supreme Court's decision, in 1965, in the case of Stanford v. Texas, which was the most recent of the Court's many condemnations, over the years, of the use of "general warrants"—purely investigative searches based on no more than suspicion or an attempt to harass the victims—which had led to the adoption of the Fourth Amendment. "The constitutional requirement that warrants must particularly describe the 'things to be seized' is to be accorded the most scrupulous exactitude when the 'things' are books and the basis for their seizure is the ideas which they contain," the Court stated in Stanford, and quoted an earlier Court decision:

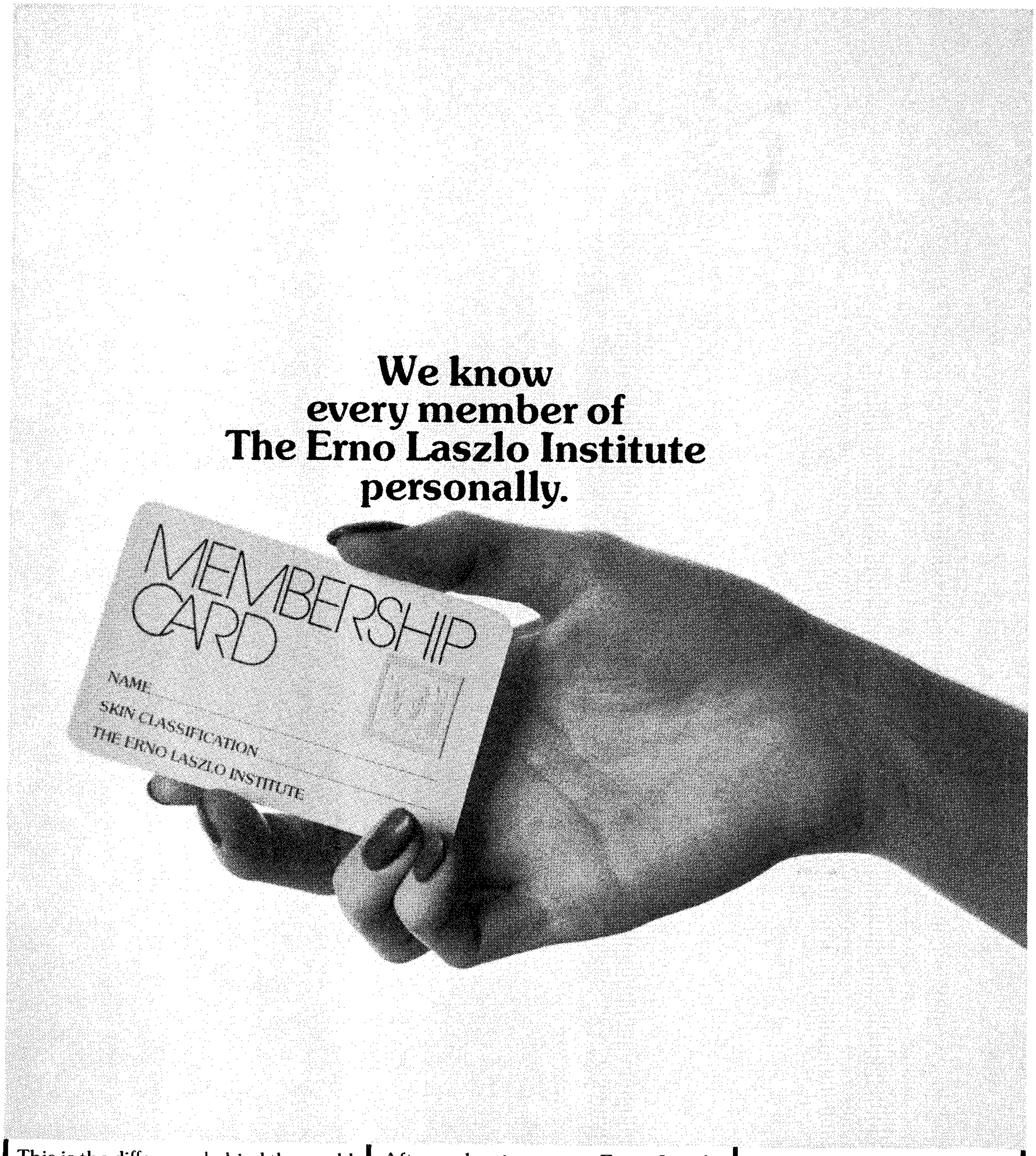
> The requirement that warrants shall particularly describe the things to be seized makes general searches under them impossible and prevents the seizure of one thing under a warrant describing another. As to what is to be taken, nothing is left to the discretion of the officer executing the warrant.

The opinion in Stanford went on:

> We need not decide in the present case whether the description of the things to be seized would have been too generalized to pass constitutional muster had the things been weapons, narcotics, or "cases of whiskey." The point is that it was not any contraband of that kind which was ordered to be seized, but [was] literary material—"books, records, pamphlets, cards, receipts, lists, memoranda, pictures, recordings and other written instruments concerning the Communist Party of Texas." The indiscriminate sweep of that language is constitutionally intolerable. To hold otherwise would be false to the terms of the Fourth Amendment, false to its meaning, and false to its history.

In an opposing brief, Bress dismissed Stavis's arguments as being either insubstantial or irrelevant, stated that the Fourth Amendment did not apply to the McSurely case, and ignored Stanford altogether. Late in November, 1969, the issues Stavis raised were debated at a hearing before the judge who was assigned to the criminal-contempt case—John Lewis Smith, Jr., whom President Johnson had appointed to the district-court bench after being advised that Smith was an intelligent and rather kindly man whose presence would help balance such stern hard-liners on that court as Judge John Sirica. Stavis and the McSurelys had been heartened when Judge Smith got the case, but at the hearing on their motions they were quickly disappointed, for he rejected each motion in turn, except their request to examine the grand-jury minutes, and reserved judgment on that until he had read them in private. Stavis repeatedly pleaded that at a pre-trial hearing the court might look at the indisputable facts of what had happened—the illegal raid, the use of illegally seized documents to draw up illegal subpoenas—and find that a trial was unjustified. "It is time, Your Honor, that official lawlessness be stopped," Stavis said. "It is precisely for that reason that we have made these motions. Because I know what the government's answer is. The government's answer is: 'Wait until the trial. It will all come out in the wash at the trial. If you succeed, why, so be it.' What we are saying, Your Honor, this morning, and what these motions are about, is that this [case] has been such a history of [official] lawlessness that the court has a right to look at this indictment on its face and look at the stipulated facts and if these defendants are entitled to protection now they ought to have it." Since the indictments ignored what had happened to the McSurelys in Kentucky and in their fight through the federal courts to have the Senate subpoenas quashed, Stavis hoped that the Judge's examination of the history of the case would convince him that there was an obvious and crucial difference between what the government claimed had occurred and what had actually occurred. In that event, the case would be thrown out at once. But Judge Smith was not interested.

Stavis then moved on to the second part of his constitutional argument—the landmark case of Silverthorne Lumber Company v. United States, in which officials of the Justice Department illegally seized documents from the office of a pair of suspects, photocopied the papers, and when a federal court ordered them returned gave back the originals and issued subpoenas for them based on the copies that had been kept. In a decision delivered by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., in 1920, the Supreme Court condemned the government's acts and reversed a defendant's conviction for contempt of court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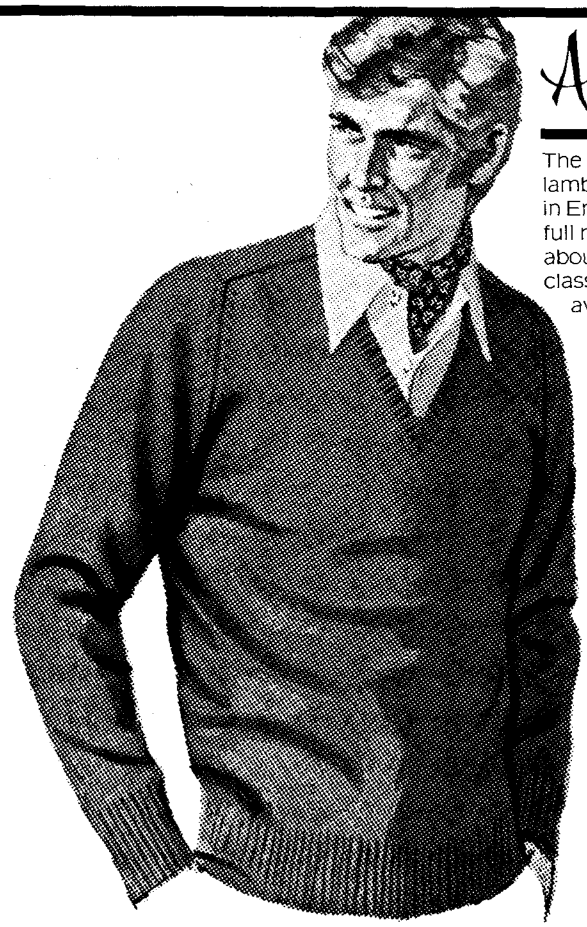
for refusing, after all that had happened, to produce the subpoenaed documents. Speaking of the Fourth Amendment, Holmes said, "The essence of a provision forbidding the acquisition of evidence in a certain way is that not merely evidence so acquired shall not be used before the court, but that it shall not be used at all." The Silverthorne doctrine refined the "exclusionary rule," which had been first laid down by the Court in 1914, in Weeks v. United States, and over the years since then the rule has been one of the most bitterly contested subjects in constitutional law. On one side, its critics claim that it is merely a "judge-made remedy" for infractions of the Fourth Amendment's prohibition against "unreasonable searches and seizures," and that it unduly hampers prosecution of wrongdoers. On the other side, its defenders claim, as the Court has said, that it is "an essential part" of the Fourth Amendment, and that without this rule the amendment would be, in Holmes's description, merely "a form of words." The Supreme Court's various rulings on the meaning and application of the exclusionary rule, though often fuzzy, strongly support the latter interpretation, but this hasn't stopped opponents from attacking it. In fact, soon after the Nixon Administration took office it became known that one of the Justice Department's chief goals in its law-and-order campaign was to get rid of the exclusionary rule of law for the sake of order.

From the outset of the case—back in the fall of 1967—Stavis had hoped to tie it in with the Silverthorne doctrine, as his basic strategy in persuading the federal court to quash the subpoenas and thereby avoid any trial. Now he pointed out to Judge Smith that the Silverthorne case was fundamentally like the McSurely case, for if the subcommittee subpoenas were tainted by being based on illegally seized evidence they, like the Silverthorne subpoenas, were invalid, and no contempt charge could be founded on a refusal to comply with an invalid, or unlawful, order. The only way it could be shown that the subcommittee subpoenas were tainted, he added, was by his questioning subcommittee staff members to discover the true basis for the subpoenas—whether they were, as Bress contended in official papers, based on evidence other than that seized in the Kentucky raid on the McSurelys', or whether the subpoenas were, as Stavis suspected, wholly based on what was



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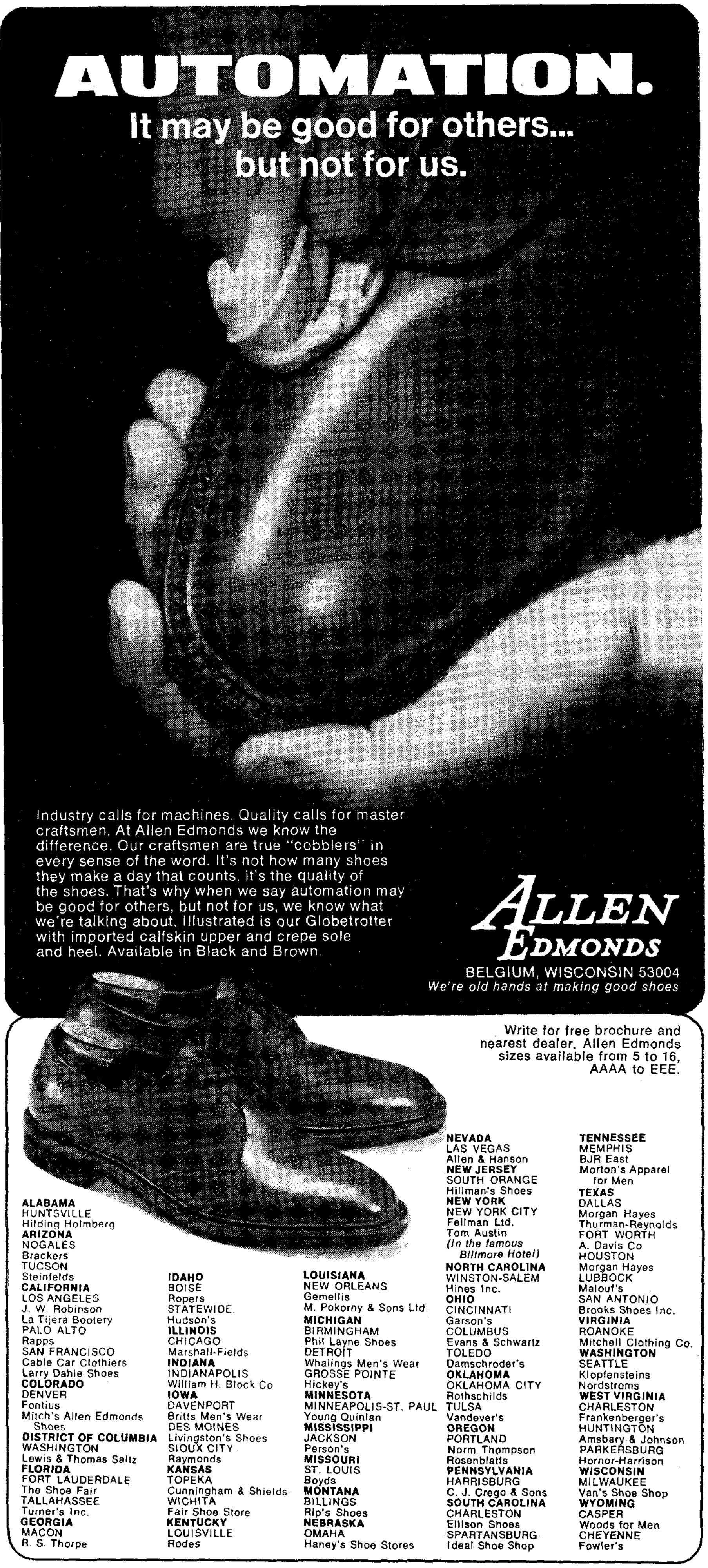
found during that raid. Bress, he went on, "says that if we intend to challenge [the validity of the subpoenas] we have to produce that evidence at the trial. Well, how? The evidence is in his hands. He represents the committee. He represents the staff of the committee. They know the extent to which they relied upon this illegally seized material. . . . I am entitled before the trial—*before* the trial—to find out material which is in the government's hands, and present that to the court at the trial. That is all that we are talking about now. It is a narrow question of discovery [based] on Silverthorne." Judge Smith wasn't interested in this argument, either, and replied that it was not his practice to hold pre-trial hearings in criminal cases. Stavis urged that the trial be postponed until his appeal in the civil suit, including his right to some form of discovery, was resolved, but the Judge said, "If that is in the form of a motion, it is denied." Stavis then asked for a ruling on his move to question the aides before a trial date was set, and Judge Smith rejected that, too, and set the trial for January 19, 1970.

Three weeks later, Judge Smith formally denied the motion for a pre-trial hearing, and at that point Stavis warned the McSurelys that they were in worse trouble than he had anticipated. Bress's strategy, he explained, clearly was to limit the issues to be tried—namely, to whether the subcommittee had been duly authorized to investigate a subject, whether the subpoenas were pertinent to that investigation and properly served, and whether the McSurelys had willfully refused to comply with the subpoenas. Moreover, he said, it appeared that Judge Smith was prepared to go along with Bress's approach. If the trial was conducted under the limits being proposed by Bress, Stavis told the McSurelys, they would have little, or perhaps no, chance to tell the jury what had happened to them before they refused to obey the subpoenas—in short, their reasons for refusing—and the jury would have no grounds for acquitting them.

DESPITE Senator McClellan's great power, the McSurelys clung to the hope—before, during, and for months after the hearing—that he would lose interest in them or would finally drop the matter if they made it clear that they meant to stand up and publicly expose what he and his staff had done. But when the Senate endorsed his demand for a contempt ci-



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tation and the executive branch and then the judicial branch took his side—maliciously and conspiratorially, it appeared to them—they came to feel that the entire United States government was arrayed against them. And, as they and many others saw it, that government was rapidly moving toward open tyranny. All in all, it was a perilous time for anyone who even modestly opposed the Administration. And it was a terrifying time for people like the McSurelys, who had been singled out as fomenters of discord by a powerful senator and had become what seemed like two small targets for an immense amount of firepower.

"Right after we were indicted, we thought we had a chance of winning the case, and strengthening the Constitution by such a victory," Mrs. McSurely said. "We thought we had to work in any way we could to strengthen freedom, and for the time being that meant working within the system. But then when we got blocked again and again by the courts, we became more and more frustrated and less and less sure of our course. Everything they say can't happen here had happened here to us. Government people are so sanctimonious, as if they could do no wrong and always act out of the purest motives. That just isn't true, we learned over and over. Practically every person in the government who was involved in our case, except for a few judges, was viciously unfair. And that included Justice Department officials in the Johnson Administration who fought us every step of the way during 1967 and 1968, when we tried to get our papers back. Then, when it finally came time for us to have our day in court, Judge Smith was unfair to us, too. As he rejected our early motions and began to rule in a way that would narrow the trial to the point where the jurors wouldn't be able to figure out what had actually happened to us and why we had refused to obey the subpoenas, we began to wonder if we had any hope of escaping prison."

DREW PEARSON died on September 1, 1969, a few days after the McSurelys were indicted. They concluded that his death relieved them of any further need to protect him from disclosure about his affair with Margaret, but at the same time they decided to continue on the course they had followed from the start—silence about everything contained in their private papers. One evening in late December, three weeks before the trial was due to start, the couple sat down to go over

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every detail in their case to prepare for anything that might help in their defense. They opened a bottle of Chianti, McSurely got out a legal pad and a pen, and they began, at his suggestion, with the story of the liaison with Pearson. The McSurelys had never discussed it in any detail—because she didn't want to talk about such an intimate, and now embarrassing, episode in her life, and he didn't want to know about it at all—and the conversation was painful for both of them. After she described how the affair began when she was working for Pearson as his personal assistant in the early nineteen-sixties, how she broke it off after she became involved in the civil-rights cause and he refused to write sympathetically about some of its more radical aspects, and how he had tried to get her back, Mrs. McSurely recalled the day that McClellan's aide, John Brick, arrived at their house outside Pikeville and served them with the first set of subpoenas, in October of 1967. She asked him if he was by any chance related to a Mrs. Brick who had worked as secretary-receptionist for a Washington psychiatrist who had been Margaret's therapist during the mid-sixties, when her first marriage was breaking up and she was involved with Pearson. Brick replied—uncomfortably, it now seemed to Mrs. McSurely as she recounted the episode to her husband—that the woman was his wife. As soon as he served the subpoenas and left, Mrs. McSurely telephoned the psychiatrist, told him about the coincidence, and asked that he destroy all her records, which had been typed up by Mrs. Brick and which may have included references to her affair with Pearson. "As Al and I talked, it suddenly dawned on both of us at the same moment that maybe McClellan was really after Pearson and not us at all, and was using us only to get those letters from Pearson to me into the record, so that he could ruin the man who was his greatest enemy in the press," Mrs. McSurely said later. "We were stunned by the idea. And we were even more stunned when we began to wonder if the whole thing, including the raid on us in Kentucky, had been staged by McClellan so that he could get hold of those letters."

McSurely immediately telephoned Stavis at home and arranged to meet a couple of days later in New York with him and Nancy Stearns, of the Center, who was working on the case. At the meeting, McSurely described the conspiracy theory, and he later said of the lawyers' reactions, "It just blew their

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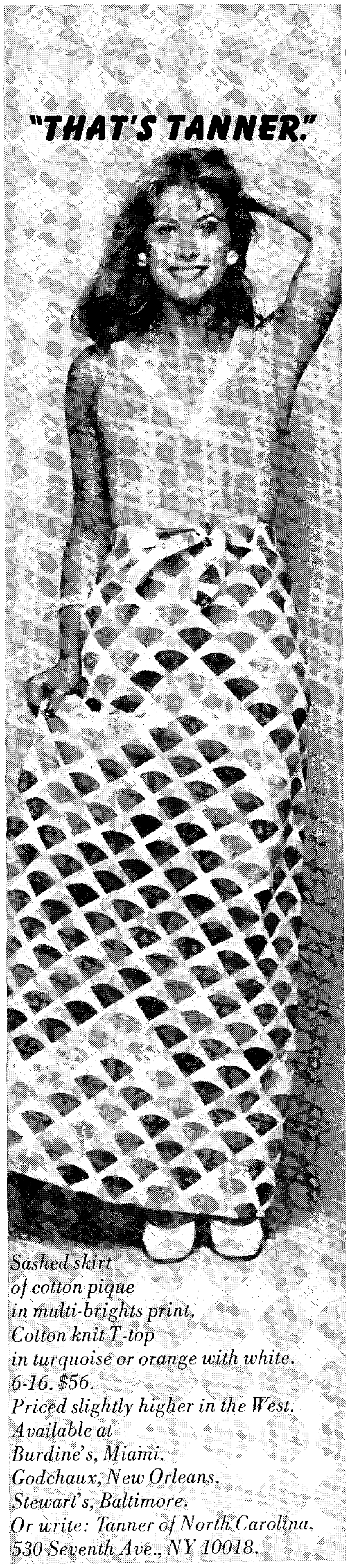

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minds." Stavis, it was true, was startled by the possible linkage between Margaret's therapist and McClellan's pursuit of her, but he was more impressed by a new opportunity the theory provided—to claim on another ground that McClellan had not had any legislative purpose in mind when he issued the subpoenas but had used his office to carry on a personal vendetta. If the McSurelys were now willing to talk publicly about Margaret's relationship with Pearson, Stavis saw, he might be able to use that episode to justify his contention that the subpoenas had no legislative purpose. Most important of all, this might enable the defense to get on the record, and lay out before the jury during the trial, the tale of what the Kentucky and federal governments had done to the McSurelys, and thereby show, probably more effectively than by any other means, why they had resisted the subpoenas. Before Stavis could pursue this line, though, he had to make sure the McSurelys appreciated the effect that revealing this part of their story—juicy news by most journalistic standards—might have on Mrs. McSurely, and he pressed her for assurance that she understood what would happen if she told in open court about her liaison with Pearson. "Mort kept going over and over the question of whether I was willing to divulge something that would ruin my reputation," she later said. "But I felt that my reputation had already been ruined when those sick men in Kentucky and in the Senate of the United States pored over my personal letters and my diary and then prosecuted me for resisting their invasions of my privacy. I thought that telling about this would show what kind of vicious people run this country and how much worse they are than a woman who had an affair with her boss." Once Stavis was convinced that his clients appreciated the risk they were taking, he made the Pearson correspondence a part of his primary strategy for the trial.

By the time the trial was due to begin, Judge Smith had granted the McSurelys only one of their motions—to examine the grand-jury minutes. Early in January, 1970, they went to the district court, and the Judge's clerk gave them the transcript of the grand-jury hearings, which, he said, they could read and copy but not duplicate. When they discovered Bress's misstatements of the facts in their case, the two were stunned, and McSurely carefully copied in longhand all the major errors. Afterward, in a state of high excitement, they telephoned Stavis and Stearns. Stavis wasn't as impressed as they expected, mainly because he knew that prosecutors have broad, and often unfair, leeway in presenting cases before grand juries; because he knew that to get the indictments dismissed on the ground of the prosecution's misrepresentations he would have to prove that there had been an intent to mislead the grand jurors, which would be a difficult and perhaps impossible task; and because he knew that if Judge Smith had not thrown out the case after reading the minutes in private he was not going to throw it out now. But Stearns was, as she said, "staggered" by the new development. "I thought the grand-jury minutes were dynamite," she went on. "One of the principal guidelines laid down by the Supreme Court to determine whether official acts conform with the mandates in the Bill of Rights is the requirement of 'fundamental fairness' by the government when it prosecutes its citizens. If anything in the McSurely case was fundamentally unfair, it was the use of such crucially false facts before a grand jury, whatever Bress's intent." Her indignation was so great that Stavis asked her to draw up a motion to dismiss the indictments because of the prosecutor's misstatements to the grand jury. About that time, Stavis made another move. Frustrated in his efforts to get pre-trial information about any contact between the subcommittee and the Kentucky authorities, Stavis served subpoenas on Senator McClellan, Brick, and the clerk of the subcommittee, ordering them to produce at the trial all records of any such contacts. When the subpoenas were served, Bress immediately filed a motion to quash them. It was to be months before this issue was resolved. Before Stearns had a chance to complete her grand-jury motion, Stavis called on her to help prepare for a key hearing, to be held a few days later, before the court of appeals on the issue of whether the McSurelys' criminal case or their civil suit took precedence. A three-judge panel heard both sides

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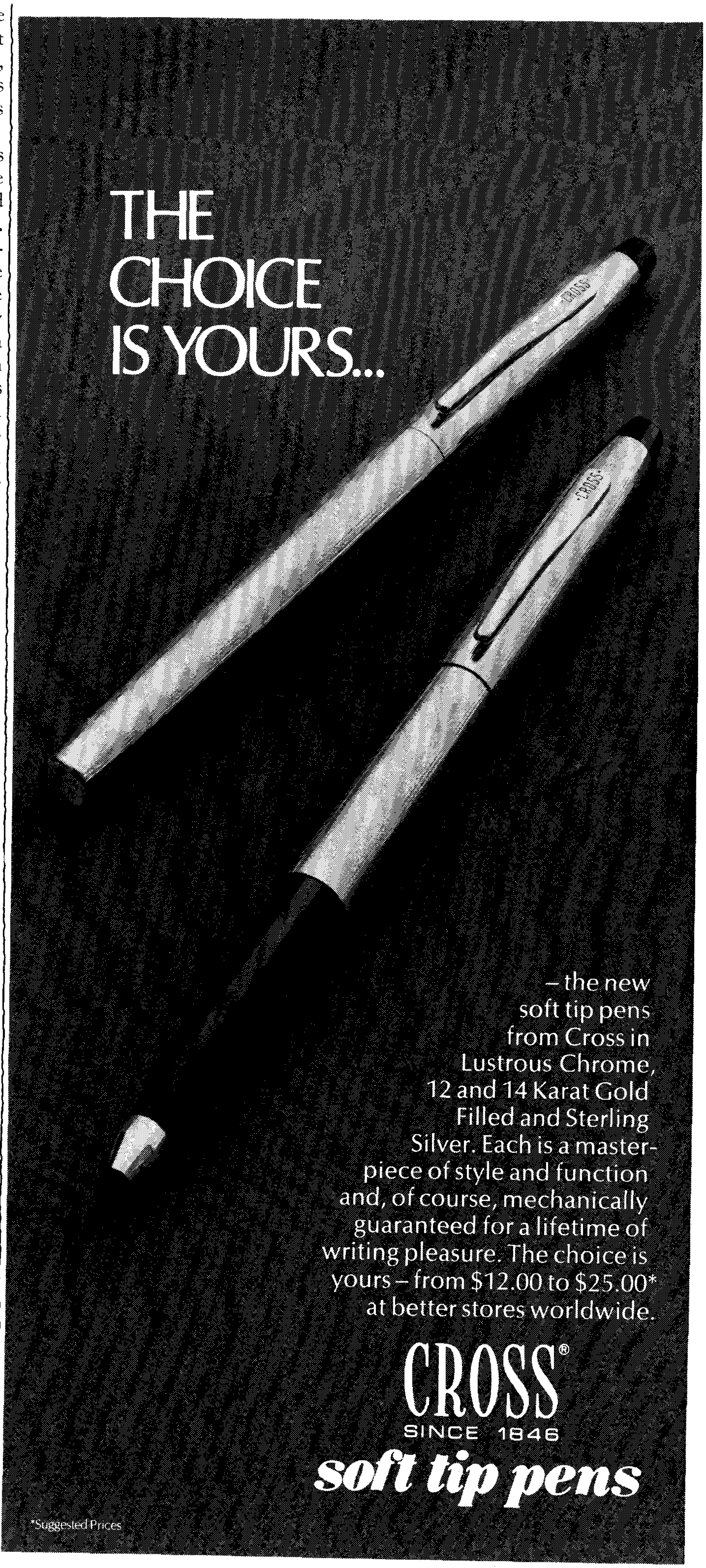
on this question, and directed that the two cases be stayed until the court handed down its answer. With that, the criminal-contempt trial, which was scheduled to open three days later, was indefinitely postponed.

Shortly before this, a niece of Stavis's heard about a teaching vacancy at the Walden School, in New York, and McSurely applied for and got the job. Early in February, 1970, the McSurelys moved into a small apartment in the Bronx, where they were to live for the next two years. They disliked New York, but living there gave them a chance to confer more frequently with Stavis and Stearns on the crucial steps yet to be taken in the case. Finally, on March 26th, the court of appeals delivered its decision on the issue of which of the McSurely cases was to be litigated first. The court's opinion was written by Chief Judge David Bazelon, one of the most enlightened and capable jurists on the federal bench, who ruled that the McSurelys had waited too long, without making the legal moves open to them to expedite the civil case or delay the criminal case, to complain now about the way matters were proceeding. Despite this rebuke, Bazelon found that the district court's order postponing all civil-suit actions until the criminal case was finally settled was unnecessarily severe, since it might prevent the McSurelys from getting information from witnesses who would be likely to forget what had happened after such a long time or who might be unavailable to testify when the civil suit was tried. For these reasons, he reversed the district court's order delaying all proceedings in the civil suit, permitted the criminal case to go ahead first, and left it up to the district court—in effect, to Judge Smith—to determine what means of discovery the McSurelys should have.

The last part of the ruling gave Stavis the opening he had been looking for, and he drafted a motion asking the district court for permission to take depositions from McClellan and members of the subcommittee staff and to examine subcommittee files as a means of discovering whether the subpoenas were based on the independent evidence that Bress had claimed. Bress—faced with Stavis's determination to get out the facts and faced with the problem of keeping McClellan off the stand after a trial subpoena had been served on him—finally responded with an astonishing reversal of his stand on the issue, and said, "The government concedes—and is willing so to stipulate—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that but for the opportunity to examine the documents which was afforded to the subcommittee staff as a result of the seizure by agents of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, the subcommittee would not have known of the existence of said documents and hence would not have issued a subpoena for their production." This concession, Bress concluded, made the testimony Stavis was asking for unnecessary. In other words, the government admitted that it had been lying all along, and now claimed immunity from any examination of its earlier acts on the ground that it was finally telling the truth. Stavis—having at last extracted the legal nugget that he had been seeking since he began his discovery efforts—filed a reply in the form of a "supplemental motion to dismiss indictment," saying, "The position now stated by the government makes it clear that there is nothing left to try in this case," since the original seizure of the McSurelys' papers had already been found unlawful by a federal court. Bress retorted that the seizure had never been found to be a violation of the Fourth Amendment by any court. Rather, the district court in Kentucky had ruled only that the sedition law under which the papers were seized, not the seizure itself, was unconstitutional on grounds other than those covered in the Fourth Amendment. Stavis replied that the district court had not ruled on the Fourth Amendment in the case only because that issue hadn't been raised there. And when Bress contended that the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, which ordered the McSurelys' papers returned to them by Kentucky officials, had not found any violation of the Fourth Amendment, either, Stavis countered by pointing out that the court of appeals had explicitly refused to address any of the Fourth Amendment questions the McSurelys had raised at the time, because it decided the issue on narrower grounds, as federal courts usually do in order to avoid confronting a constitutional issue head on. Bress also argued that the district court's finding that the Kentucky sedition statute was unconstitutional did not make it retroactively unconstitutional, so the state officials who seized the McSurelys' possessions under the provisions of that law had acted in good faith. To this, Stavis replied that their good faith had been seriously questioned by the district court, which had said in its opinion on the state law, "It is difficult to believe that capable lawyers could seriously contend that this statute is constitutional. . . . In addition, the conclusion is inescapable that

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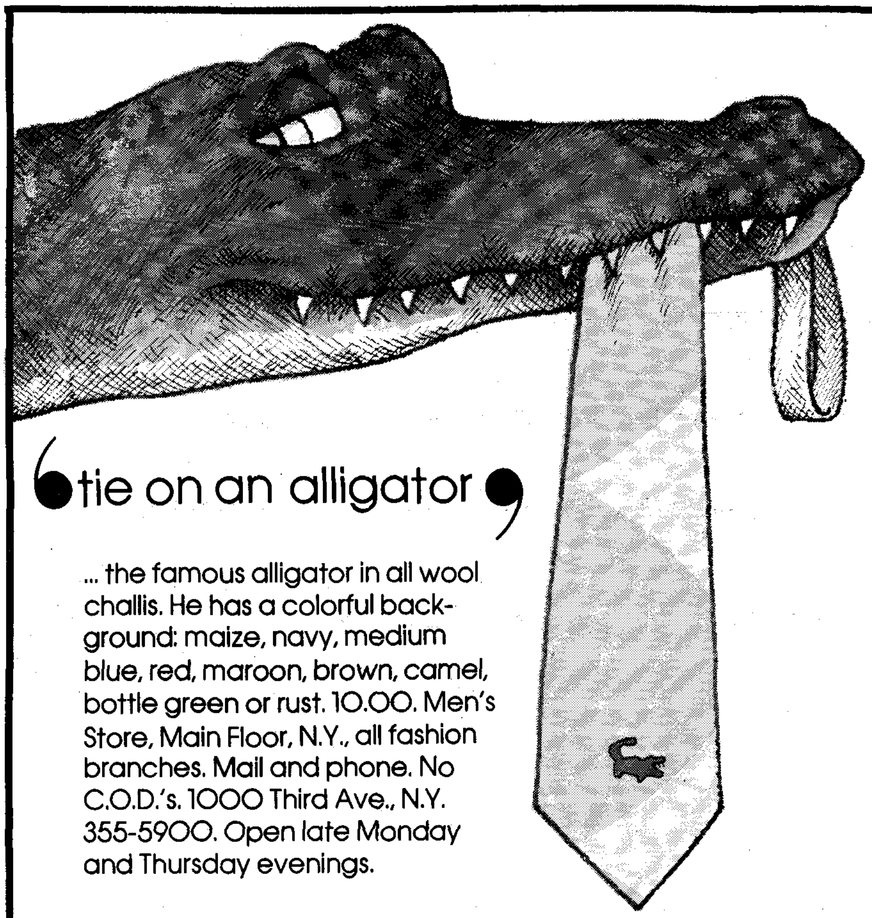

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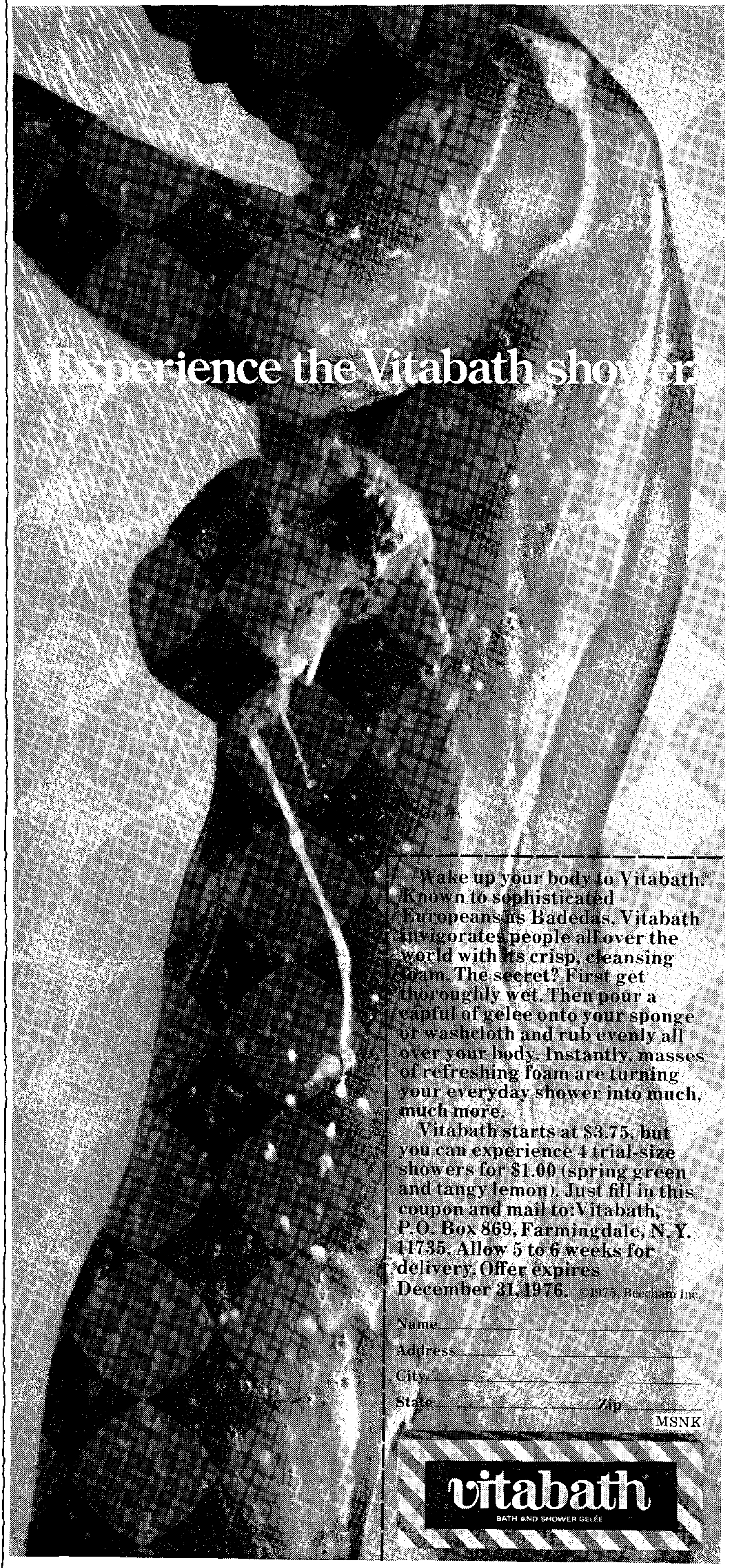
the criminal prosecutions [of the McSurelys] were instituted, at least in part, in order to stop [their] organizing activities in Pike County." Bress also argued that even if the seizure was illegal under the Fourth Amendment, the exclusionary rule did not apply to legislative investigations but was designed solely to prevent the government from using illegally acquired evidence against defendants in criminal trials; the testimony of a witness before a congressional committee was not evidence, he said, nor was a congressional hearing a trial. Stavis professed astonishment at the notion that the Constitution did not apply to Congress, since the Supreme Court had repeatedly said that it did. Bress conceded that the Fourth Amendment was binding on Congress but argued that the exclusionary rule was merely a rule of evidence and not an integral part of the amendment. With that, the old battle over the rule was joined. Its outcome was finally to decide the McSurelys' fate.

To begin with, Stavis cited a long series of Supreme Court decisions—culminating in the landmark decision in Mapp v. Ohio, in 1961, which applied the rule to state as well as federal prosecutions—to demonstrate that the rule was, as the Court asserted in Mapp, "an essential part" of the Fourth Amendment. Above all, he went on, the Silverthorne doctrine—stating that illegally acquired evidence shall not only be inadmissible in court but "shall not be used at all"—controlled the case at bar. Bress contended that Holmes's statement in the Silverthorne case did not apply to "non-evidentiary purposes unrelated to a trial of the victim of the seizure but, rather, established only that an unlawful seizure cannot be used as an indirect method of obtaining evidence against the victim." This seemed a curious reading of the words "shall not be used at all," but Bress stuck to the position throughout the case—in all likelihood, Stavis concluded, because the Department of Justice had instructed him to, as part of an over-all attack on the exclusionary rule in particular and the Fourth Amendment in general. In conclusion, Bress argued that even if the original seizure of the McSurelys' papers was unlawful, the information obtained by the subcommittee by way of it was "acquired through the wrongful act of a stranger," not of anyone on the subcommittee. This seemed an equally curious claim, for the decision in another landmark case—Elkins v. United States, which the Supreme Court de-



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cided in 1960—explicitly prohibited federal agents from using in court evidence that had been illegally seized and passed on to them by state officials. Stavis pointed this out, and Bress lamely replied that Elkins wasn't relevant.

On May 5th, Judge Smith presided over a hearing at which these various arguments were repeated. At the end, he denied Stavis's motion to take depositions and to examine the subcommittee's files, and granted Bress's motion to quash the subpoenas served on the clerk of the subcommittee, Brick, and McClellan. Then the Judge set June 22nd for the trial date. Ten days before it finally began, he formally denied Stavis's supplemental motion to dismiss the indictments and gave as his reasons all of Bress's arguments.

Herbes de Provence
heidi

The defense had only one move left before the trial opened—the Stearns motion to dismiss the indictments because of the government's false statements to the grand jury. "The due-process clause of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution guarantees to the defendants that all criminal proceedings against them shall be conducted with due regard for fundamental fairness," Stearns wrote. Moreover, she went on, a long line of precedents "clearly establish that willful misrepresentation by the prosecution of facts material to the case violates this guarantee of fundamental fairness." To demonstrate that Bress had grossly distorted the facts he laid before the grand jury in order to create an impression that the McSurelys were involved in the Nashville riot McClellan was purportedly investigating, Stearns quoted Bress's words from the grand-jury minutes:

> In 1967, Mr. McSurely and Mrs. McSurely were charged in Tennessee with violation of the state sedition statute, an *attempt to overthrow the government*. The federal court enjoined the prosecution of that suit. In connection with that event, there was later a suit brought by a number of people—I think the McSurelys were one, I'm not sure—against certain officials in Nashville, Tennessee, because of the manner in which the law-enforcement officials participated following the riot.

"In fact, the McSurelys were indicted for sedition in Kentucky, not in Tennessee," Stearns noted. "They had no connection whatever with the legal action initiated in Tennessee *following and in response to the police* conduct of the Nashville riots." When a grand juror asked Bress how members of the subcommittee knew that the McSurelys' papers were relevant to their inquiry, he answered, "The committee knew enough by the fact that the records had already been produced in the court in Tennessee that they were subject matter and relevant to the inquiry." In response to this, Stearns said, "At no time were the McSurelys' documents even discussed, much less produced, in the court in Tennessee." And, Stearns went on, Bress knew that the McSurelys had filed a civil suit against the members and some aides of the subcommittee, that the couple had both stated at the hearing that their reasons for resisting the subpoenas were described in the civil complaint, and that their lawyer had repeatedly tried to get the complaint entered in the official record. Bress also told the grand jurors, Stearns observed, that the McSurelys' reasons for not complying with the subpoenas "as a matter of law are not valid legal reasons." After citing several precedents to demonstrate that "it is improper for the prosecutor to instruct the grand jury on the law," Stearns concluded with the statement that this procedural violation in itself was sufficient reason for dismissing the indictments. McSurely read the motion, and then sent Stearns and Stavis a memorandum suggesting that they withhold the motion until the last moment—not for the impact on the Judge, who clearly wasn't going to throw out the case on that or any other ground, but for the effect that Bress's distortions at such a key stage might have on the press; in line with this strategy, the McSurelys also prepared a press release and invited several reporters, together with a hundred or so friends and supporters, to attend the trial. Stavis accepted the suggestion, but he had little hope that the Judge would be moved.

At nine o'clock on the morning of June 22nd, Stavis submitted the grand-jury motion at the United States Courthouse, on the corner of Third Street and Constitution Avenue, in Washington, and then he, Stearns, and the McSurelys went to Courtroom No. 19, on the sixth floor, where the trial in the combined cases of United States v. Alan McSurely (Criminal

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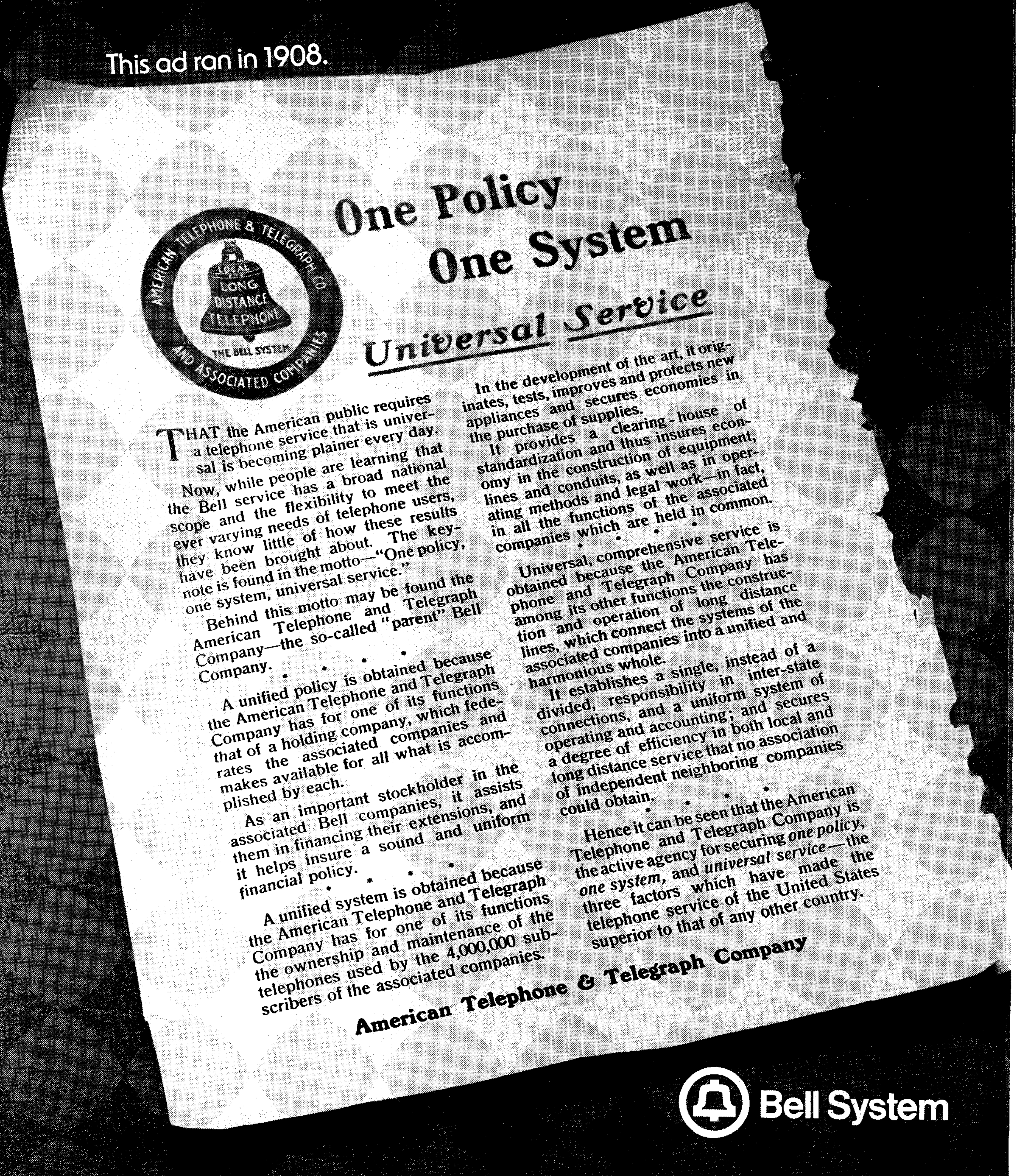
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Action No. 1376-69) and United States v. Margaret McSurely (Criminal Action No. 1377-69) was to commence at nine-thirty. On hand in the courtroom were about fifty of the McSurelys' supporters and three reporters. Before the trial began, McSurely told the reporters that he would hold a press conference outside the court building at the lunch break. Then Judge Smith entered the courtroom, those present stood up while the clerk called the court to order, and the proceedings began. The first step was to hold what is called a "preliminary conference"—a discussion between opposing counsel and the judge immediately before a jury is empanelled to decide the issues to be covered in the trial. Soon after the conference opened, Bress submitted a lengthy proposed "findings of fact and conclusions of law," which he offered to the court as a formula by which the issues could be limited and the time the trial would take could be reduced. Stavis was on his feet at once. "I think this is an unheard-of procedure," he protested, and pointed out that Bress hadn't even had the courtesy to show him the proposed findings, and that he was obviously trying to stop the defendants from telling their story. Glancing angrily at his opponent for a moment, Stavis turned back to the bench and said, "From the very beginning of these proceedings, Mr. Bress has had one sole objective: to prevent the McSurelys from proving on the witness stand the facts that they think are decisive to their innocence."

"You might at least read what he has," Judge Smith replied.

"Thank you, Your Honor—when?" Stavis said. "In the midst of the argument?" He asked for an immediate recess, but Judge Smith refused, and ordered him not to interrupt.

Bress read his long proposed findings, which consisted of his earlier arguments against Stavis's various points on matters of law in the case—namely, that the seizure of the McSurelys' papers was carried out by Kentucky officials under a state statute that they presumed was lawful; that the federal court's overturning of the statute was not based on the Fourth Amendment and was not retroactive; that even if the seizure violated the amendment, that did not bar a congressional committee from basing subpoenas on information received through such a seizure, since the exclusionary rule didn't apply to Congress; and that, accordingly, the subpoenas were valid. Afterward, Bress proposed the questions to be resolved by

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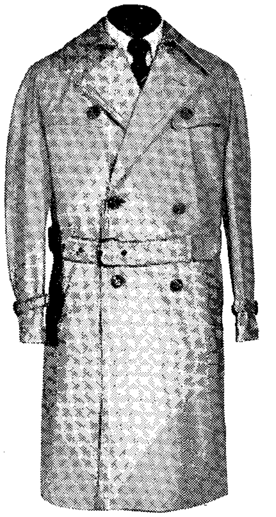

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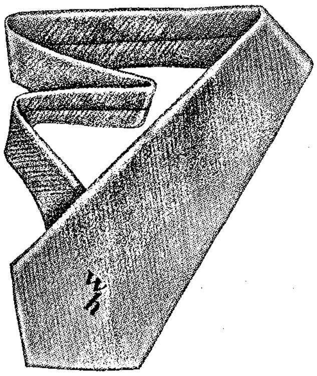

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the jury—whether the subpoenas were properly served on the McSurelys, whether they refused to comply with a lawful command of Congress, and whether their refusal was willful.

Although Stavis had expected a maneuver of this sort, he was still outraged when it was made. As soon as Bress finished, Stavis rose and said, "What has happened is the following: that Mr. Bress has taken a mass of material and has said to you, 'Judge, I would like *you* to find these facts from this mass of material. And because I want *you* to find these facts, we don't really have to have a hearing about it.' " Ordinarily, the defense in a criminal case is permitted to present all the facts in the case to a jury, and then, at the end of both sides' presentation, the judge rules on which facts are pertinent and are to be considered by the jury, which facts are irrelevant and to be ignored by the jury, and which facts amount to matters of law and are to be decided by the judge. In the McSurely case, Stavis said, the prosecution was asking the court to limit the facts that could be laid before the jury in advance of the trial. That is, the judge was being asked to rule that all the facts which would show why the McSurelys disobeyed the subpoenas were actually matters of law and couldn't be even mentioned to the jury. In the court of appeals' ruling that the McSurelys had a right to some form of discovery, Stavis now pointed out, Chief Judge Bazelon had said, "The McSurelys are entitled to call the witnesses necessary to develop the factual basis for their claim, either in pre-trial proceedings or at the trial." On the basis of that statement, Stavis continued, he had moved to take depositions and to inspect the subcommittee files in order to discover whether there was, as formerly claimed by the government, any independent evidence besides the Kentucky raid to support the subpoenas. When Judge Smith denied his motion and quashed the subpoenas he had served on McClellan and his staff, Stavis went on, "We were not permitted to employ one of the two alternatives suggested by the court [of appeals]—namely, pre-trial proceedings. But the other alternative, Your Honor, is at the trial. By [Bress's] selective process, it is proposed, Your Honor, that we be denied that."

"In this trial, Mr. Stavis, we will try the issues here," Judge Smith told him. "We are not going into any collateral matters that are not the subject matter of this trial."

A little later, Stavis brought up the

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Stearns motion, and Bress jumped up and angrily retorted that if he had referred to Tennessee rather than Kentucky in his presentation to the grand jury, "it was purely typographical—purely and simply." Stavis remarked that if the error was merely typographical it was odd that it had been made four times. "There is no merit in that motion," Judge Smith said. "It will be denied."

Also during the preliminary conference, Stavis asked that he be allowed to put Brick on the stand and to introduce before the jury the inventory of the documents that he had copied in Pikeville and taken back to Washington, for the purpose of showing that "these intimate and personal letters were distributed throughout the Senate Permanent Subcommittee . . . and that this entire proceeding, Your Honor, has absolutely no legislative purpose but is . . . an evil design to attack a lady and persons with whom she may have been associated." While Mrs. McSurely was willing to besmirch her reputation in public, Bress and the Judge were not. "The government opposes it," Bress said, and Judge Smith added, "The request is denied." Stavis knew that if he failed to get the McSurelys' story on the record by this means, not only would the jury be likely to convict his clients but he would be foreclosed from raising the issue of McClellan's role in any appeal afterward. Stavis pleaded again and again for permission to introduce the facts behind the McSurelys' refusal to comply with the subpoenas, and repeatedly cited the Silverthorne doctrine in support of his right to make these points. But Judge Smith dismissed his pleas, on the ground that in denying the supplemental motion he had already ruled that the doctrine was irrelevant. On the other hand, he permitted Bress to place in the record the entire three-hundred-and-fifty-page volume of the McClellan hearings on the Nashville disturbance, along with numerous statements made on the floor of the Senate prior to McClellan's appointment as chairman of the investigation of the riots—all of them fulsome in praise of his abilities and fairness. Then the Judge adopted Bress's proposed findings of law and fact virtually as written, and the preliminary conference ended.

"Judge Smith used the preliminary conference to take as much of the case as possible away from the jury and decide it himself," Stavis said later. "His whole design was to make sure that

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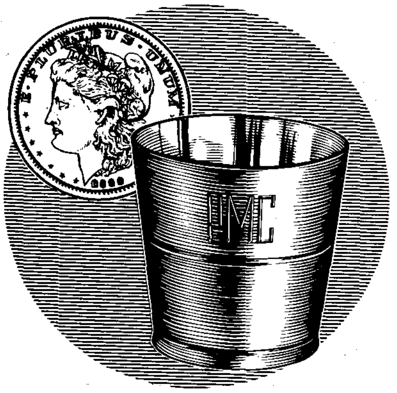

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the case presented to the jury was as naked and sterile a case as possible—and he did a very skillful job of it. If he could deal with what he called the legal issues and force us to present our story before him instead of before the jury, and ruled on it in advance, he could strictly limit what the jury would hear. In the end, that's what happened. The main strategic problem in the trial was to break through Judge Smith's legal cofferdam and give the McSurelys their day in court before a jury, not a judge."

Mrs. McSurely was in despair after the conference. "I was sure we were going to prison then," she said. "All I could think of was how horrible it would be and what would happen to our little boy while we were away." As for her husband, he told the three reporters at his "press conference" that what was being done was one more demonstration of the lengths "the ruling class" would go to in order to crush its opponents, and that there had been a conspiracy to rig the trial. Judge Smith, he explained, was out to destroy the defendants *and* the Fourth Amendment.

During the selection of a jury, it turned out that one venireman had directed a government investigation of SCEF and the Appalachian Volunteers a couple of years earlier, and had received a field report on the McSurelys' activities. At the present time, the man was working for the General Accounting Office, and he said, "Incidentally, I might add, Your Honor, as you probably know, Your Honor, that our office is an agency of Congress. We do have very close relations with the various committees of Congress and particularly with Senator McClellan's Committee on Government Operations and the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations." Of course, Stavis asked that the man be released from serving on the jury, on the basis of the defense's unlimited right to challenge prospective jurors for "cause," or the likelihood of their being biassed. Judge Smith denied the request, thereby forcing Stavis to use one of his ten peremptory challenges. Judge Smith also accepted as jurors two men who had served in the National Guard and been on duty when black rioters burned down a large part of the capital following Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, along with a woman shopowner in Washington who had suffered business losses because of that riot. Stavis used three more peremptory challenges on them.

In an opening statement to the jury,

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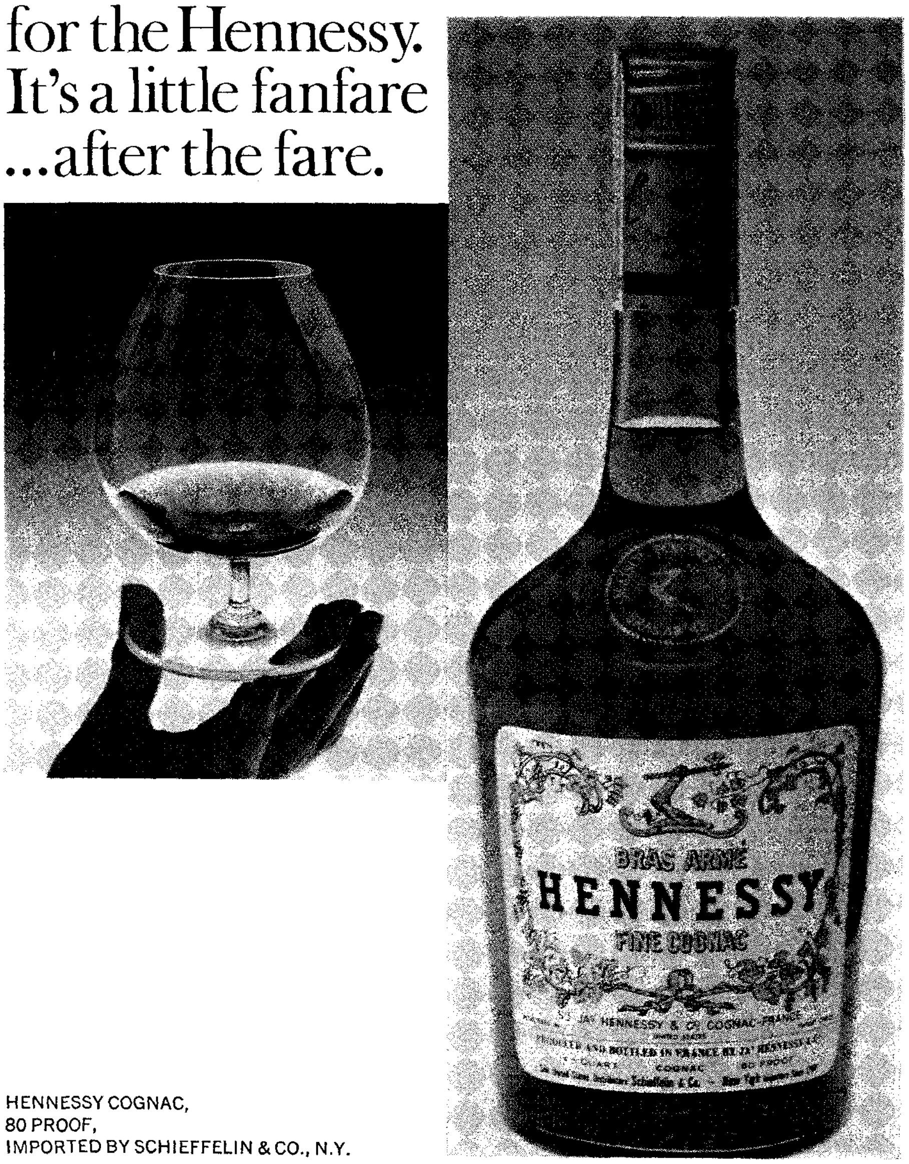

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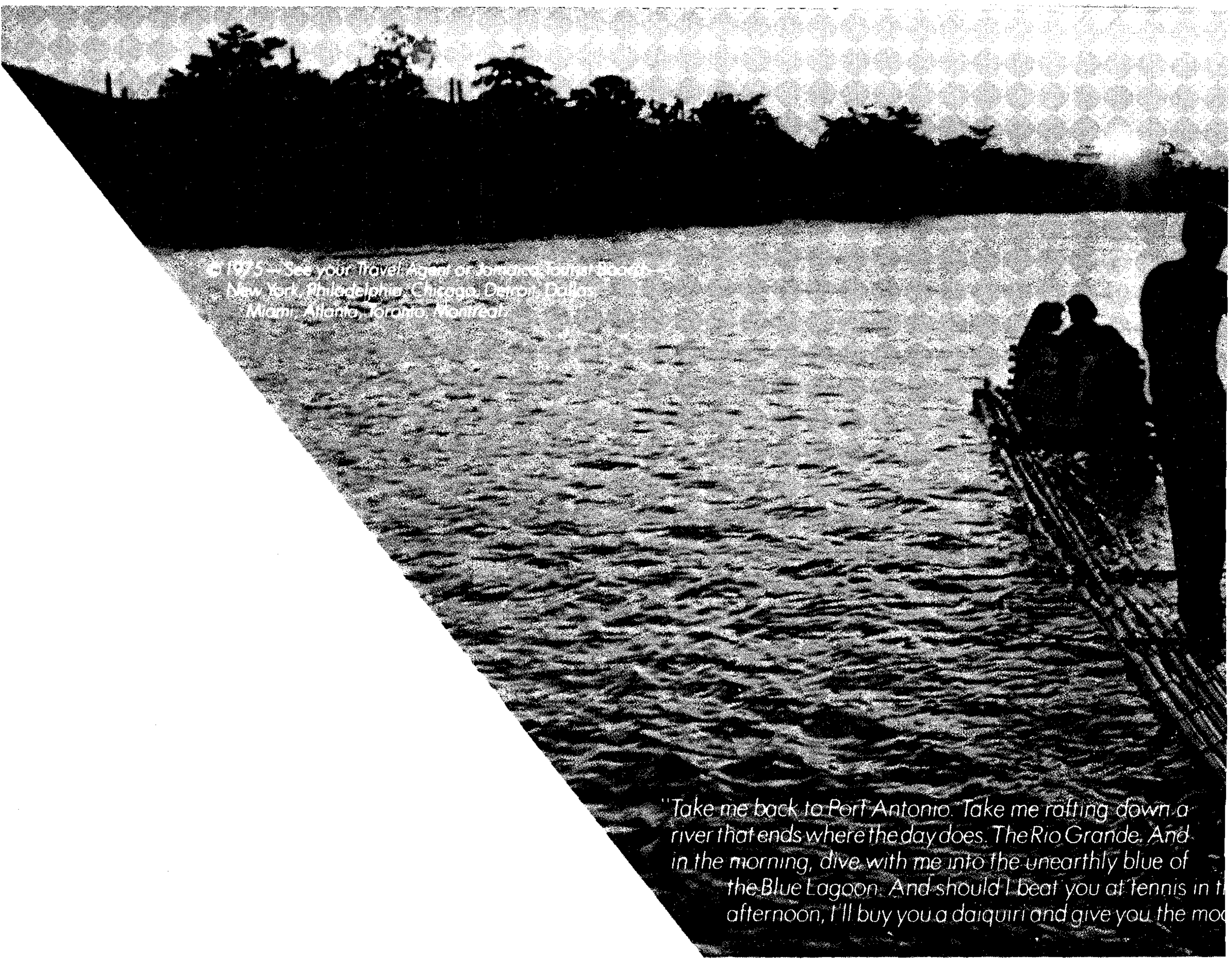

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Stavis managed to briefly mention the raid on the McSurelys in Kentucky, but he was quickly stopped from going on with that story:

Stavis: Mr. and Mrs. McSurely turned to the federal court in Kentucky, and that federal court—

Bress: I object, Your Honor.

Judge Smith: The objection is sustained. There will be no further argument along that line.

Stavis: It is not argument. It is proof that I intend to produce.

Judge Smith: The objection is sustained. Proceed, Mr. Stavis.

Stavis: May I approach the bench?

Judge Smith: No, sir.

Stavis: I trust the following is within your guidelines. I trust it is, Your Honor. I have asked to approach the bench.

Judge Smith: You may continue.

Stavis: I trust the following is within your guidelines. I am asking to approach the bench.

Judge Smith: Come to the bench. (*At the bench*) Mr. Stavis, let me say that if there is any further disobedience of my orders you are going to be adjudged in contempt of court.

The exchange was typical of the trial, during which Stavis repeatedly tried to get some of the McSurelys' story before the jury and the Judge and Bress repeatedly stopped him. He was interrupted so many times during his opening statement that it was unlikely the jurors could have made much sense of what he was actually saying, let alone figure out what he was trying to get across. Judge Smith sustained almost all of Bress's objections, almost none of Stavis's, and again and again threatened Stavis with contempt of court.

Within the limits imposed on the trial by the Judge, the government had an airtight case—until Bress himself kicked a hole in it. To prove that the subpoenas had been properly served on the defendants, he was obliged to put Brick on the stand to testify that he had gone to Kentucky with the subpoenas under official orders of the chairman of the subcommittee, that he had delivered the subpoenas to the deputy United States marshal there, and that he had seen the marshal serve the subpoenas on both the McSurelys. That would have been sufficient to make the essential points, but then Bress asked Brick about a conversation he had with McSurely after the McSurelys' papers were returned to them and Brick handed back the copies he had made, as required by law, and checked them off an inventory:

Brick: . . . I said, "I will have to tell you not to dispose of these documents or destroy them in any manner, because if

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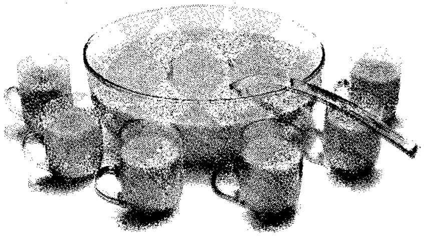

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you do so you may be liable for contempt of Congress."

BRESS: Who did you say that to?

BRICK: I said that to Alan McSurely, and Mrs. McSurely was standing by. I don't know whether she heard it or not.

BRESS: Did he reply?

BRICK: Yes, sir, he did.

BRESS: What did he say?

STAVIS: I object.

JUDGE SMITH: The objection is overruled.

STAVIS: He is not being charged with—

JUDGE SMITH: The objection was overruled.

BRICK: He said, "Contempt of Congress is something we have plenty of already."

Of course, expressing one's low opinion of Congress is one of America's most popular sports and doesn't constitute a crime, but Bress was clearly trying to demonstrate that the McSurelys had intended to defy Congress unlawfully all along. That demonstration was wholly unnecessary, since their outright refusal to obey the subpoenas at the hearing held on March 4, 1969, and their failure to deliver their papers on March 7th as ordered by McClellan were ample evidence of their intent. Apparently, though, Bress couldn't resist using the exchange between Brick and McSurely to emphasize this point. It was a foolhardy misstep, for it gave Stavis the opening he had so desperately sought and been denied. Later, when he put McSurely on the stand, Stavis asked whether he had spent any time with Brick on the day the subpoenas were served. McSurely answered that he had been with Brick for an hour and a half, going over the inventory of the copies Brick had made and was returning. As it happened, the McSurelys had lost their copy of the inventory—an accident that made Stavis despair of ever getting it introduced in the trial record when he had his clients on the stand. However, at an early stage of the trial when Brick was testifying on matters that the Judge ruled were not to be heard by the jury, which had been sent out of the courtroom, Stavis asked the witness if the government still had its copy of the inventory, without letting on that the McSurelys no longer had theirs. Brick admitted that it did, and Stavis managed to put it in the record of the proceedings, although not in that part of the record the jury would be allowed to consider. Now Stavis picked up the inventory and asked McSurely if it was the one that Brick used when he returned the copies of the documents. McSurely said that it was.

Bress jumped up and objected to this

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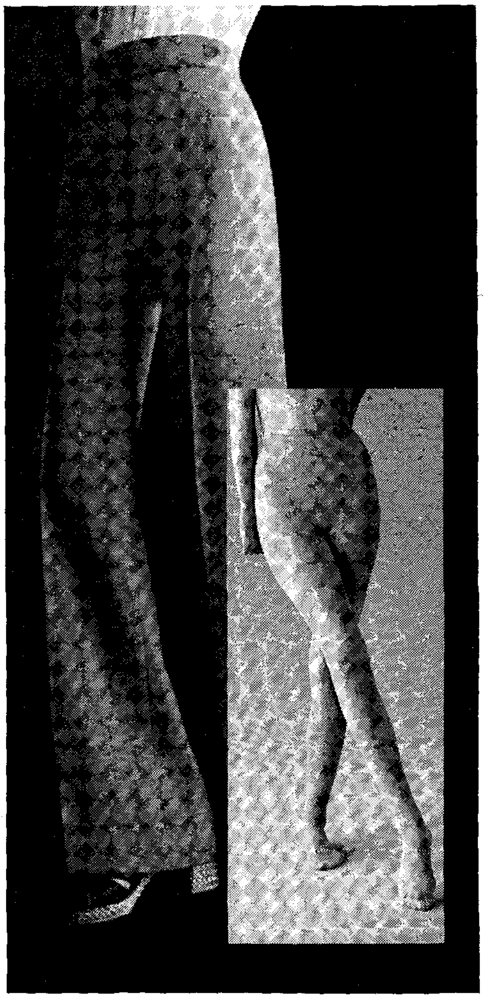

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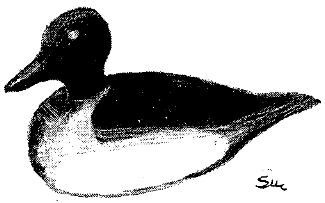
line of questioning, and said that the inventory had "nothing at all to do with the issues in this case."

"What is the purpose?" Judge Smith asked Stavis.

Stavis knew that he had reached the crucial point in the trial, and he carefully answered, "Mr. Bress . . . over our objection, introduced evidence and a purported conversation between Mr. McSurely and Mr. Brick in which Mr. McSurely was supposed to have made some statements, which Mr. Bress had introduced for the purpose of showing the intent of Mr. McSurely and which conversation was something to the effect that Mr. McSurely had contempt for the committee. Now, in so doing Mr. Bress has opened the door, because that conversation occurred at the conclusion of Mr. McSurely's spending an hour and a half with Mr. Brick, reviewing, as you will see by all these check marks [on the inventory], reviewing every one of these items. . . . Now, since Mr. Bress has introduced testimony about the conversation, which was at the conclusion of an hour and a half's review of these documents, Mr. McSurely is entitled to testify as to what the circumstances were and what he did in fact say."

Again Bress heatedly objected. Judge Smith hesitated, said that he was "inclined to agree with the government's position" but consented to give Stavis "some latitude" on the matter, and agreed to let Stavis present the inventory as evidence. On the basis of standard trial procedure, the Judge had to allow Stavis this latitude or face a reversal on appeal. Stavis said he wanted to read to the jury the inventory of the two hundred and thirty-four documents Brick had taken back to Washington from Kentucky. Judge Smith quickly broke in to say that he could pass the document to the jury but it need not be read aloud in full. Stavis angrily complained that the prosecutor had been allowed to read huge chunks of other material to the jury, and again the Judge was obliged to give in. In reading the inventory to the jury and questioning McSurely and later Brick about it, Stavis managed to bring up Mrs. McSurely's relationship with Pearson, to describe the columnist as one of Senator McClellan's most hated enemies, to suggest that McClellan was more interested in Pearson's letters to his former mistress (particularly one from him that began "Dearest Cucumber") than in any connection the McSurelys may have had with radical groups or riots, and to show that the materials Brick had obtained and taken back to Washington included letters to and from friends and relatives of the McSurelys, their birth certificates and wedding license, a few political and sociological essays McSurely had written, a twenty-seven-page list of names and addresses of their friends and associates in the Movement, and even McSurely's income-tax returns—in short, that the subcommittee had confiscated personal property that could not conceivably be related to any legislative purpose. At each step of the way, though, Bress objected and the Judge upheld him, thereby preventing Stavis from giving the jurors any clear picture of the whole story. In all, Stavis later estimated, he had managed to put perhaps a tenth of it on the record, and then only in a disjointed and confusing fashion. Still, he was gratified by the opening that Bress had created, for now the trial record contained at least some basis for an appeal if the verdict went against his clients.



To explain to the jurors why the McSurelys had refused to comply with the subpoenas, Stavis offered their civil complaint against the members of the subcommittee for the record, but Judge Smith wouldn't allow the complaint to be introduced or even described. Finally, Stavis was forced to ask the McSurelys what their reasons were. Their answers justified Kunstler's fear that they would fail to explain their refusal in clear and concise legal terms. McSurely was on the stand first, and when Stavis put the question to him he launched into an impassioned tirade that must have confused and almost certainly antagonized the jurors. McSurely spoke of being "subjected to the most criminal, most sick sort of behavior on the part of the United States government in conspiracy with the coal interests in eastern Kentucky," briefly mentioned the raid on his house there, declared that members of the Senate had taken "the most personal letters of my wife and spread them all over the United States Capitol," and concluded by declaring that when the letters were finally returned he had vowed that he would "never give them back to that crooked Senate committee or those criminal sick minds that exist up here in Washington, D.C." In view of all that he had been through in the previous three years, McSurely's sputtering rage

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was understandable, but it probably harmed his cause more than if he hadn't answered at all.

When Mrs. McSurely took the stand, she spoke softly and calmly. At one point, Stavis asked her whether she had known at the time of the raid that her personal letters had been seized during it:

Mrs. McSurely: Well, I couldn't remember everything I had. I had a lot, you know. I kept a lot of things, I guess, that I should not have kept, and they were, you know, stuck back in drawers . . . like you would have a box of stuff in a closet and what not, and you just put it back in there and you forget what you all have in it. I didn't realize that I had all of this stuff. . . .

Stavis: Had you ever revealed those items to your husband?

Mrs. McSurely: Oh, no!

Stavis: Had you kept a personal diary prior to August 11, 1967 [the date of the raid]?

Mrs. McSurely: Yes, I did.

Stavis: Had that been seized on that date?

Mrs. McSurely: Yes, it was.

Stavis: Was that finally returned to you . . . ?

Mrs. McSurely: Yes.

Stavis: What was yours and Alan's reaction to Mr. Brick returning these personal letters?

Bress: I object, Your Honor. It is irrelevant.

Judge Smith: She may answer. The objection is overruled.

Mrs. McSurely: I was horrified.

To explain her reasons for refusing to obey the subpoena served on her, Mrs. McSurely merely stated that the civil complaint described them—an answer that was of little help to Stavis, since the contents of the complaint were unknown to the jury. "In the second place," she went on, "they took out of our house the names and addresses and letters from a lot of friends who are very important people, and I wasn't about to . . . subject our friends to the same kind of harassment that we had been getting, because if Senator McClellan got these names and addresses and published them he would turn over to the Ku Klux Klan the names of our friends in the South and in the mountains [of Appalachia], and . . . I wouldn't do that to my friends."

The trial lasted four days, and at the end of it Bress, in his summation, told the jurors that their task was a simple one—to decide whether the McSurelys had been properly served with subpoenas and had unlawfully defied them. As for the account of what had happened to them before the subcommittee hearing, he said, "The only reason I could see for bringing

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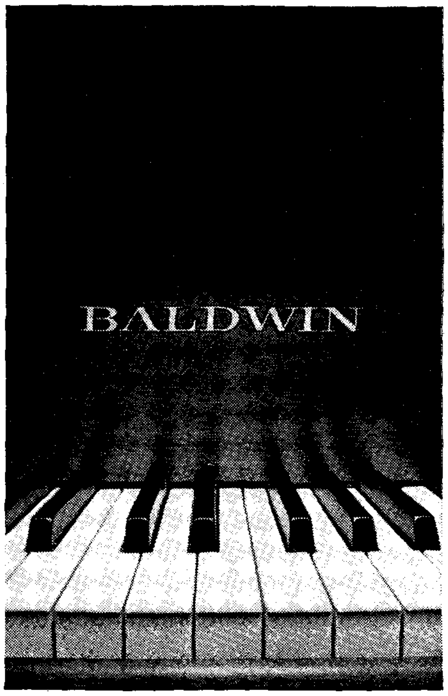

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out these irrelevant matters is to . . . impress some jurors to think that the United States Senate had invaded the privacy of these people. Nothing could be further from the truth." Stavis, in his summation, put together a few fragments of the McSurelys' story, but again he was prevented from presenting a coherent account. Finally, in an attempt to persuade the jury to "override" the Judge's rulings by finding the McSurelys innocent, Stavis beseeched the jurors to save "these two young people" whose only misdeed was their struggle to help the poor, for which they had become "the object of oppression and tyranny." Then Judge Smith delivered his instructions to the jury—in precisely the manner that Bress requested—and told the jurors that none of the reasons offered by the defendants to explain their disobedience to the commands contained in the Senate subpoenas "constituted a defense." The jury was out for a little more than two hours, and at five minutes to two on the afternoon of June 26th the jurors returned to the courtroom to announce their verdict: each of the McSurelys was guilty as charged on both counts.

A little later that afternoon, Senator McClellan went to the floor of the Senate to inform his colleagues of the contempt conviction of two recalcitrant witnesses before his subcommittee. "I have found, after more than fifteen years of experience in conducting investigations . . . that there is nothing pleasant in the performance of an official duty of this kind," he said, and added, "When we really dig into some of the problems and try to get the truth for the record, and try to get information that Congress needs upon which to premise legislation, it is characteristic that we run into all kinds of obstructions. Often, witnesses . . . will talk, as in this instance, about defying Congress, and then they will hire the best attorneys they can get to try to confuse the issues, perplex the juries, and mislead them into bringing in verdicts of acquittal. That effort was made by defense counsel in this case. In my judgment, he did not try to seek the facts but simply tried to conduct a smear effort in his defense of his clients, instead of dealing with the issues. . . . No one likes to see people punished, but we are at the point in America where if we cannot enforce the law subversive elements in the country are going to defy the courts, defy Congress, and defy decent society. If we are to continue to maintain the tie that binds our society, we find that

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McSurely told the reporters present at the trial that the government had purposely concealed the facts in the case and that the Judge and Bress had met "behind closed doors" to concoct this "judicial conspiracy." Actually, of course, it could be argued that the McSurelys' experiences on every level of government, from a rural sheriff's office and a county court on through the federal judiciary, the United States Senate, and the Department of Justice, demonstrated something far more appalling than a conspiracy among a handful of public officials—a national instinct for repression that did not require a collusive design to prompt disregard for the rights of citizens. A few weeks before the McSurelys' trial, the United States invaded Cambodia, antiwar protesters again went out into the streets in great numbers, National Guardsmen shot and killed four students at Kent State University, and inflamed discord swept across the country. The Nixon Administration contended, and a large majority of the public appeared to agree, that radicals were threatening the nation's existence and had to be put down by whatever means the authorities could muster. People like the McSurelys were unpopular, even detestable, in the minds of people whose fears of disorder persuaded them to support order of any kind. And yet, as Justice Felix Frankfurter, one of the most conservative men to serve on the Supreme Court, once observed, "It is a fair summary of history to say the safeguards of liberty have frequently been forged in controversy involving not very nice people."

NEARLY four months lapsed between the time of the McSurelys' conviction and their sentencing, and during this period Stavis reviewed all of the papers filed by both sides, together with the trial record, to see if any important points that might be useful in an appeal had been omitted. One day while going over the various motions he had submitted before the trial, he realized that the defense team had spent so much time arguing over whether the seizure of the McSurelys' papers in Kentucky was illegal because the sedition law under which it was conducted had been ruled unconstitutional that another issue hadn't been raised—the validity or invalidity of the search warrant itself. Over the years, the Supreme Court has laid

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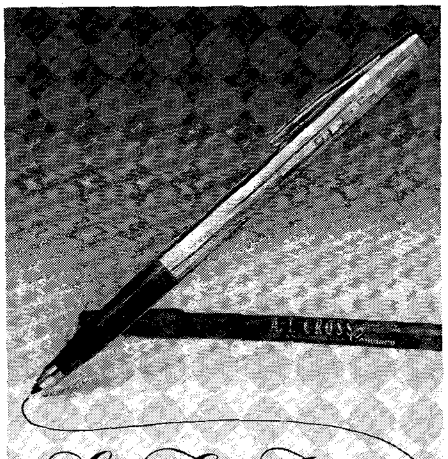

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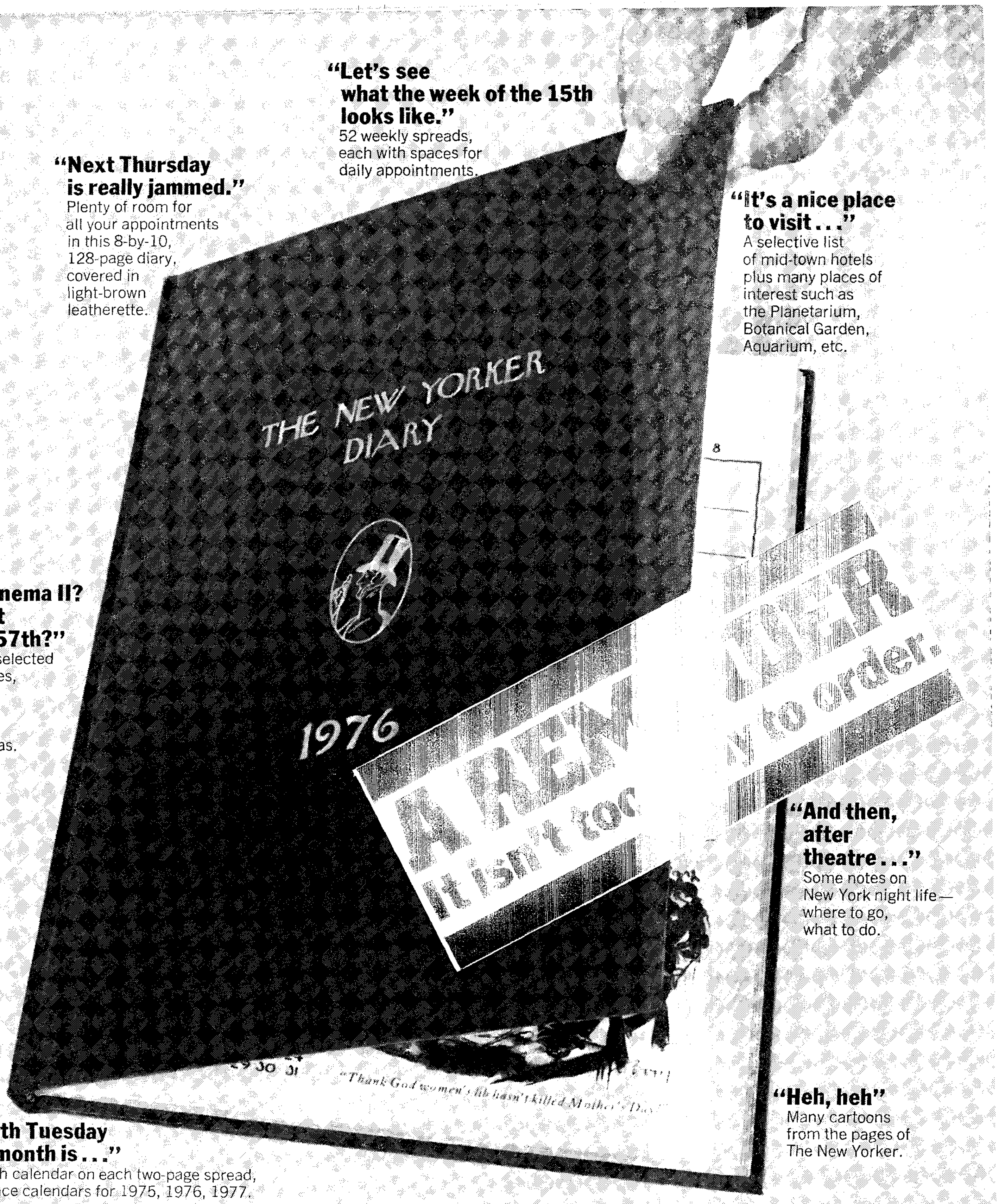

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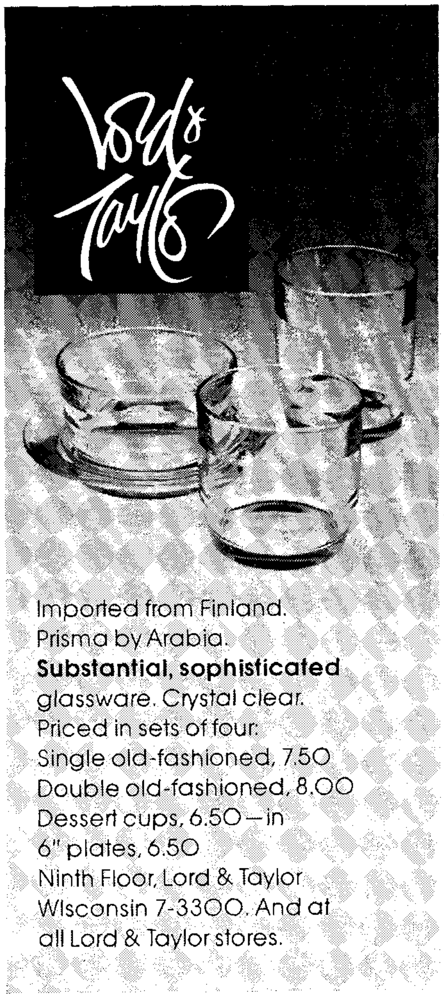
down various rules to implement the Fourth Amendment's declaration that "no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." For one thing, a court officer cannot issue a warrant to search a private dwelling unless he finds probable cause from the facts or circumstances presented to him by witnesses under oath to believe that the place contains evidence of a crime. Simple statements by witnesses expressing a belief or suspicion that such evidence exists in such a place does not constitute probable cause. And when a witness offers hearsay information about the presence of criminal evidence, the presiding magistrate must be told enough of the underlying circumstances to be persuaded that a suspect is involved in some specific illegal activity—in other words, that the witness's belief or suspicion is sufficiently believable to amount to probable cause. The most famous statement on this subject is from a Supreme Court opinion delivered in 1948 by Justice Robert Jackson, who said:

> The point of the Fourth Amendment, which often is not grasped by zealous officers, is not that it denies law enforcement the support of the usual inferences which reasonable men draw from evidence. Its protection consists in requiring that those inferences be drawn by a neutral and detached magistrate instead of being judged by the officer engaged in the often competitive enterprise of ferreting out crime. Any assumption that evidence sufficient to support a magistrate's disinterested determination to issue a search warrant will justify the officers in making a search without a warrant would reduce the Amendment to a nullity and leave the people's homes secure only in the discretion of police officers.

When Stavis reëxamined the warrant issued by a Pikeville magistrate, he discovered that it was based solely on information contained in an affidavit sworn to by one of the McSurelys' neighbors who was described only as "a reputable citizen of Pike County" and who stated that he had "reasonable grounds to suspect and believe . . . that seditious printed matter and printing press or other machinery to print and circulate seditious matter is being kept on the premises of Alan McSurely." The basis for his belief, it turned out, was that his father, also "a reputable citizen of Pike County," had told him that he "did observe certain seditious materials, being pamphlets, films, pictures, and articles or equipment used in the teaching of sedition



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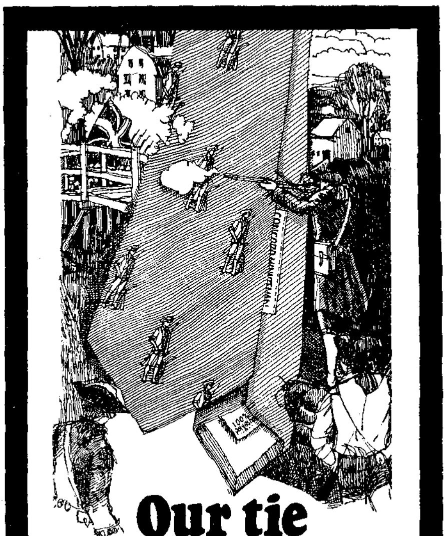

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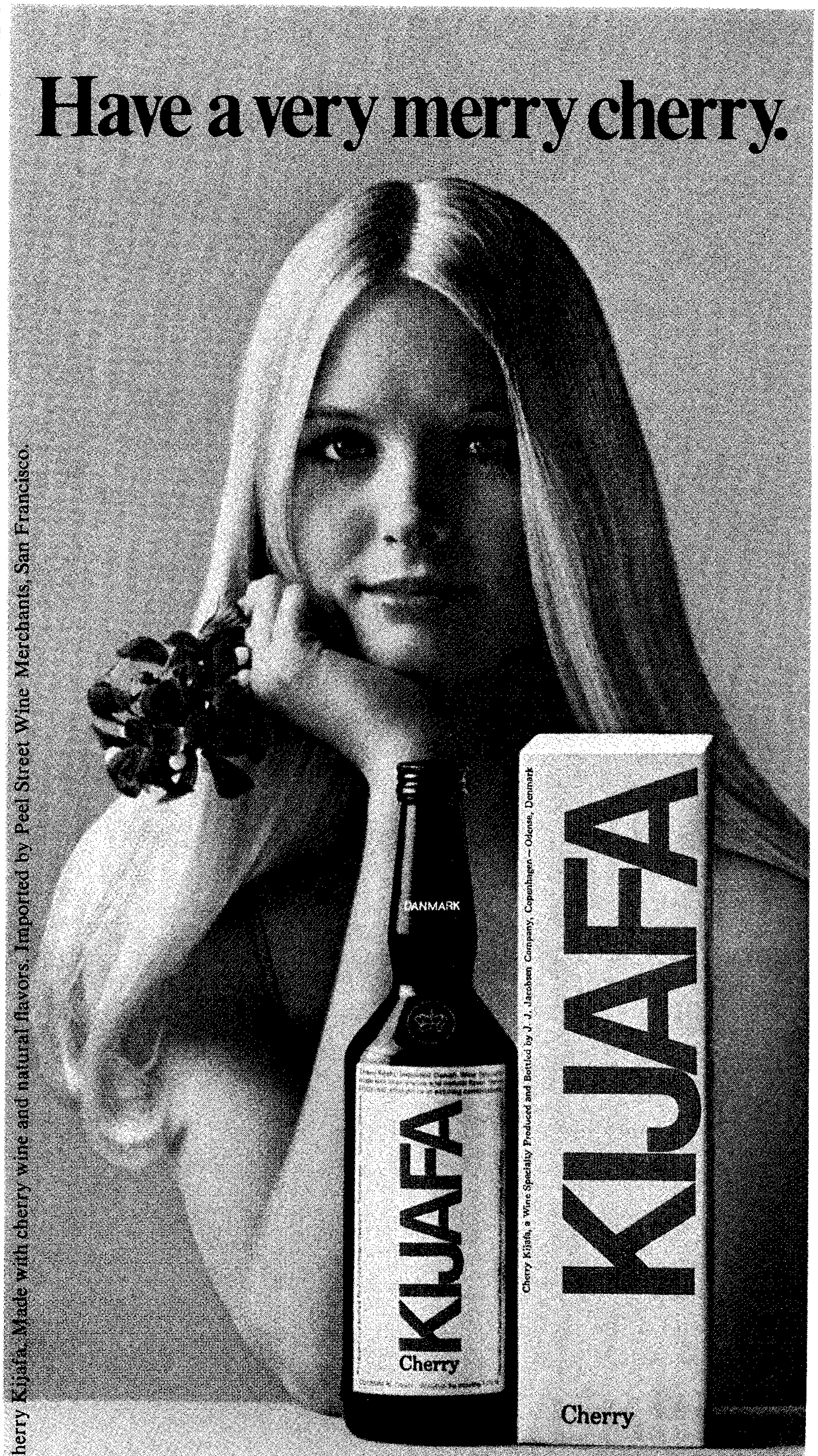
and printing and circulating seditious matter." Not only were none of the things to be seized particularly described in the warrant but there was no apparent basis for probable cause to believe that a crime had been, or was being, committed other than the vague opinion of one man who had passed on this hearsay "evidence" to another. Moreover, the local court's inventory of what was seized from the McSurelys under this warrant—their books, every scrap of paper, and even a suitcase full of clothing, which an excited deputy sheriff had flung onto the pile of confiscated materials—demonstrated that their house had been not searched but ransacked under the authority of a general warrant. Since the Fourth Amendment was added to the Constitution specifically to abolish such warrants, Stavis drew up a motion to dismiss the indictments on this ground, and submitted it to the district court a week before the McSurelys were to be sentenced.

At nine-thirty on the morning of October 20th, the McSurelys and Stavis appeared before Judge Smith. Stavis asked for a ruling on the last motion, and the Judge said, "The motion will be denied. Anything further with reference to sentencing, Mr. Stavis?" There was—statements that the defendants wanted to make before their sentences were imposed. McSurely stood up and delivered a lengthy recital of the facts in the case—that is, the story that the government had kept from the jury. Then Mrs. McSurely rose and approached the bench. "Judge Smith, I hope you don't mind if I talk plain to you," she said. "You knew [that] when we were arrested in Kentucky in 1967 and our personal papers were apprehended there was a fierce struggle going on between coal operators and the people. . . . You knew our home was raided and our papers were seized under an unconstitutional state law. These papers were given to McClellan, and yet our rights were not protected in your courtroom. You knew that McClellan lied to the United States Senate when he said the subpoenas were based on outside information about our involvement in the national disorders, and then later in this courtroom the government reversed its position, and again our rights were not protected in your courtroom. You agreed to a set of rules offered by Mr. Bress, which were designed to thoroughly confuse the jury and to violate due process, and still our rights were not protected. You graduated at the top of your class at Georgetown Law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Judge Smith sentenced McSurely to a year in prison and Mrs. McSurely to three months in prison.

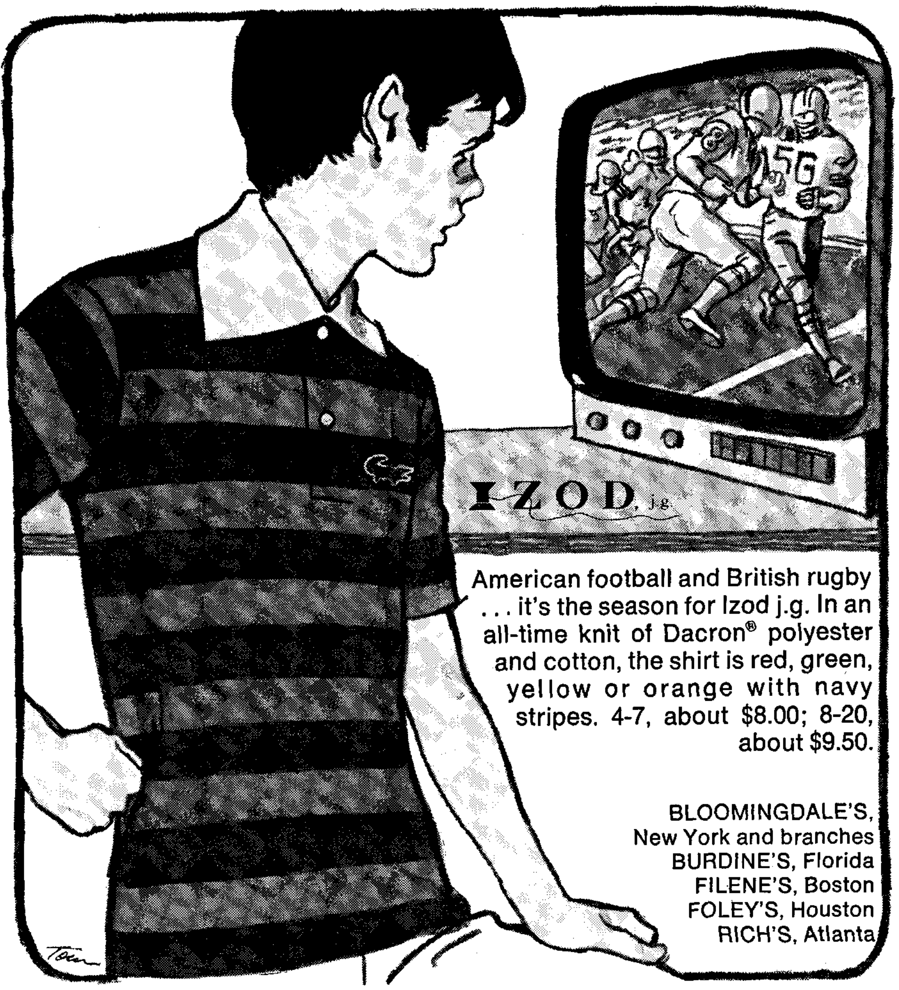
STAVIS's appeal on behalf of the McSurelys covered a wide range of issues, but dealt at greatest length and in most detail with the Fourth Amendment questions that he had raised earlier. Bress dropped out of the case after the trial, and the government's response to Stavis's brief on appeal was handled by a team of lawyers from the Criminal Division of the Justice Department. They repeated all of Bress's contentions (including the "evidence" linking the McSurelys with the Bradens, the Bradens with Communism, the "secret meeting," and the speech Carmichael was supposed to have given on "S.N.C.C.—Black Power for Communism"), but they unaccountably ignored altogether Stavis's attack on the validity of the Kentucky search warrant. Instead, the government concentrated heavily on its claim that the exclusionary rule did not apply to congressional committees—a claim that Stavis, in a reply, hotly contested, partly because he knew that it would destroy his case if the court of appeals accepted it, and partly because he hoped to thwart the government's efforts to get rid of the rule by way of a court decision, and thereby weaken the heart of the Fourth Amendment.

While the McSurelys waited for the court of appeals' decision on their case, they decided to revise their civil suit against the members and aides of the subcommittee. To conform with the theory that McClellan had engaged in a conspiracy with Commonwealth Attorney Ratliff from the start, Stavis rewrote the complaint along these lines, eliminated all the members of the subcommittee except McClellan and added John Brick and Ratliff to the two aides already cited. (Various organizations that had originally been plaintiffs in the suit were also eliminated.) The complaint charged that the five defendants had conspired together to deprive the McSurelys of their rights under the

First, Fourth, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution, and asked for fifty thousand dollars in compensatory damages and fifty thousand dollars in punitive damages from each defendant for each of the McSurelys—or a total of a million dollars. As in the criminal case, dozens of motions, briefs, memoranda, and appeals were filed in the civil suit, and the McSurelys spent hundreds of hours working on legal papers to save the Center for Constitutional Rights, which also represented them in this case at no charge, the time and money it would otherwise have had to spend. (The cost of such a suit handled by a private law firm would run to well over a hundred thousand dollars.) Although the McSurelys didn't have high hopes that they would win this suit, they felt that it was a worthwhile cause. "It's the only way we can stop people like McClellan from doing the same kind of thing," McSurely explained. "The object lesson is important. Since we have the legal help and the knowledge to do it, and black people and poor people who suffer from similar oppression don't, we feel that it's our duty to fight on to the end."

To Stavis, the civil suit would perhaps be more significant, in the long run, than the criminal case. "I've spent most of my time in the past few years trying to find effective remedies for lawlessness by the government," he said recently. "Often the unconstitutional acts that are committed by government officials are criminal acts, but since the criminal-law process is controlled by those who break the law, the wounded citizen has little recourse. He or she can sue, but it's very, very, very rare that this approach succeeds. Even so, it's important to try, because even an occasional success will help in the long run to make the Constitution mean something real for the citizens of this country."

With support from SCEF, the McSurelys set up a McSurely Freedom Committee in the winter of 1971 to organize public support for their appeal in the criminal case. They held numerous meetings, collected a couple of thousand dollars for their defense-and-publicity fund, persuaded supporters to write letters and sign petitions to be sent to members of the Senate who might lend their voices to the couple's cause, and visited some senators they thought might be sympathetic. "They were appalled when they learned what had happened to us," McSurely said afterward. "None of them had known what they were voting on in citing us



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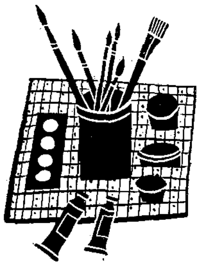
for contempt, and, of course, McClellan hadn't told them he had all that stuff on Pearson. Sam Ervin told us it was 'a dirty business,' using local cops to steal such stuff, but that it was 'handy.' He didn't like what had been done, but he wouldn't help. Neither would any of the others. I guess they were all scared of McClellan and of getting tied up with us after he had Red-baited us so."

Late in the winter of 1971, Mrs. McSurely enrolled in a practical-nursing course at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, in New York. A few months after she completed it, a year later, she and her husband decided that they had had enough of life in New York, so they moved back into the basement of his mother's home in Arlington. "We wanted to save money to pay off our debts, and make arrangements to have our boy taken care of if we finally went to prison," Mrs. McSurely said. "I got a job as a nurse at George Washington University Hospital, and Al went to work teaching in Washington at Antioch College's Center for the Study of Basic Human Problems. We liked being back in Washington, and both of us were very happy in our work. But we were constantly discouraged and tormented by uncertainty while waiting for the court of appeals to act. One day, we drove over to Alderson, West Virginia, where the federal women's prison that we figured I'd be sent to is located. When I saw the place, I was terrified."



ON December 20, 1972—two and a half years after the McSurelys' trial—the court of appeals handed down its decision on their case. In an opinion for the three-judge panel that reviewed the case, Judge Burnita Shelton Matthews stated that the search warrant issued by a Pike County magistrate was a general warrant and clearly violated the Fourth Amendment; that Brick's examination and seizure of the McSurelys' papers also violated the Fourth Amendment; that the exclusionary rule was binding on Congress; and, accordingly, that since the Senate subpoenas were based on illegally seized evidence, they should not have been admitted at the trial. In conclusion, the court of appeals reversed the McSurelys' conviction and ordered the district court to acquit them.

But the McSurelys' long ordeal was not over. Just as they had a right to appeal the district court's conviction, the government had a right to appeal the court of appeals' reversal of that conviction. Under federal regulations, the Department of Justice has thirty days to submit an appeal—in this instance, to the Supreme Court. Near the end of that period following the court of appeals' decision, the department asked for and received a thirty-day extension from the Supreme Court to allow more time to prepare an appeal. Once again the McSurelys had to endure the painful uncertainty of a delay. If the Supreme Court accepted their case, Stavis warned them, it might be a year or more before the issue was finally settled. Far worse, he felt obliged to add, the decision there might well go against them, since Chief Justice Warren Burger was the nation's most outspoken critic of the exclusionary rule, the three other Nixon appointees to the Court were believed to share his views on this matter, and Justice Byron White, a Democrat who invariably came down on the side of the state in such cases, would probably go along with them, thereby making up a five-vote majority in favor of the government. Stavis feared that the Department of Justice might seize the opportunity presented by the McSurely case to argue before the Supreme Court that the exclusionary rule should not be binding on congressional committees. Since these committees were now rarely looked upon as the instruments of official repression that they were during the congressional witch hunts of the nineteen-fifties, he suspected that the Nixon Administration might be planning to use a relatively unobtrusive legal tactic of this sort to establish a precedent for limiting the exclusionary rule, and thus undermine the Fourth Amendment without arousing widespread public indignation.

Unknown to Stavis at the time, the Department of Justice was waiting for word from the Supreme Court on whether it would review another Fourth Amendment case—United States v. Calandra—which the department had prosecuted and lost in the district court and then had lost again on appeal to the Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit. In 1970, federal agents searched a machine-tool plant owned by a man named John P. Calandra under a warrant authorizing a search of the premises for evidence of illegal gambling equipment. They found no sign of that, but came upon a record of what seemed to be a loan-sharking operation. The following

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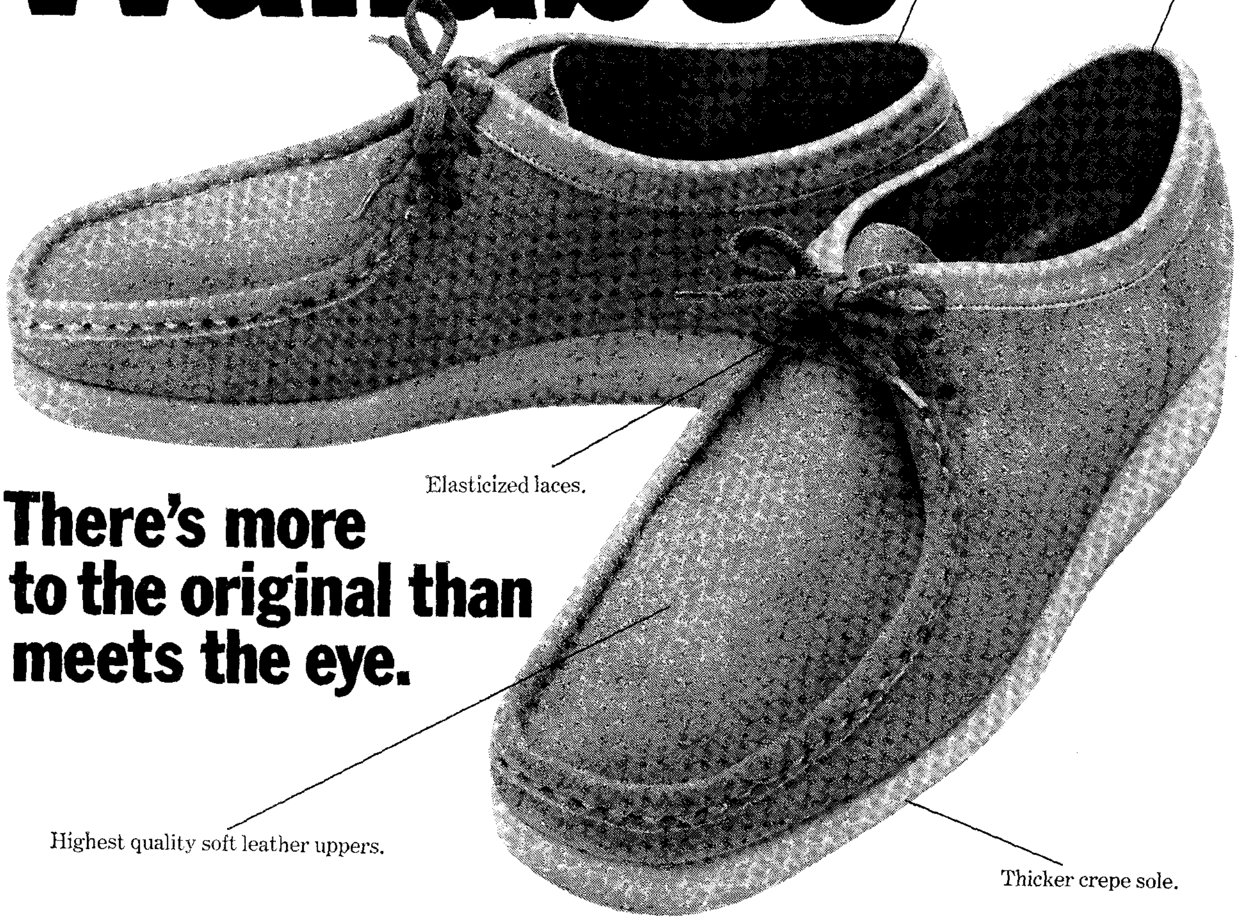
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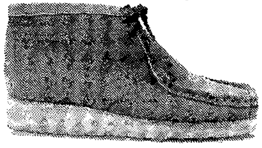

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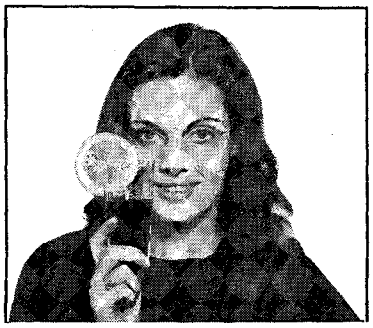

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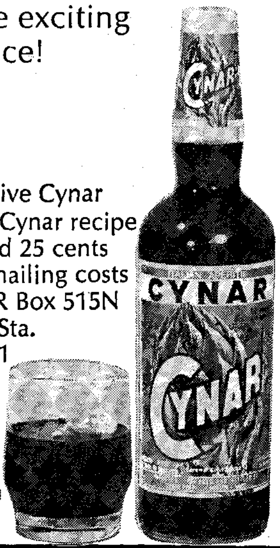

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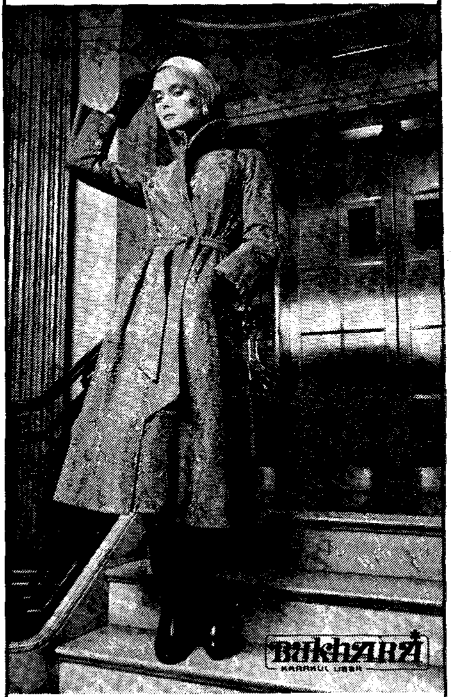
year, a grand jury that was investigating this subject in the area summoned Calandra and questioned him, on the basis of the evidence seized by the federal agents at his plant, about his involvement in the loan-shark business. He refused to testify, on the ground that since the evidence seized had not been particularly described, or described at all, in the search warrant, the exclusionary rule prohibited the use of such evidence before a grand jury. A federal district court upheld Calandra, and so did the court of appeals. In view of the Calandra case's involvement with organized crime, it was obviously a more suitable vehicle for an appeal designed to weaken the exclusionary rule—politically speaking, anyway—than the McSurely case, with its long and sordid record of official persecution and malfeasance, would have been. Another compelling factor from the government's viewpoint may have been that grand juries consider hundreds of thousands of criminal charges every year, whereas congressional committees are only occasionally concerned with such matters. And, finally, the government's use of grand juries as investigative and inquisitorial bodies had become the Nixon Administration's primary means of repression through the law. In any event, on the morning of February 20, 1973—the day that the time for filing an appeal in the McSurely case was to expire—the Supreme Court announced that it would review Calandra. That afternoon, the Department of Justice announced that it would not pursue the McSurely case further.

McSurely was gratified by the news that the criminal case against him and his wife was at last closed, but he was also embittered by the long struggle. "It's not justice that we are finally proved right after five and a half years," he told reporters. "Justice would be that we were never arrested, or, if mistakes do happen, justice would be that the mistake was corrected fairly and quickly." In the time that has passed since the case ended, McSurely has become more convinced than ever that the American system is essentially unjust, and more determined than ever to change it. "They made a real mistake in persecuting me," he said recently. "Before all this, I was just a liberal reformer. Now I'm a real revolutionary."

Mrs. McSurely was also gratified and embittered. "I couldn't believe it at first," she said, shortly after learning the news. "Finally we were vindicated. And, of course, I was real

THE GREAT KAHN



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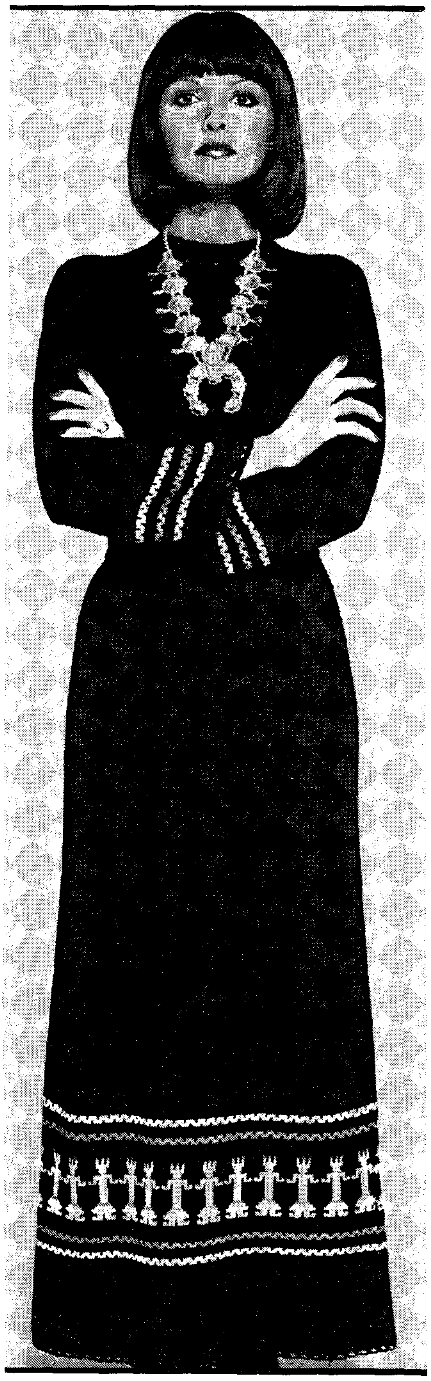

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glad we weren't going to prison. But then I realized that they could never pay us back for all the time and energy we had spent during those years. What could make up for our pain and frustration and fear and helplessness? It was true that the law had ultimately worked for us, and we could believe in the Bill of Rights again. But we had paid a terrible price. The feeling that we got run out of the mountains, that someone hated us enough to try to kill us, made us wonder about ourselves. When we had to ask our friends to send us money and to help out in all kinds of other ways, we did something that people usually don't do to their friends. It was a strain on everybody, and that made us feel bad. Our friends were really wonderful, and we never would have made it without them. But when a couple of people we knew and liked stopped coming by or calling us, we were frightened by the rejection, and wondered if we'd been wrong about what we'd done. Another hard part was learning how to fight back and still go on living a normal life. It's not a matter of spending a few days in court and getting it over with. It's a constant, long, and exhausting struggle. All that is bound to leave scars, and it has. I feel deeply wronged. We were really treated very badly, and I get mad as hell whenever I think about what was done to us. But we made a good fight, and we learned a lot. If you get treated the way we did, you have to fight back. If you don't, you're lost, because your persecutors can make you feel that you've done something wrong when you haven't. That makes you doubt yourself, and you end up believing their lies. But once you stand up and fight, you see that *they* are the wrongdoers. That makes you feel good. Some people say, 'Don't make waves and it will all go away.' But it won't. Once you accept oppression, you destroy yourself."

IN January, 1974, the Supreme Court handed down its ruling on the Calandra case. In a six-vote majority decision—the four Nixon appointees plus White and Potter Stewart—the Court accepted the Justice Department's argument that the exclusionary rule should not be binding on grand juries. The Court's opinion, which was written by Justice Lewis F. Powell, ignored or overruled without explicitly saying so almost every fundamental finding of the Court on the issue of the exclusionary rule. The opinion was anything but "strict construc-

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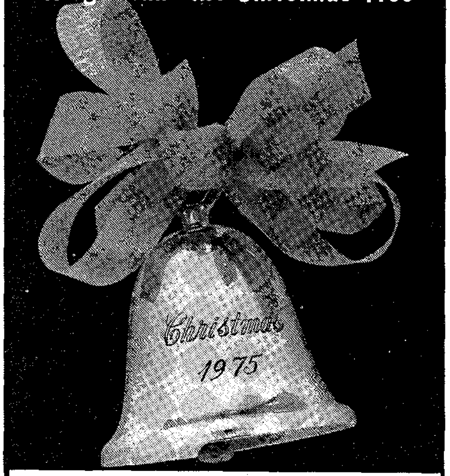

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tion,” for it ignored or misconstrued established precedents to justify the majority’s bias. By implication, Powell overruled Justice Holmes’s doctrine in Silverthorne, and rejected the Warren Court’s explicit declaration that the exclusionary rule was “an essential part” of the Fourth Amendment. Instead, Powell stated, the rule was merely a “judicially created remedy” and could be judicially modified. In a long and angry dissent for the three-man minority, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., expressed “the uneasy feeling” that a majority of the Court was ready to “abandon altogether the exclusionary rule in search-and-seizure cases.” Once that happened, he warned, the Fourth Amendment would be a “chimera.”

In all likelihood, the Fourth Amendment would have seemed a chimera to the McSurelys if the Calandra decision had been on the books when the court of appeals reviewed their convictions. Since congressional committees function in much the same way as grand juries do, the court of appeals would probably have been obliged, under the Calandra ruling, to conclude that the illegally seized evidence on which the Senate subpoenas were based was irrelevant to the McSurelys’ refusal to obey them. In the end, then, the McSurelys may have escaped imprisonment and ruin only through an accident of judicial timing. From now on, those who are haled before congressional committees under similar circumstances won’t have even the slim chance the McSurelys had to preserve both privacy and freedom. And from now on those who are summoned before grand juries or are the victims of government harassment will have no chance at all to resist the most lawless intrusions upon what Justice Louis Brandeis called “the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men.”

Justice Powell, in a footnote to his Calandra opinion, observed that those whose privacy is invaded “may have other remedies to redress the injury” and “may be entitled to maintain a cause of action for damages.” Stavis immediately began basing his future strategy in the civil suit on this statement. “The Court said that people like the McSurelys had other remedies, so we’re trying the only remedy open to us—personal damages for infringing their constitutional rights,” he explained. But a few weeks ago, on October 28th, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, in a two-

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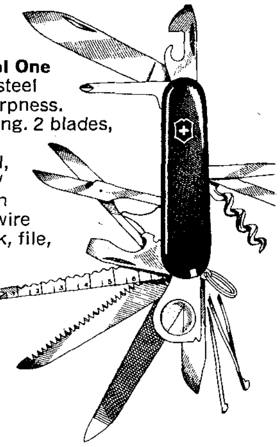

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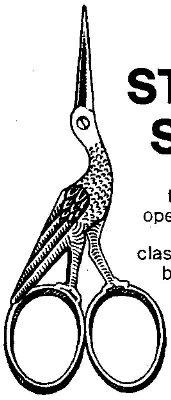

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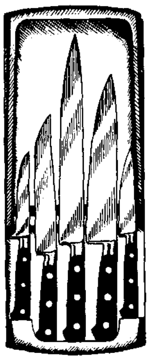

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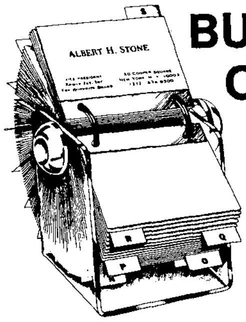

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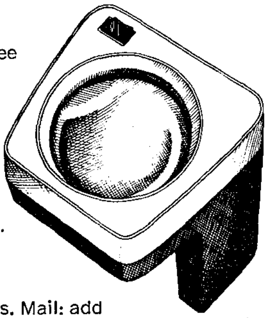

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to-one vote, upheld the claim made by the Department of Justice lawyers representing McClellan and his aides that the immunity clause in the Constitution relieved them of any liability for their acts in the case—unless they could be shown to have participated in the Kentucky raid on the McSurelys' house or to have given the McSurelys' papers to anyone outside the committee. The court of appeals' opinion was written by Judge Malcolm Wilkey, who delivered an astonishingly pro-government ruling on the most crucial issue in the case:

> Thus, it matters not that the true purpose behind a committee's use of its investigative power is to ridicule, harass, or punish a private citizen. So long as the particular investigative activity does not trench upon executive or judicial prerogatives—so long as it remains facially legislative in character—the committee and its employees are protected.

At another point, Judge Wilkey said, "Calandra makes clear that a grand jury or, we submit, a congressional committee has the right in its investigatory capacity to use the product of a past unlawful search and seizure." In other words, the courts will do nothing to protect citizens from the most vicious abuse of their rights by the government. In a footnote, Wilkey added, "Courts are not the place for such controversies. Self-discipline and the voters must be the ultimate reliance for discouraging or correcting such abuses." It would be difficult to imagine anything more unlikely than self-restraint from a man like McClellan—especially now that the second-highest court in the nation has given all politicians unlimited freedom to commit such abuses.

In allowing government officials to ignore the Fourth Amendment at will, our judicial system has encouraged them to violate it. Once again, as in 1761, when James Otis, the Colonial patriot, declaimed against the British government's misuse of general warrants in a fiery speech that ignited the first spark of the American Revolution, our government has "a power that places the liberty of every man in the hands of every petty officer."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(This is the third part of a three-part article.)

●

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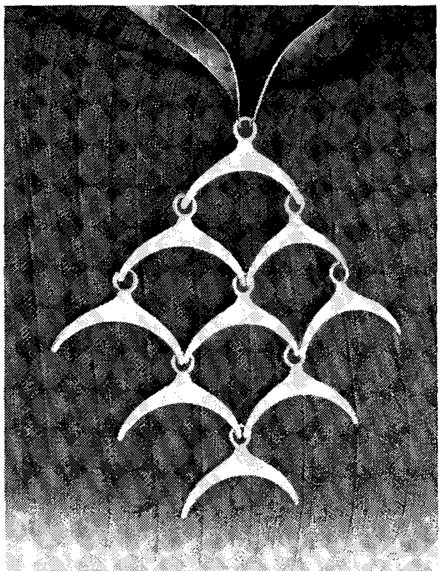

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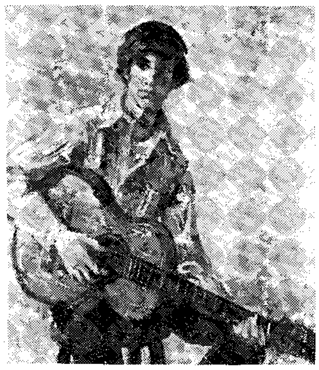

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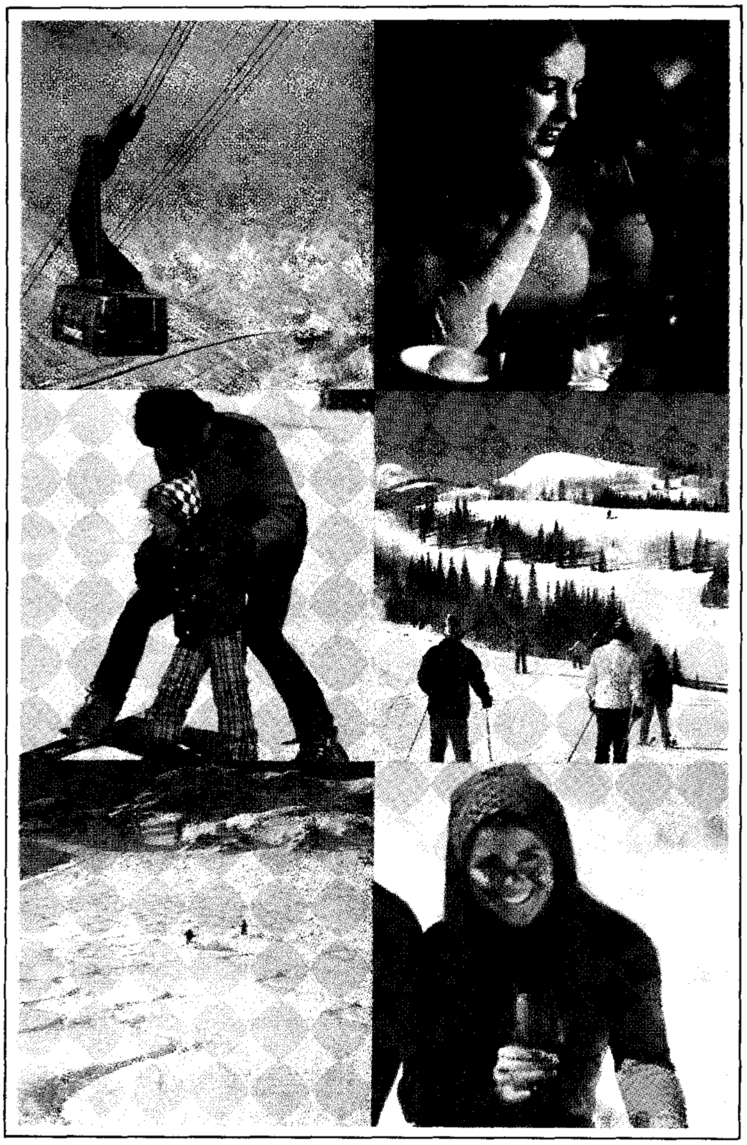

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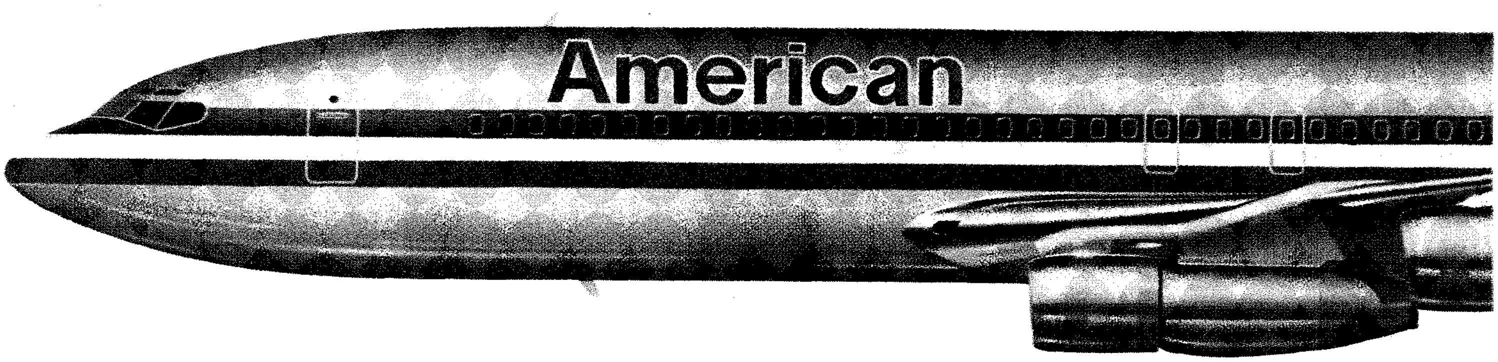

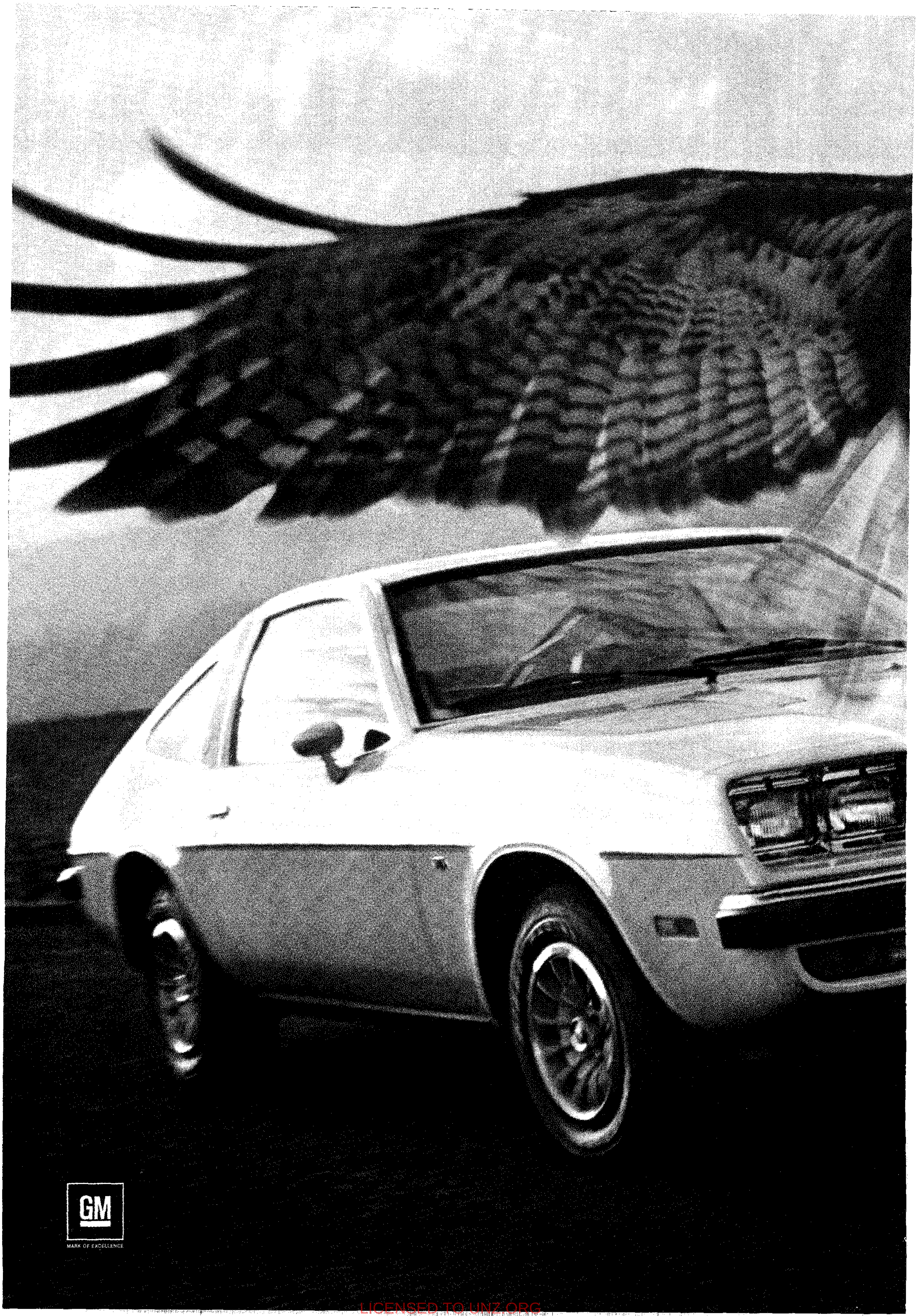
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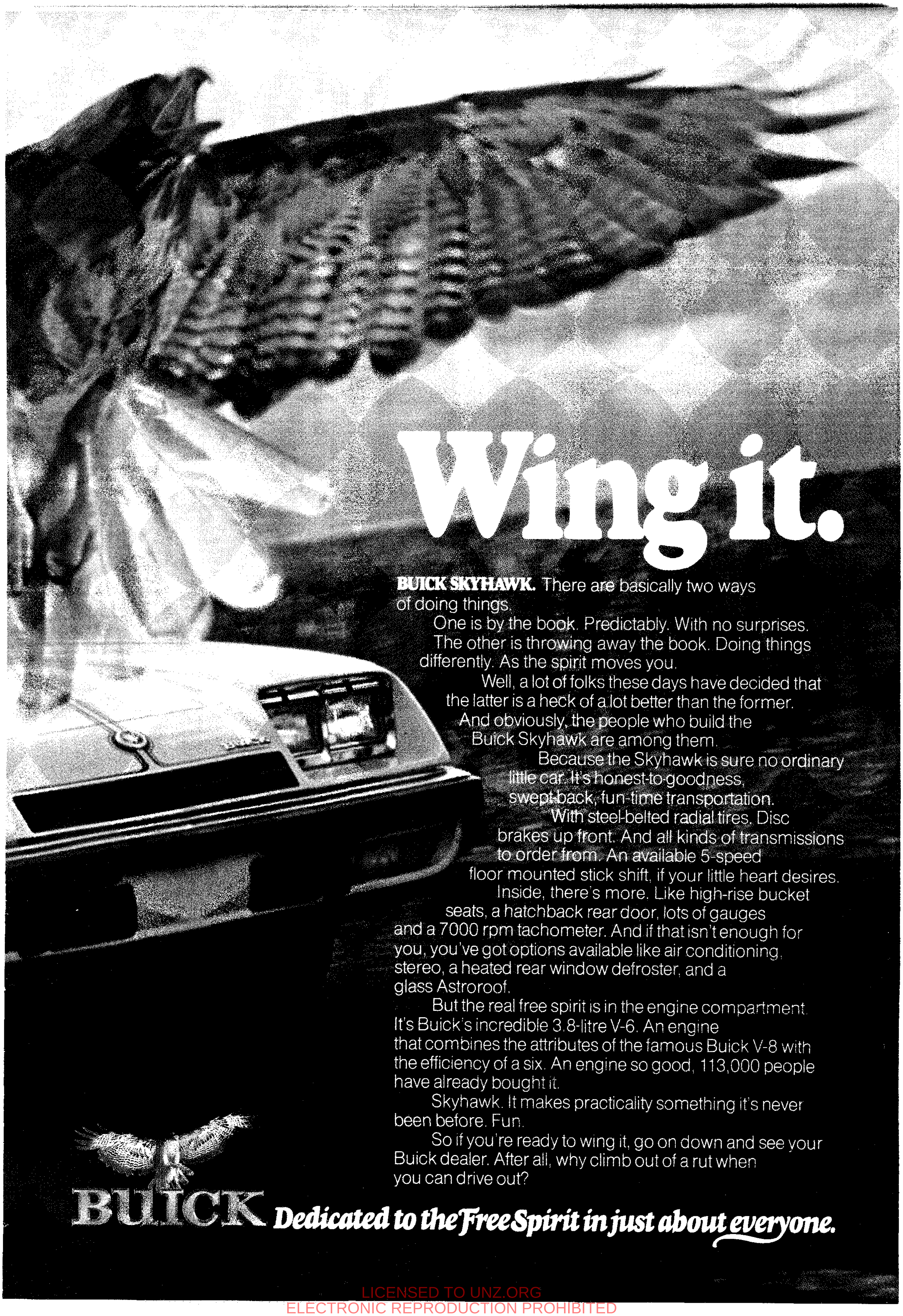

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THE THEATRE

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!

YEARS of study have convinced me that bars are much less interesting places than most writers believe them to be. It is true that certain writers—Finley Peter Dunne and John McNulty among them—have invented bars so delightful in their make-believe and at the same time so authentic-seeming in their particularity that readers have been misled into supposing that the originals exist and are capable of being frequented. Indeed, such is the power of literary suggestion that in the presumed originals of a number of wholly imaginary bars the most humdrum drinkers are thought to emanate a sort of snarling romance, and the mindless small talk of bartenders, men understandably preoccupied with their aching feet, is assumed to embody the wisdom of the ages. Despite the fact that nearly all bars are only what they appear to be—places in which, as a contemporary historian has written, the sorely pressed can put off for a while the dark necessity of going home—writers and readers alike continue to believe in the bars that the Dunnes and McNultys have furnished them with; to make matters worse, the writers continue to dream up bars of their own, in which the green sawdust on the floor may be said to be emblematic of the creative faculties that have called them forth. In the age-old words of the English pubkeeper, "Time, gentlemen, please!" Bolt the doors on bars in poems, novels, and plays; write in soap on the dusky street windows, "Closed Until Further Notice."

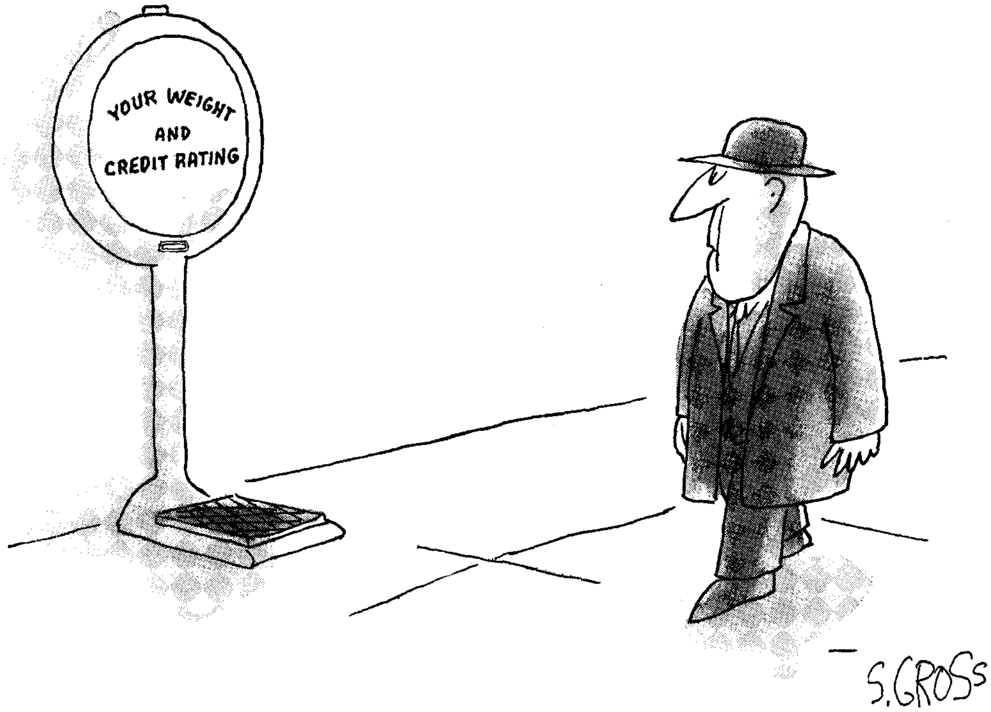
Let that dour paragraph serve as a prologue to my mentioning a couple of bar-set and bar-beset plays of the current season. One of them—"Kennedy's Children," by Robert Patrick, at the John Golden—is laid in a bar that is said to be modelled on Phebe's Place, down on the Bowery. Santo Loquasto has provided an interior that struck me as being more East Fifties than Bowery, but no matter: the nuances of bar geography in this city aside, one must be grateful to have something comparatively rich and twinkling to gaze upon in the course of an evening during which nothing takes place except a series of self-starting and self-interrupted monologues. Five characters have come to the bar to console themselves with drink and to share their thoughts not in conversation with their fellows but in asides to the audience.

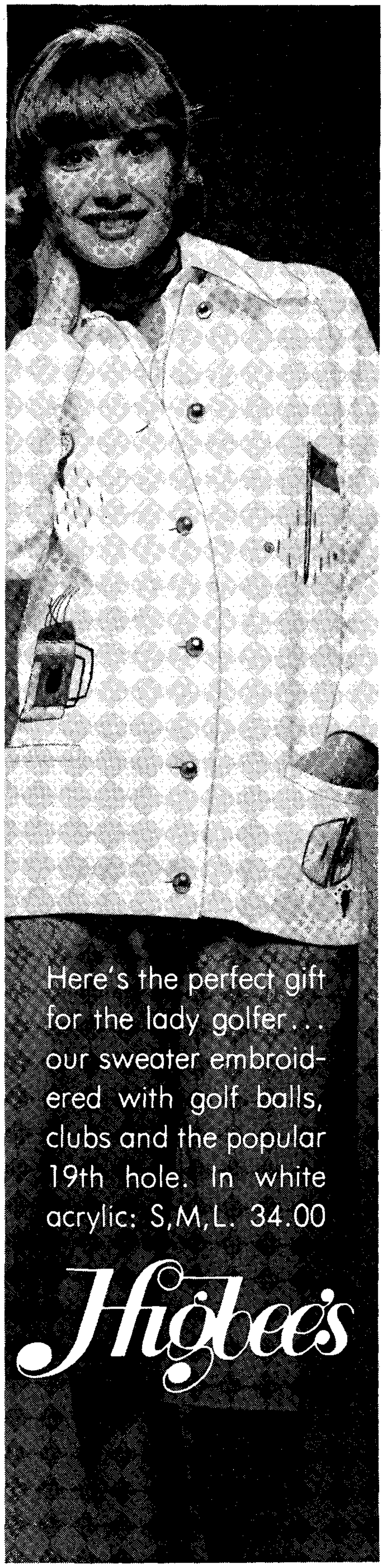
Now, a play that is all asides and no action is unlikely to hold our attention for long. "Kennedy's Children" increases our skepticism about it by containing a thesis: the five confessors turn out to be children of the late President in the sense that they were all growing up and seeking to find themselves in "his" decade of the sixties, and somehow the period failed them. On the evidence of their mutilated lives, we are invited to perceive that there was something intrinsically wrong with the decade, which caused them (and, by extension, all of us) to become its victims. Mr. Patrick's working out of this cheapjack theme is a clumsy and unconvincing one; even so, I might have had more patience with it if his assorted protagonists—an actor, an ex-model, a veteran of Vietnam, and the like—had been allowed to pitch headlong into one another's lives, with substantial consequences.

The able cast consists of Shirley Knight (how intelligent and beautiful she is, even in a silly role!), Kaiulani Lee, Don Parker, Barbara Montgomery, Michael Sacks, and Douglas Travis, who plays that legendary nonpareil a silent bartender. The direction is by Clive Donner, who recently staged the play in London with mysterious success, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein.

HAVING been little heralded, having received some admiring reviews, and having played to good houses for several weeks, "Lamppost Reunion," at the Little Theatre, is entitled to be described as a sleeper in the favorable connotation of that word. To my mind, it is not a very entertaining work, but its author, Louis LaRusso II, is unquestionably a young man of talent, and Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello play the leading roles superbly. The setting, by Robert U. Taylor, is a sleazy bar in Hoboken. On a whim, a famous singer who bears every possible resemblance to Frank Sinatra decides one evening to drop in on the haunts of his youth, of which the bar was one; there he encounters in the person of the bartender an old chum, much embittered by the contrast between his failure in life and the singer's success. The two banter and quarrel recklessly and make up, and so the play stumbles to an end—a thin occasion for me, who have heard many times before these sour, half-funny, half-vicious bar conversations, not so often in real life as onstage in, among other plays, Barry's "Here Come the Clowns," O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," and Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life."

BY coincidence, "The Time of Your Life" was the third of the four plays put on here, in an exceedingly





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limited engagement, by John Houseman's national repertory group, the Acting Company. It is an embarrassing play, false in feeling from start to finish, and in a way I am glad to be able to report that the Acting Company could make nothing of it—it was their one total bungle. The setting is a bar in San Francisco in the spooky year 1939, and we are in the presence of Saroyan's usual collection of confectionary heroes and heroines—marshmallow-hearted prostitutes and other so-called "little" people. The hero of the play is an inexplicably well-heeled Irish do-nothing named Joe. In the original Broadway production, he was played to great effect by Eddie Dowling (who had warmed up for the part a year earlier by playing Clancy in "Here Come the Clowns"); in the Acting Company's production the part was played by Nicolas Surovy, who was all too evidently lost in some dread Bermuda Triangle of miscasting. The inept direction was by Jack O'Brien.

THE last of the Acting Company's local presentations was Chekhov's "The Three Sisters." The Company has been playing it on the road for a couple of years now, and the production, under Boris Tumarin's direction, is efficient and sometimes touching, if never very lofty. It is the greatness of the play that tempts us to ask so much of any company producing it; even in the hands of these young folk, with their comparatively brief training, how Chekhov's passion for life—the passion of a dying man, though it might be that of a young athlete at the very start of his career—shines forth and signals to us to carry on in his behalf! I congratulate, among others in the large cast, Mary Lou Rosato, Mary-Joan Negro, and Patti LuPone, as the three sisters; Peter Dvorsky, as Colonel Vershinin; Benjamin Hendrickson, as Andrey; Sandra Halperin, as Natasha; and David Schramm, as Chebutykin. The settings were by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes were by John David Ridge, and the lighting was by David F. Segal.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Whooping It Up

DAVID FREEMAN'S "Jesse and the Bandit Queen," at the Public, is—or appears to be—a fantasy based on the careers of Jesse James and Belle Starr, his mistress and partner in crime for sixteen years. I say "appears to be"

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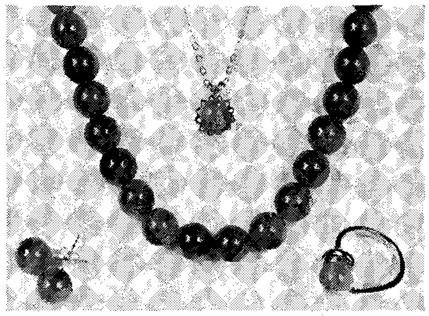

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*The Italian Catherine, mother of 3 French Kings, was also the mother of French Cooking.

because I cannot tell how much of it is factual. There is no doubt, though, that the script (which I first saw in an earlier version as a staged reading at the O'Neill Theatre Center, in Connecticut) has at least become the occasion for a joyous production, which takes off and never hits earth, thanks to remarkable performances by a couple of quick-change artists, Kevin O'Connor and Pamela Payton-Wright, who are the complete cast. The action, as physical as it is verbal, is more or less chronological, with scene following upon scene so rapidly that the effect is kaleidoscopic. Mr. O'Connor, robust, swaggering, and romantic, is, of course, Jesse, but he is also Belle's horse, Venus; a lecherous judge; Belle's slack-jawed, incestuous son; and, most amusing of all, one Richard Fox, hack writer for the *Police Gazette*, which is serializing (to Belle's envy) the tale of Jesse's exploits. Beautiful Miss Payton-Wright shrivels before our eyes from opulent Belle to Jesse's ailing, timid wife and, among others, "little Bobby Ford," who shot Jesse to death. Her portrayal of mocking, challenging Belle is a star performance, mysteriously compounded of technical virtuosity, excitement, relish, and magnetism. The actors are well matched.

About the play itself, however, I have reservations. Fiction, in whatever form, about real people is more often than not a pain, and sometimes downright pernicious. I know almost nothing about Jesse James, and had never even heard of Belle Starr, but the script made me uneasy. More important, I cannot figure out what point Mr. Freeman is trying to make about his bloodthirsty, attractive criminals. There is no hint of satire here—or, to be fair, of put-on, as in "The Beard," that loose-brained fantasy about Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow. There is evidence, though, of a theatrical imagination at work, and many of the scenes and lines are funny and evocative. That the play flashes along with absolute clarity is much to the credit of Gordon Stewart, who directed it. Arden Fingerhut's lighting and Hilary M. Rosenfeld's costumes are extremely effective.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The Indians always measured time by the moon and no doubt those living in had been led to believe that Medicaid assistance was a right that people were given when they reached a certain age in life.

—*Chapel Hill (N. C.) Newspaper.*

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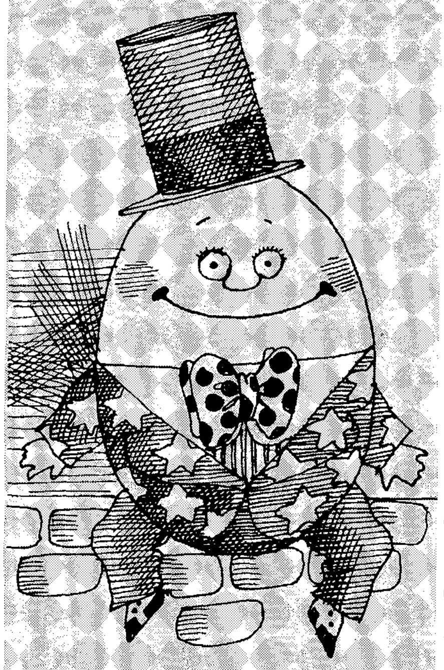

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THE RACE TRACK

Un, Deux, Trois!

IT'S best to expect the unexpected when horses from different countries meet on strange ground at the fag end of a season. So I was not flabbergasted when Nelson Bunker Hunt's Nobiliary, George Ohrstrom's Comtesse de Loir, and Xavier Beau's On My Way II, all listed in the program as representing France (only the Comtesse is really French—the two others are American-bred, but we'll skip that), ran one, two, three in the twenty-fourth Washington, D.C., International before a crowd of 26,000 in the delightful Indian-summer sunshine at Laurel Race Course last Saturday afternoon. (Wrong Horse Harry says such a triple sweep won't occur again for a dog's age.) But that wasn't all. Snow Knight, the favorite, stumbled repeatedly on the track in what the *Daily Racing Form's* chart called "yielding" going, and finished sixth. Come to think of it, though, only five favorites have ever won the race. Nobiliary's stablemate Dahlia (the two were coupled in the betting and were second favorites) fared even worse than Snow Knight; she finished next to last and came out of it almost dead lame. A hurried examination revealed that she was suffering from an injury to her left stifle (the joint in a horse's rear leg that corresponds to the knee in man), which might end her racing days. I hope not.

For all its disappointments, the International was a good show. I was enthralled watching Nobiliary skip airily around the sharp turns of the little turf course, inside the main track, as she led the eight other runners from beginning to end of the mile and a half. True, she bore out slightly in the run through the stretch and may have carried Comtesse de Loir a bit wide; that's why Desaint, who rode the Comtesse, lodged a claim of foul. It was disallowed. Nobiliary is an attractive three-year-old chestnut filly by Vaguely Noble out of Goofed. Foaled in Kentucky, she was shipped to France as a yearling and there caught the eye of Maurice Zilber, who trains Mr. Hunt's big stable at Chantilly. Her most notable achievement up to last weekend was finishing second in the English Derby in June. Few of her sex have ever done that. Curiously, Nobiliary hadn't been invited to run in the International, but Mr. Hunt decided to send her over anyhow, as a running mate for Dahlia if the footing was soft, which it was. So she shouldered her way into the party, so to speak, and picked up first money of $100,000. At present, the plans for her are to race in Florida this winter and return to France in the spring. Hawley, her young Canadian rider, who has rocketed to the top, also got a lucky break in the race. He had ridden Dahlia in the Canadian International, but when Zilber found that Saint-Martin, a more experienced jockey, was available to ride Dahlia in the International, he switched Hawley to Nobiliary. I must say that Comtesse de Loir had a rough trip of it. Somehow, she managed to knock the shoe off her left front foot on her way to the starting post, and it took at least ten minutes to reshoe her. She went very well after that, but just couldn't edge Nobiliary. Laurel had a big, big betting day—$2,261,223 going into the tote on the nine races, of which $293,478 was bet on the International. There was betting on the International in England, too—at the bookmakers' Victoria Club in London, and at the myriad shops throughout the country. Ladbroke Group, Ltd., the oldest and most posh of the "accountants," as they call themselves, had Snow Knight 9–4, Star Appeal 3–1, Dahlia 8–1, and Nobiliary 10–1. The William Hill Organization had Snow Knight 5–2, Star Appeal 7–2, Dahlia 10–1, and Nobiliary 14–1. So much for British handicapping.

The Turf Club at Laurel was as crowded with ambassadors and bigwigs from Washington as it usually is for the International. Henry A. Kissinger, Secretary of State, presented the trophy to Mr. Hunt after the race.

BELMONT PARK ended its longest meeting, which began on August 25th, last Saturday with the running of the hundred-and-six-year-old Jerome Handicap for three-year-olds at a mile. The Heardsdale stable's Guards Up made a runaway race of it, leading all the way to win by nearly four lengths from Valid Appeal. Great Above was third.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

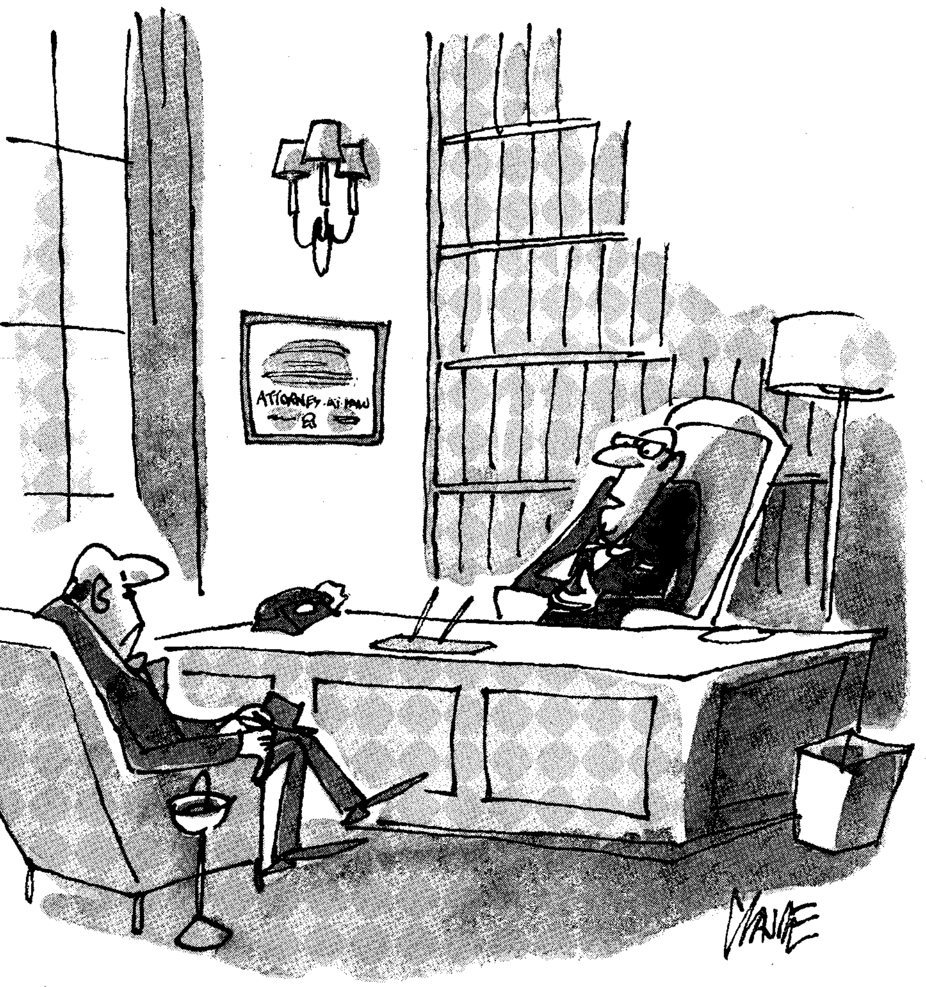
HERE, after fifty of our lists of Christmas gifts for women, are this year's suggestions. The days are gone when chic, gay girls with just-bobbed hair took up their evening wraps and set off, on the arms of top-hatted toffs, for dancing clubs in Harlem. Today, our list does not include custom-made overnight bags with special compartments for powder, cold cream, and flasks of bootleg liquor; nor do we venture any suggestions about what to give the parlormaids. But, because of the freakish doubling back of taste and the fashion for "nostalgia" and "quality," it turns out that the most stylish things we have noted on our wandering research in the stores this year are much the same as those that showed up on this list in 1925.

SURVIVALS, REVIVALS, AND REDISCOVERIES (MISCELLANEOUS)

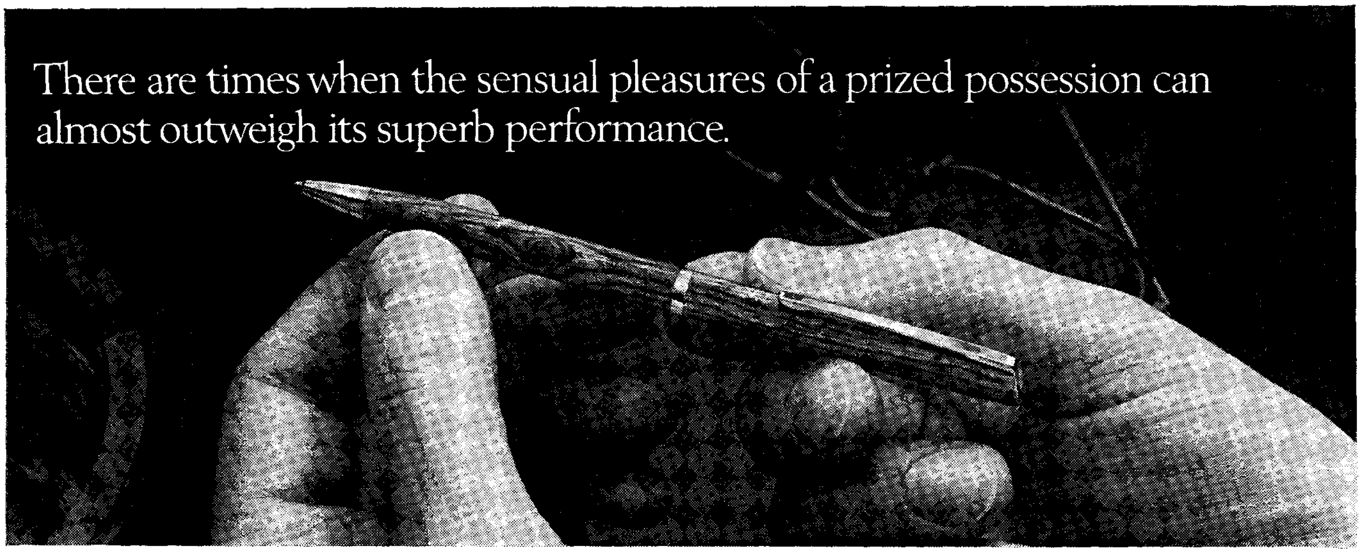
ONCE, old clothes were for the eccentric young, who dressed themselves in cast-off finery for next to nothing. Now "antique clothing" has become a more far-reaching vogue, and prices have risen distinctly. Unquestionably, the most exclusive old-clothes shop in town is Lydia, 21 East 65th Street—a shop dealing, by its own description, in *vestiti antichi*, and run by the woman previously responsible for the luxurious hand-me-down corner at Henri Bendel. Lydia's rich and rare collection of ancient vestments includes a pair of soft kid gloves with dainty brass fastenings and in the tint of a thrush's egg. These (which are $22) came from one of the most stylish establishments of Belle Époque Paris, as did a pair of shoes (size 5, and $100) with pennants of gold thread embroidered on the toes of their lustrous hot-pink velvet. Then, there is a lithe, bias-moving column of smudgy gray-and-yellow flower-strewn silk georgette, together with a wisp of matching cardigan to sometimes veil a very naked back. The ensemble is handmade, probably in the ateliers of a Paris couture house. One side of a handwritten tag dangling from this vision reads "A tall, willowy contessa wore this beautiful nineteen-thirties gown;" the other side reads "$400." An alternative Lydian choice might be another gown from the thirties—of a style that, though officially described as "lingerie," must have been more of an informal evening dress than a nightgown even then—of pale-blue silk chiffon, with a yoke and a hem that both encroach upon the blue with mountain-shaped peaks of webby, frost-dipped lace; $375.

The undergarments of the nineteen-twenties and thirties are "in" again as well. A new, revived version of old-fashioned wide-legged panties—in ivory nylon satin, printed with blue-tinged apple blossoms that look hand-painted, and trimmed with a foam of champagne lace—may be found on the third floor of Bonwit Teller. They are $25; like a matching lace-trimmed camisole, which is $32, they bear the signature of one Fernando Sanchez. Pure-silk stockings, with seams, have survived, forgotten in a warehouse, from the nineteen-thirties, and they show up now at Lonia, 55 West 55th Street, where they cost $10. (The same shop also stocks McCall's sewing patterns from the same era, for $5 apiece.) Garter belts—to hold up the silk stockings of women too young to have worn anything but panty hose—have also come back. Saks Fifth Avenue (on the fourth floor) has a beige lace *modèle* trimmed with narrow tracks of black ribbon, for $7; Bloomingdale's second floor has a minuscule scrap of black lace enlivened at the junction of its garters with naïve pink bows, for $6.

Back in the twenties, our Christmas shopper included on a list of proscribed presents for women "powder puffs on sticks." A sense of pastiche intervenes now to soften the judgment of a half-century ago, though, and we fell for some peach-colored French swansdown puffs, set on lorgnette handles of mature, yellowed-ivory-colored plastic. These are old (though never, of course, used) and cost $15 on the main floor of Henri Bendel; they seem just the thing for powdering the nose and the back, as well as the knees before the Charleston. For all sorts of powdering, loose powder—as opposed to the solid kind—is seeing a revival. Bendel has a good collection of old and antique compacts, some with Watteaulike scenes in enamel. The store also has a number of handsome oval compacts of ribbed gold metal, with the store's name inscribed on the bottom. The carton containing these compacts came to light recently



"I'm sorry, Mr. Watson, but there *are* *no loopholes in Christmas."*



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in a dim corner of the basement of 10 West 57th Street, where they were carelessly misplaced several decades ago. Whatever the price was to have been when they reached the counter then, they are now $12. Shops such as Primavera, 808 Madison Avenue (68th), which specialize in Art Deco jewelry and decorative objects, are also a good source of elegant old compacts and vanities.

Among our other favorite old-clothes shops is Harriet Love, 106 West 13th Street. Here is a very good collection of lingerie from the nineteen-twenties and thirties, of the quality that went into the best trousseaux or out cruising on the best ocean liners. Much of it is exquisitely hand-embroidered; almost all is handmade, of pure silk, and in color harmonies of peach, apricot, and flesh. With the exception of "step-ins" and "teddies," many of the styles—including funny little bed jackets and slinky peignoirs—can now double as perfectly fashionable wear for little-dinner-party evenings. We could see, for instance, one knee-length silk robe from the nineteen-twenties, in a brilliant melon pink, looking quite impressive on the right woman, worn over silk pajama pants. The robe has a line of hand-pleated ruffles flowing down the parabola of one lapel and along a crescent-shaped pocket, and is discreetly graced by a handful of pastel-colored ribbon rosebuds; $38.

Lune en Papier, 1100 Madison Avenue (83rd), has old silk lingerie, too, and a large collection of fringed silk shawls, ranging from a poppy-colored Spanish shawl, embroidered with coral roses, which is thirty years old and priced at $150, to a rare nineteenth-century Chinese one, brilliantly embroidered with birds and blossoms, which is $1,500. The shop also has beaded evening purses of the flapper era, as has the main-floor handbag counter at Lord & Taylor, where they range from $80 up to $250. One hundred dollars secures a four-by-four-inch, diamond-shaped pouch of fine silver-metal mesh, suspended from a chain and dripping with dewy loops of crystal beads—a reticule fit for Titania to keep her subway tokens in.

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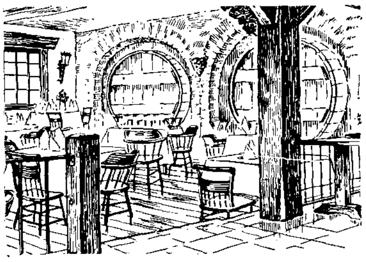

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CLOSED MONDAYS

note of indolent and luxurious femininity that women find especially fashionable this year, in addition to being the style of thing that men—even those completely ignorant of fashions in lingerie—have *always* enjoyed picking out for women at Christmas. The fabric employed is a fairly heavy nylon satin with a sumptuous feel and the modishly pretentious name of Satin de Lys. Colors are chiefly ivory, café au lait, or black, and styles are trimmed generously, though never to excess, with lace. Parts of this collection may be perused on the fifth floor of Bendel, the second floor of Bloomingdale's, and the second floor of Bergdorf Goodman as well as at Bonwit's. Bergdorf's has a soft, light, classically tailored Sanchez robe, in beige cashmere, for $250. This would slip very nicely over a pair of tailored satin Sanchez pajamas, trimmed with lace, and colored Devonshire cream. We saw these for $105, at Bloomingdale's.

Our Christmas-list compilers fifty years ago exhorted purchasers of lingerie to "avoid . . . colors like blues and greens and yellows, and stick to satin or crêpe in flesh or peach tones." In the main, we stand by that dictum about colors now. But an exception might be made for the pastel print of lilies on an oyster-bisque ground which Bergdorf Goodman has lifted from an ancient Chinese watercolor onto man-made satin in a collection of lingerie which includes examples of everything that falls under that descriptive umbrella. A lace-trimmed nightgown in the print, with ruffles round neck and armholes, is $65. A matching hip-length jacket is $48. And pearl gray struck us as being a thoroughly acceptable nightgown color when we saw some gray versions of the hand-embroidered cotton-and-polyester gowns that have arrived from Italy on the fourth floor at Lord & Taylor. Most of them are peach and pink, but all are trimmed with crochet lace and rows of tiny tucks as well as the flower embroidery. A full-length caftan style, for example, embroidered with two long-stemmed roses, is $50. In a more urbane mood, perhaps, is a sleeveless gown from the same department, also from Italy, in pale-mocha-colored satin-finish polyester, with a bodice closed in little covered buttons and banded with reëmbroidered Swiss lace; $80.

Henry Lehr, whose shop is now at 1079 Third Avenue (63rd), has some Fortuny-pleated smock blouses of pure silk hand-dyed to colors as clear as the windows of the Sainte-Chapelle at the hour when sunlight strikes them. The

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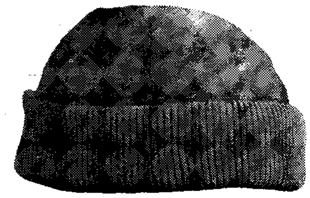

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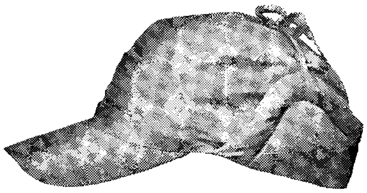

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blouses have square necks above a yoke of antique drawn-thread embroidery, and one size fits everyone; $78. This shop is also probably the best source in the city for the brilliant and imaginative styles of Kenzo, the Japanese designer based in Paris. A group of downy little sweaters in Chinese-lacquer blue, green, yellow, or red, embroidered with peasant flowers or peacocks in brightly contrasting yarns, bears the Kenzo name. Our favorite is a bright bluebell example, with a band of purple and a line of hot-pink Greek keys at wrists and hem, and a trail of flower embroideries across the buttoned opening that slants up the chest to a little mandarin collar; $86.

San Francisco Clothing, at 975 Lexington Avenue (71st), offers silk blouses that also have intimations of the most enviable parts of life in the twenties and thirties. (So have all this store's most imaginative designs, at bottom.) San Francisco's silks have *two* Peter Pan collars and two pairs of cuffs, one on top of the other and in contrasting colors. Color schemes include black with cream super-collar-and-cuffs, or peacock blue with contrasts of Air Force blue. A hundred and twenty-five dollars.

On the third floor of B. Altman there is a cashmere sweater designed by Valerie Louthan and made in Scotland in an unusual raspberry color. A flattering boat neckline has an adjustable drawstring running through it and ending in a brace of bows that may be worn on or off the shoulders; $90. And the General Store, at I. Miller, Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, has a well-chosen array of sweaters which includes one hand-loomed in Italy *to the design of Catherine Capriotti.* There is something about the style that looks fit to tee off on the links in the company of a breezy youth in Oxford bags. Color combinations—between the ribbed sweater and the bit of twisted yarn that gets slotted round the mock turtleneck and then tied in a bow at the front—are either so old-fashioned that they have been forgotten or so new that we have not yet got to know them. Scarlet trimmed with French navy, gray trimmed with pine, or plum trimmed with rose—all these strike the eye refreshingly; $98.

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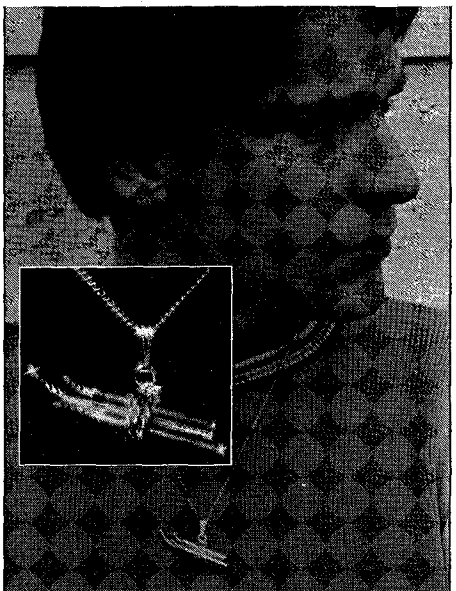

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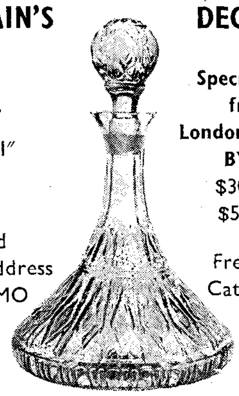

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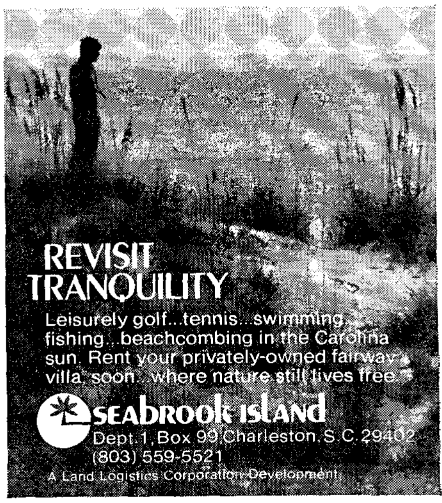

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boudoir to curl up on the smartest of after-dinner sofas, even in another woman's drawing room, and reigning supreme in all those chic, gray areas between the bedroom and the ballroom where—fashion magazines assure us—all our social life resides. We found the best buy in silken understatement at Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st): a pure-silk mandarin-collared cap-sleeved top ($30) and drawstring pajama bottoms ($36) in a choice of red, beige, or black. A matching kimono is $52. Also suitable either for bed or for *minute* dinner parties with very old friends are the silk pajamas on the fifth floor of Bendel, with a Jacquard motif of chrysanthemums tossed on the *crème-fraîche*-colored silk, and closing in snail-shell frogging of self-fabric; $75.

An ensemble at The New York Jax, 7 West 57th Street, is perhaps less likely than the foregoing to deceive onlookers with any impression of naïveté. This ensemble consists of a full blouse of sheer black silk chiffon, gathered into a shoulder yoke, and based on a Greek fisherman's smock, for $100; a pair of very wide-legged black rayon-crêpe pants, which are $70; and a matte-jersey camisole to wear, for modesty's sake, beneath the blouse, at $30.

Flawless simplicity is the order of the day at Maya, 773 Madison Avenue (66th). Specialties include a calf-length tunic, matching trousers, and optional prayer shawl (the designer of these clothes is Indian, and they are inspired by those of Hindu priests) made of crêpe de Chine in melting tints of peach bloom, ivory, or pale crème de menthe. The backs of the tunics—all of which are hand-finished—are hand-embroidered with designs in fluid, Beardsley curling lines of calla lilies, tulips, and other curving flowers. Tops are $300; shawls and pants are $80 apiece. Other simplicity and further restrained pajama artwork may be inspected on the second floor of 27 East 67th Street, where Leal, Inc., will come up with silk tops and bottoms in a choice of raspberry sherbet paired with gray or white with either lilac or celadon. The long-sleeved tops have, on front and back, a hand-painted trio of scalloped Art Deco clouds running diagonally from breastbone to shoulder. The pair is $235.

Women who prefer to drift through their little evenings in a skirt might well feel at ease in a hand-knit, caftanesque robe, from Bloomingdale's second floor, with neat, narrow shoulders and a long skirt and sleeves that

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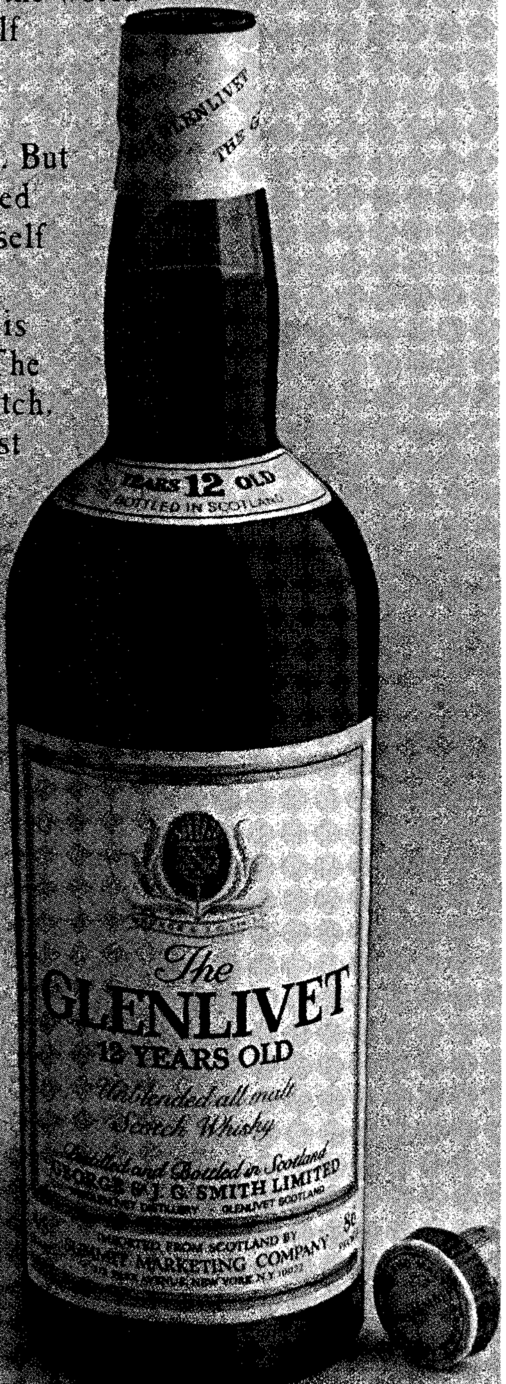

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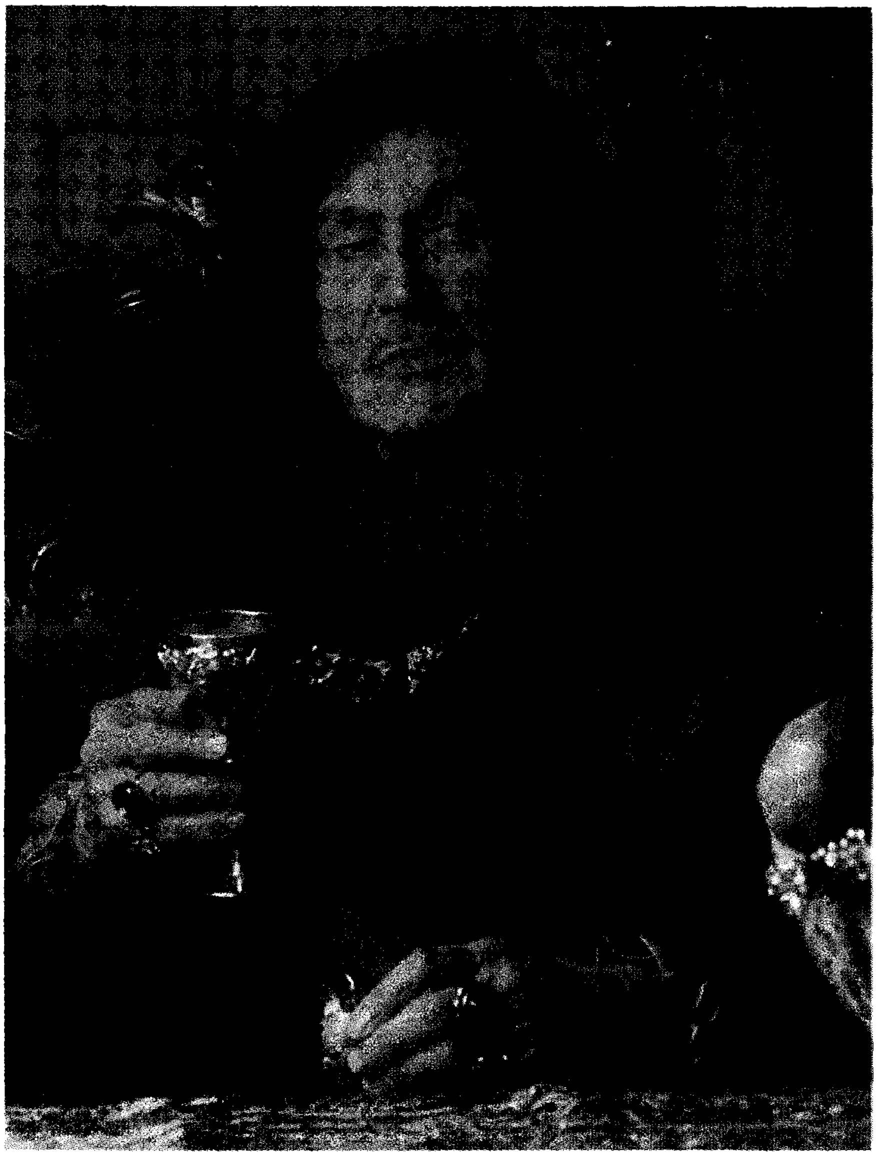
bell gently outward. A plain round neck fastens with crochet buttons. A choice of colors includes black, burgundy, and a curiously vibrant, though muted, rose; $180. Others, in warmer rooms, might favor a gauzy Isadora Duncan sort of dress from Nancy & Co., 986 Madison Avenue (77th). Two tiers of georgette skirt—in a variety of gentle shades which includes delphinium and rose—float out from a halter neck that is adjustable, so that one size of the dress fits everyone. Little rosettes and narrow ribbons float out from the front of the dress as well, and there is a matching, wafting, ruffled shawl; $135.

It's a symptom of the topsy-turviness of taste these days that the sort of bedside comforts that used to be left to female fuddy-duddies from Dubuque are now taken up by the fashionable souls who go for anything that looks handmade and wears a sincere, old-fashioned air. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), which first showed up on our Christmas lists in the nineteen-twenties, is still a marvellous source of handmade boudoir fripperies to bolster women in the hours when, like Mrs. Dalloway, they feel themselves fit only for reading people's memoirs in bed. Fluffy, hand-knitted bed jackets, in layette colors, tie under the chin in satin bows and cost between $30 and $40; bed socks are $6.50 and $7.50; a hot-water-bottle cover of pale-blue satin with hand-done trapunto work is $23.50. Here, too, are things to dress up the insides of closets: a set of four coat hangers, covered in socks of yellow crochetwork, at $4.75, and a trio of narrow sachets to hang from the coat hangers, in canary satin, filled with garden-fresh potpourri and trimmed with ribbons and posies, at $5.50.

Cherchez, 141 East 76th Street (second floor), is another fine spot to seek out the more voguish sort of old bedroom fashions. Victorian cotton nightgowns (which are now often worn as dresses, too) are from $35 to $85, while a waltz-length, front-fastened Edwardian robe of snowy cotton, with textured scrolls of guipure on its yokes, is $75. To bring a woman's brass bed into line with her nightshirt, there are antique pillow shams, often copiously trimmed with lace, eyelet, and tucks, for from $12 to $35; Victorian spreads of cotton lace are $85 in a double-bed size. Cherchez sachets—in a choice of potpourri flavors which includes old English rose, patchouli, rondeletia, and herbal anti-



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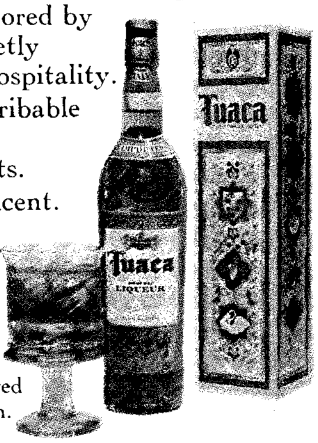

moth—are like miniature flour sacks made of Liberty lawn, tied with bows; four of them, in a matching quilted box, are $18.

E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue (63rd), must certainly be among the last of the old-fashioned linen-and-lingerie establishments—the kind where you can still get really crackly percale sheets and damask tablecloths—to stock those feather-light dressing gowns from England, knitted of pure "gossamer" Shetland wool. In a choice of pastel pink or blue, the gowns are lined with an even more spiderwebby knit. With a Peter Pan collar, a satin bow, and a belt, the dressing gown is $100; the same thing in bed-jacket length is $35.

And shawls, this season, are far from being for little old grandmothers. They are around town in all shapes, at all prices, and seen worn with widely varying degrees of panache. In style, they range from priceless Chinese silks to the enveloping coziness of the hand-woven wool-and-mohair shawls at Inge Nissen's shop, 165 East 61st Street. Miss Nissen, who makes them herself, has come up with the idea of shaping the shawl in a V at the nape, so that the thing fits snugly and stays put. Each shawl is slightly different, and the best colors are generally neutral and natural; $85 is an average price.

A lap rug—for tucking round the legs when motoring in the Bugatti or taking forty winks at home—may be inspected at Antartex, 14 West 55th Street and 903 Madison Avenue (72nd). A fringed wool rug, measuring thirty-nine inches by fifty-four, and in one of a choice of authentic clan tartans, is $18; a slightly larger version, with heathery plaids schemed up just to look pretty, and in fluffy mohair, is $25.

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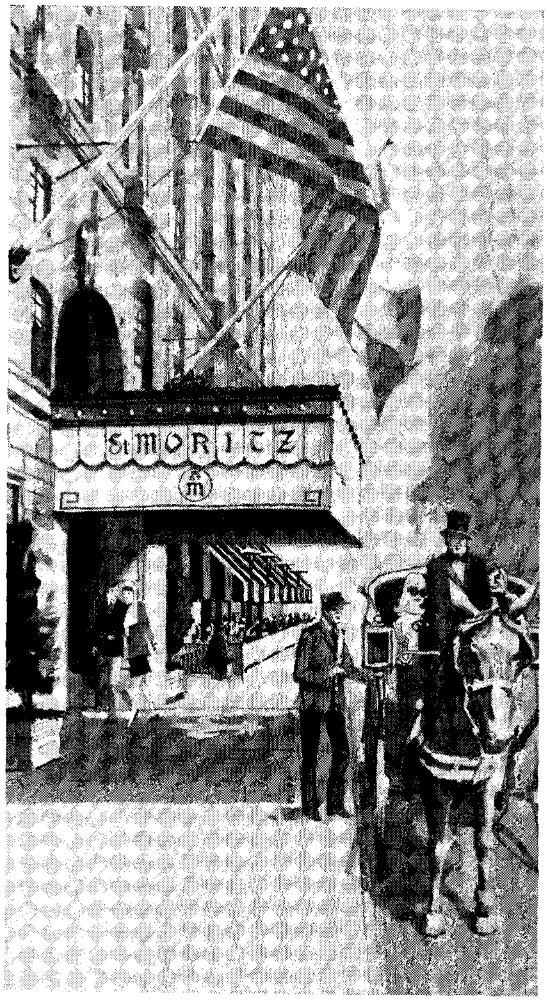
KIMONOS are very much in fashion, for slipping on over all the little tunics and pajamas. (Like the more slithery kinds of shawl, they take a bit of mastering if a woman wishes to avoid the hunchbacked, off-one-shoulder effect.) Old embroidered kimonos from China are the *crème de la crème*. A modestly named shop called The Best of Everything, 242 East 77th Street, has a good collection of old kimonos—the best of *these* dating from the nineteen-twenties. We noted several silk-pongee numbers with beige backgrounds and floral prints; one has



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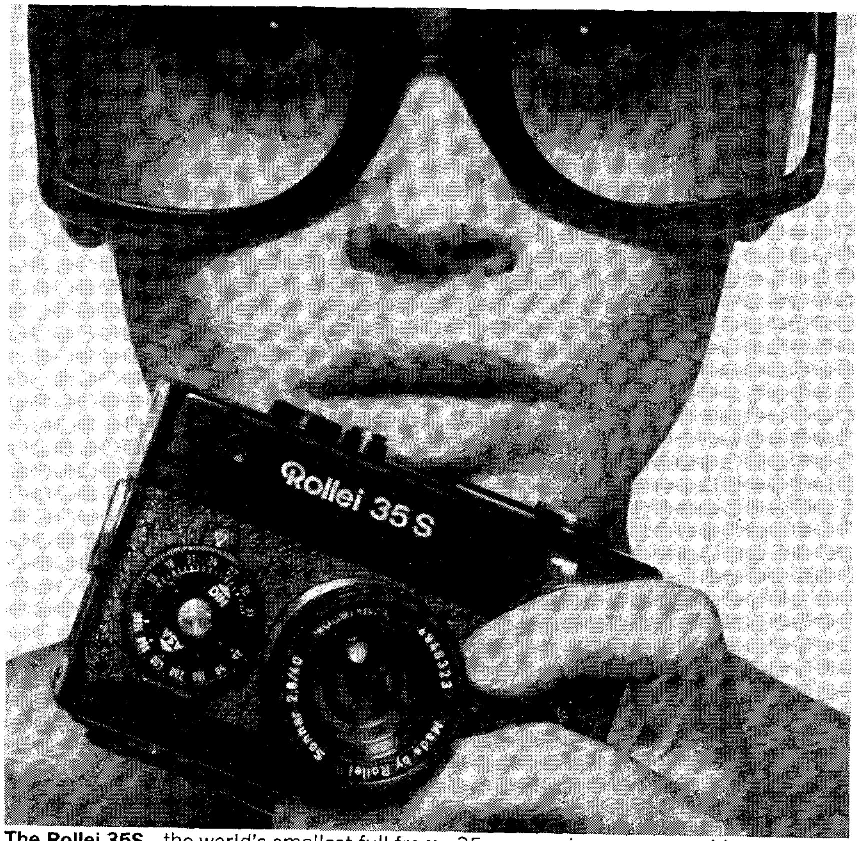

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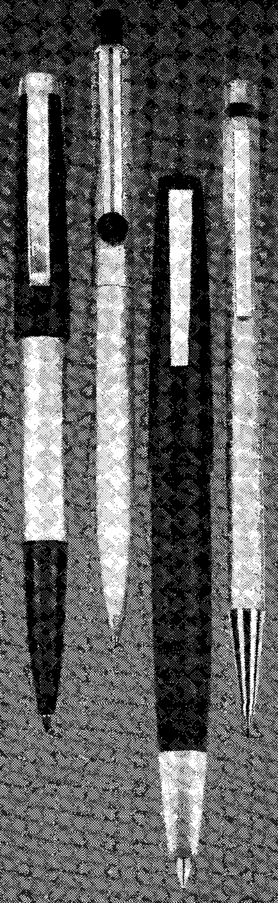


coral-and-blue lilies down the front and round the hem, and is, at $65, the most expensive in the shop.

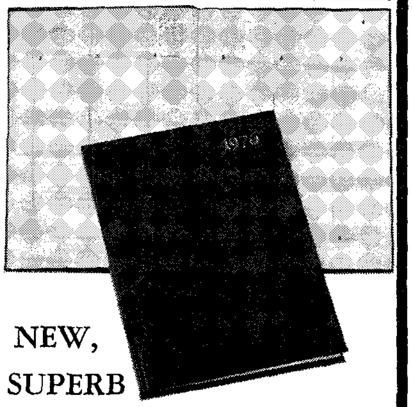
Jenny B. Goode has waterproof Chinese paper parasols hand-painted with flowers, birds, or fishes; $5. Tiny brocade hatbox shapes make evening purses reminiscent of Anna May Wong, for $10. Swinburne, 1225 Madison Avenue (88th), has antique Chinese hair ornaments with long silver prongs ending in flowery patterns of blue enamelled openwork, for an average price of $22.

Costume jewelry, wherever it is neither Art Deco nor ethnic-rustic and based on sharks' teeth and bits of driftwood, continues to be quite Chinese. After carved ivory and jade, we now have carved cinnabar—the mineral ore whose vermillion hue goes well with the russets and blues that are being worn. The General Store at I. Miller has some pretty choker-length necklaces strung with strawberry-sized balls of cinnabar, carved in China, together with silver and gold-filled balls and lapis beads; $40. A similar idea, but with balls of carved boxwood next to silver tubes and little golden beads, is twenty-four inches long and priced at $72.

Ronaldo Maia, an imaginative sort of florist at 27 East 67th Street, is currently involved with Oriental inscrutability and with ikebana, and will deliver to a woman living in Manhattan a small lacquered wicker tray set with three tiny bud vases, each with a different single flower (or, sometimes, a restrained posy), usually freesia, anemone, or African Queen lily. Prices begin at $25; recipients had better brush up on ways to tie the obi and on the etiquette of trading obeisances.

This seems a good place to remind those who are looking for a shell, a box, or a basket to give *as* a present or to give a present *in* that their neighborhood Japanese five-and-ten is cheaper than department stores, and much more fun, as a source of wrapping paper and party ephemera, than any Woolworth's.

Paradox, on the third floor at Bloomingdale's, has some gentle, unbelligerent hats that nevertheless owe something to Tatar warriors from the steppes. One version has a vaguely pointed crown of old patchwork quilting in washed-out blues and beiges, ringed with a broad, fluffy, flattering band of gray-fox fur; $80. And there is some hint of Scheherazade to the harem-ankled jump suits at Kamali, on the second floor of 787 Madison Ave-



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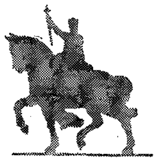

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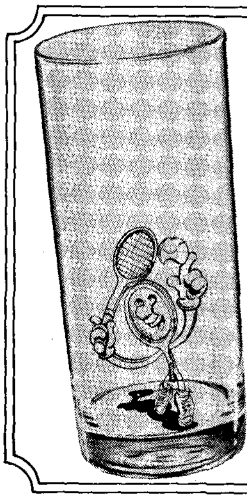

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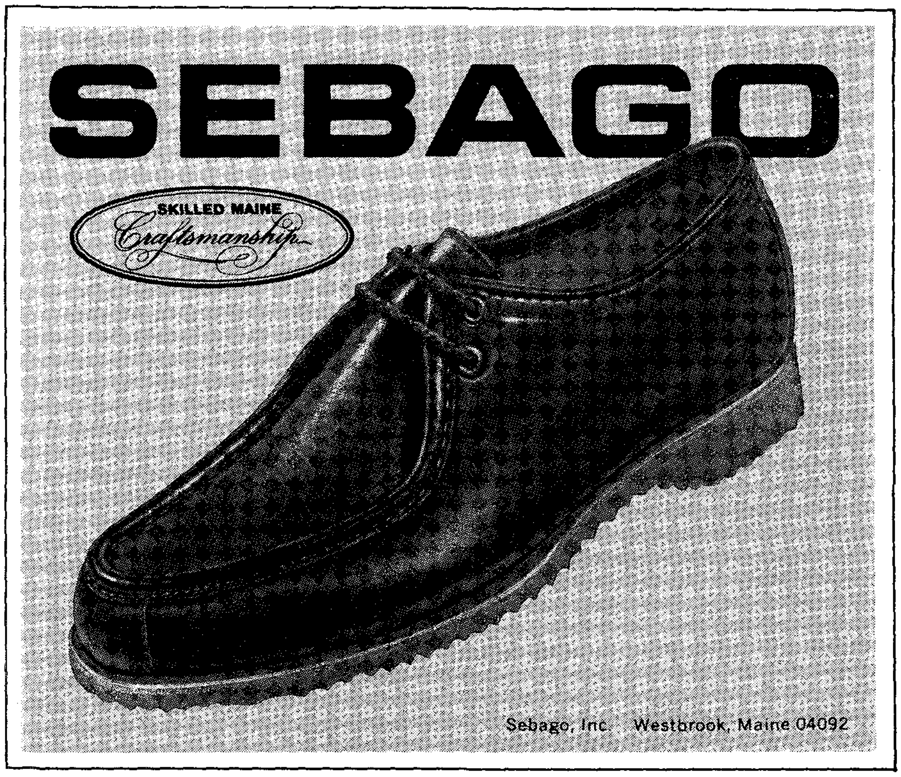
nue (67th). At any rate, they are full of mysterious drama. A creamy silk version, with a Jacquard chrysanthemum texture, has kimono sleeves, a long, obi-like sash, and pants legs that are designed to wrap round a slender ankle with self-ribbons; $325. A variation on the same theme, in white wool flannel, is $175. Either fabric may be combined with the more rugged textures of hand-loomed components in buttermilk wool. These include, at $35, a fringed scarf (Mrs. Mick Jagger wrapped it, Araby-fashion, round her head when she wore the silk jump suit recently), a shawl ($65), and a sweater with a cowl that rolls up into a hood and with endless, chimpanzee-length sleeves that roll or push up. This sweater, which is $55, looks marvellous under the flannel jump suit.

Accessories and Such, Pretty Much on the Lines of 1925

IN one of the first Christmas lists to grace this space, our tipster drew attention to "underarm envelope purses, still as smart as they were last Season, with the new note supplied by the futuristic designs on the outside of them." Fifty years later, there are some underarm purses at Nancy & Co. that would have looked as handsome then as they do now; in patchwork combinations of reptile skin, joined in geometric patterns of the sort of crescents-behind-crescents that crop up in the décor of Radio City Music Hall, the bags are made in a choice of two color combinations—either falling leaves or stormy nightfalls. An eight-by-twelve-inch size is $160. Among the handmade Italian bags at Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Avenue (60th), is a soft kidskin clutch, eight inches by thirteen, with textural interest provided by the new diagonally woven basket-work effect. In black, tan, or a supremely elegant gray, the bag is $170. The most welcome old-fashioned aspect of the handbags by Coach leatherware we saw recently at B. Altman comes down to a look of being built to last and to age with grace. The bags are made of a nice-feeling leather, with the grain not effaced by mechanical methods, dyed to rich, natural-looking colors. A large courier-pouch model, on a shoulder strap, in a tawny rust shade, would look good with the country-house, tweedy style that is so fashionable; $55.

The Christmas lists of the early years were much concerned with custom-fitted luggage, and with travelling in style. Since that time, porters,



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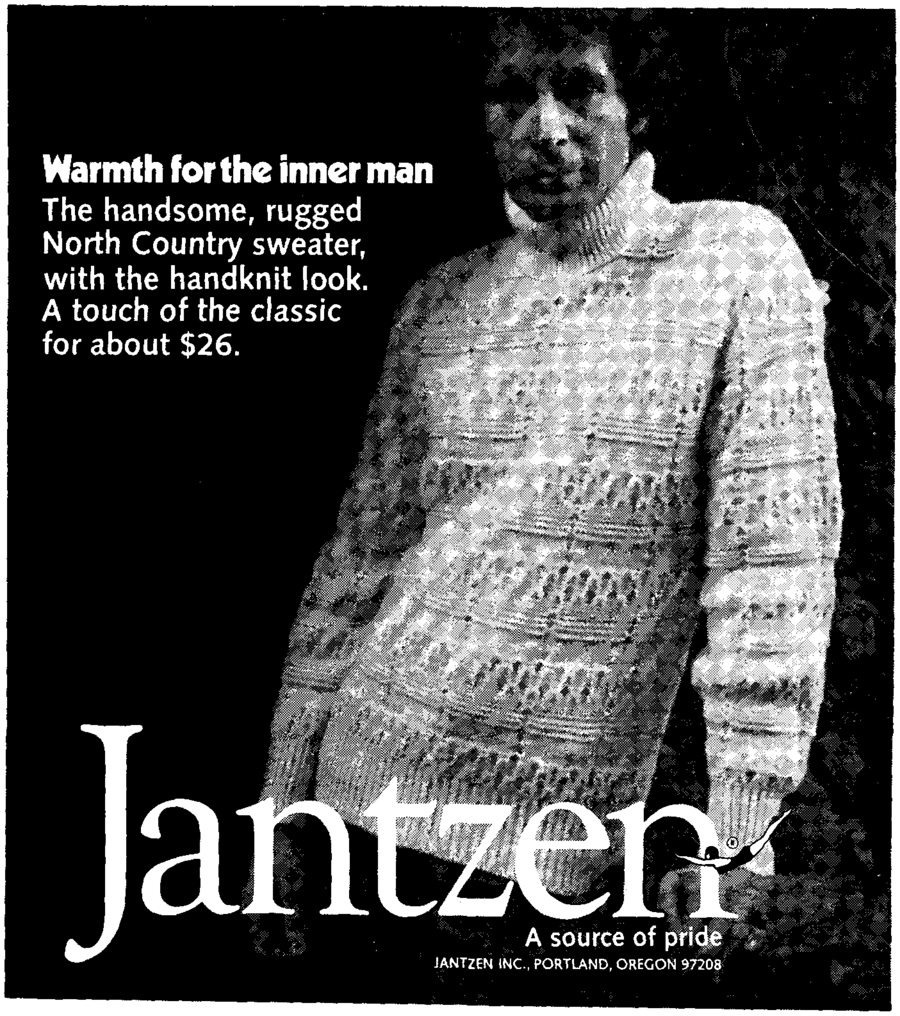
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steamships, and proper trains have all become virtually extinct, of course. Jet travel is a great leveller of persons, and airport baggage handling a great leveller of all but robust luggage. Still, we see no reason to give up completely on elegance in luggage and join those travelling masses whose bags look designed solely to remain intact whenever they are run over by the wheels of a Greyhound bus. Bottega Veneta has a very refined beauty case of black leather, edged with a broad border of tan leather, and with a fitted interior; $150 or $170, depending on size. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), makes the sort of luggage that always looks distinguished without setting fellow-travellers' teeth on edge with a lot of ostentatious status gimmickry. Our own favorites among Anthony's wide choice of fabrics and styles are the pieces in heavy-duty black sailcloth trimmed—at edges, corners, handles, and name tag—with tan leather, and those in navy sailcloth trimmed with wine. In each, there are thirty-five choices of style, including overnight bags, hatboxes, shoe cases, and bags in both the rigid-sided and the folding, garment-bag style. A pair of Anthony's roomy, folding, and lightweight zippered holdalls is all some people travel with. In duck, a twenty-one-inch length is $49.50; a twenty-five-inch is $55.

We have had the growing feeling, in recent years, that fashionably woolly gloves have been becoming too reminiscent of bumpkins, and found ourselves, in our own woolly mittens, gazing on beautifully made leathers with renewed respect. Bottega Veneta has some splendid wrist-length styles—in kid, with a button to fasten with a languid twist of the wrist (*$30*); *in* topstitched suède, with a gusseted thumb ($35); or, perhaps the most redolent of *ancien régime* luxuries, in topstitched pigskin ($40). Bergdorf Goodman has silk-lined, hand-finished, almost-elbow-length black suède gloves, for $28.

Primavera has acquired a few umbrellas of the nineteen-thirties, each in mint condition, with beautifully ombréed faille fabric, wrist loops of harmonizing silk cords, and handles that are works of art. There is a peach-colored brolly with a squared-off tortoiseshell crook, and a gray brolly with a knob handle of sharkskin and ivory; each $45. Noisily patterned umbrellas, like T-shirts with messages, are beginning to prove wearisome. A useful shop called Mark Rodman, 1024-A Lexington Avenue (74th), has some large, perfectly plain canvas umbrellas,

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with Lucite handles of the same shade as the canvas, which could be one of a choice of many bright or pastel colors; $14.

Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, 855 Madison Avenue (71st), can come up with a pale-colored scarf of sheer silk and wool to go with the fourteen-dollar Rodman umbrella and, at $60, use up any money you may have left over. The scarf has woven-in dots, stripes, and Indian fleur-de-lis motifs; a good color combo is gray-blue together with fading shades of brown and beige.

In vintage Christmas-list times, handkerchief shops lined New York streets in serried ranks. Now one is hard-pressed to find a choice of "hankies" anywhere at all. Department stores still have a few, though, and it occurs to us that there may be young things of the Kleenex generation who, having acquired elegant underarm purses and antique evening bags, feel suddenly embarrassed to rummage out of them raggy wads of tissue. We noted, in the admittedly shrunken handkerchief department of Saks, a hand-stitched white linen style bordered in half an inch of white cotton lace ($3.50) and a second linen handkerchief bordered in scalloped net lace, for $3. We confess to conservative tastes in this matter. If a donor suspects that a woman's taste in handkerchiefs might run to the sort of thing tucked into the pocket of a waitress in a "Last Picture Show" diner, that donor should go the whole hog, and avoid the danger of being campy by mistake. Harriet Love has a collection of nineteen-forties handkerchiefs, for around $3.

JEWELRY: GENUS UNPRETENTIOUS, SPECIES ART DECO

THE jewelry shop called Ophelie, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), gets its stock from present-day Paris, and its French salesgirls are unwavering oracles about what they call "ze beeg mode in Paris zees winter," but the shop's essence is consistently tinged with the Paris of Cocteau's heyday. Here are new bangles of the old favorite of that period—ebony-and-ivory, in a piano-keys-and-Morse-code pattern—for $25 each; bangles of carved Ambrolite, an early kind of plastic made with milk, in cloudy Lalique effects of rose, peach, or white, for $18; and nineteen-thirties necklaces of pecan-shaped amber-colored glass beads, together with clear glass and ivory-colored beads, for $59. An

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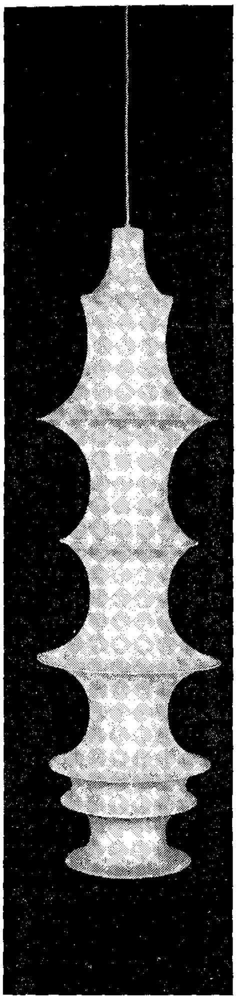
alternative version of this last involves blue and purple shades. Lord & Taylor's third-floor Importique has assembled some pins of the twenties—fine for enlivening a beret as well as a lapel—in such materials as Bakelite, chromium, and "diamanté," and with prices that start at $10. We also took a shine to a rather sentimental enamel-on-silver pin of a bluebird on the wing, which was made around 1925 and which now costs $22.

We like the way clips look again, and were pleased to see, at Primavera, a pair of marcasite clips that can be locked together to form a pin shaped like a swooping bow; $65. We unearthed a pair of charmers at Neil Isman Gallery, 1100 Madison Avenue (83rd). These pins are geometrically stepped sheaf-shapes of marcasite, bound up at their narrowest with bars of carnelian, and the pair is $95. In their own inch-high fashion, they have echoes of the Chrysler Building, with which they are about contemporary. So, too, is a buckle-shaped pin, some two inches wide, of carnelian with the mellow translucence of Fortnum & Mason marmalade, braced by twin loops of black-and-green enamel that flank a pair of diamonds. This is $225, and a gem of the simpler school of Art Deco design. A bracelet involving squares and flowers of marcasite links clustered around a dove of Russian lapis with translucent-enamel wings is $425. This piece, which illustrates the impact on designers of the treasures revealed in 1922 in Tutankhamen's tomb, is a triumph of the complex, allusive aspects of Art Deco style.

We suspect that the unusual combinations of semiprecious stones in revisited Art Deco jewelry have revived their use in contemporary styles, which were for so long wrapped up with the idea of gold or silver alone. Minute chips of semiprecious stone, such as lapis or carnelian, as well as angel-skin coral or mote-sized diamonds are set singly on very delicate rings of fourteen-carat gold at the General Store. For the full effect, one would have to wear a pair, perhaps on a little finger and sandwiching a hair-fine band of either plain or twisted gold. Prices of the rings range from $25 to $45 each, depending on the stone. And, in the same school of the delicate and semiprecious, there are attenuate gold chains, on the main floor of Lord & Taylor, strung—but only for the space of an inch and a half, at the hollow of the throat—with combinations of onyx and jade, onyx and coral, or onyx and tigereye, in beads that are barely larger



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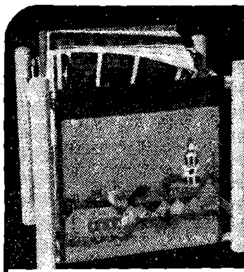

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than tomato seeds. An average combination is $35.

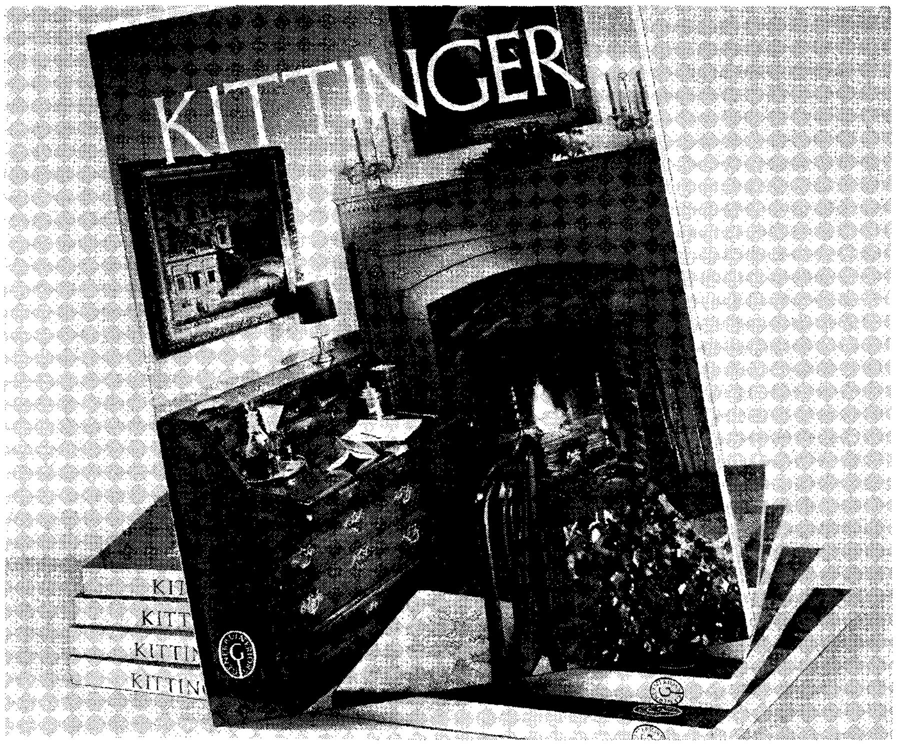
Perfumes That Were on Our Christmas Lists in the Jazz Age, When They Were New or Already Well Established

NEW perfumes are apparently created by chemical computers to match the youthful, sportswear-toting, high-tension "life style" that some advertising man has determined all women share. It often seems to us that these new products don't smell as nice as the old faithfuls that were designed to flatter. Usually, they were more floral and generally heavier scents than their juniors. Here are some perfumes from way back which are still available and which—having sniffed them again recently—we still like quite a lot.

Amour Amour; Joy; Moment Suprême (Patou)
Dans la Nuit; Je Reviens; Vers Toi (Worth)
Zibeline; Antilope (Weil)
Crêpe de Chine (Millot)
L'Heure Bleue; Jicky; Mitsouko; Shalimar (Guerlain)
Fleurs de Rocaille; Narcisse Noir; Nuit de Noël; Bellodgia; Les Pois de Senteur (Caron)
Arpège; My Sin (Lanvin)
Quelques Fleurs (Houbigant)
No. 5, No. 22 (Chanel)
L'Aimant; L'Origan; Émeraude (Coty)
Magie (Lancôme)
Maja (Myrurgia)

Catching Up with One's Correspondence: The Well-Furnished Writing Desk

FIFTY years ago, our Christmas columns suggested placing a telephone call on a hand-held telephone of French design as an exciting new idea, and with a hit-or-miss chance of being connected with the favored party. At around the same time, a new trend of having the name printed at the top of one's visiting card, so that messages could be written neatly on it instead of scrawled diagonally across it, was noted and deplored in this space. No one could have foreseen that the telephone would so erode the art of sending written messages that it would survive chiefly in featherbrained missives scrawled in fuchsia felt-tipped pen on great ragged slabs of lime-green card. Even Tiffany—which started out as a stationery store a hundred and thirty-eight years ago—is, we report gloomily, "into" lime green. But the store is also holding the line with its substantial-rag-content, ivory-colored writing paper, for which one may still



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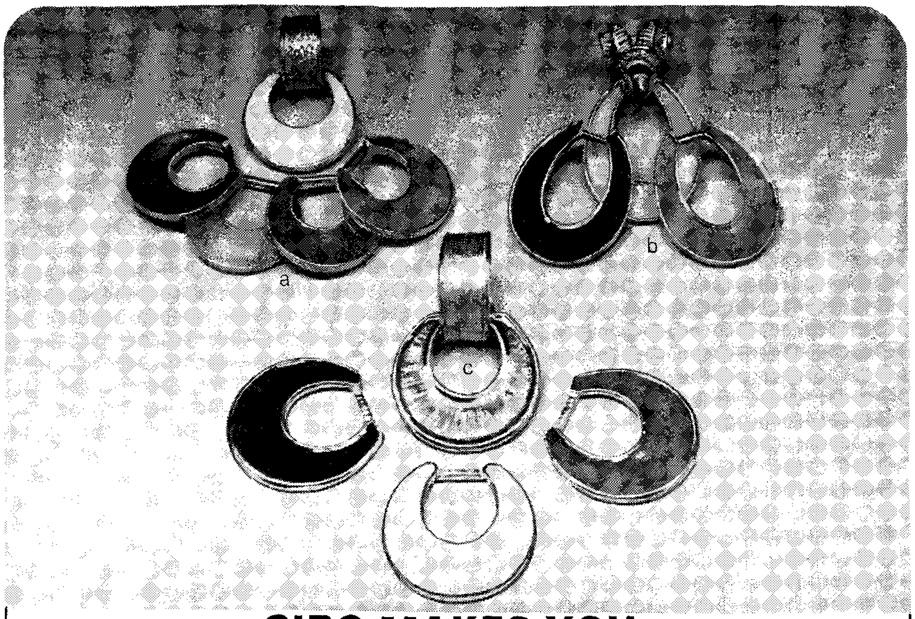

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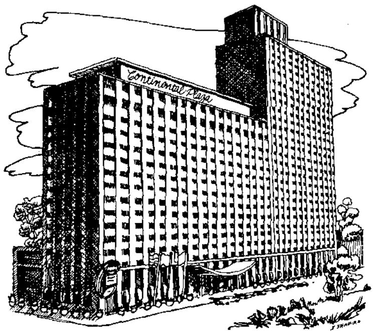

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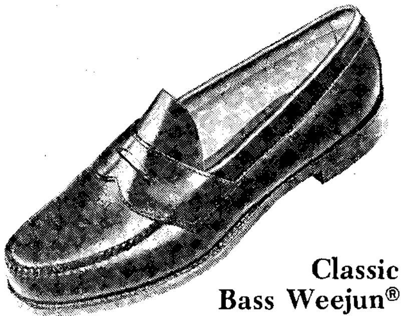

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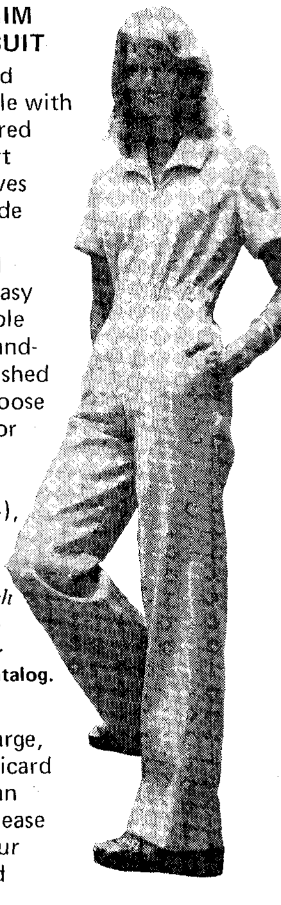
have a die made in unfrivolous sort of lettering ($13.50 for the first line, $11.50 for each line thereafter, and to order in four weeks). One hundred short-letter-sized sheets with envelopes cost $17; printing them from the die is $38. Correspondence cards roughly three and a half inches by five ($14 for a hundred, including envelopes) could usefully get the same treatment.

To assault this sort of paper with anything but a fountain pen is positively barbaric. Cherchez has a collection of fountain pens from the nineteen-twenties—nicely plump, gold-banded models in marbleized plastic, and all in perfect fettle—for $10 and $12. Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has a slim, gold-plated pen with a barklike texture, expressly made for the shop by Montblanc; $65. And lots of stationery stores in town, including M. Landsberg Stationery Company, at 1 East 43rd Street, have Sheaffer's NoNonsense cartridge fountain pen. This comes in many different colors, and shoppers are sometimes fortunate enough to discover a black specimen. But one might have to put up with a blue or a red, and can't really make much fuss when forking out only $1.98. Next, a blotter: the Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (71st), will make up a blotter—as well as a whole range of bits and bobs for desk tops—in any of a choice of Italian papers with a distinctly hand-blocked, vaguely mythical-medieval air. We especially took to a gray-green paper printed with haunchy, garden-ornament stags couched beside Grecian urns. A blotter is $16.50, a letter rack is $14.50, and an address book is $4.50.

Bendel puts forward a combined agenda and address book covered in scat-bottom caning for $26, and can also supply very impressively bound copies of Roget's Thesaurus, Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," and Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, for $60 apiece. (Fine bindings are very fashionable this season; the record doesn't show whether looking inside the covers is any more modish this year than last.) The handmade English endpaper on the covers is feathered cockerel, and the choice of colors is peacock or pheasant. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work has address books with marbleized Florentine paper on the back covers and prints taken from such works as the Cluny tapestries on the front; $9.25.

For women who need to pop on their spectacles to consult their finely bound reference works, there are pince-nez frames from the nineteen-

OUR DENIM ESCAPE SUIT



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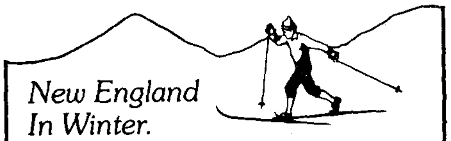

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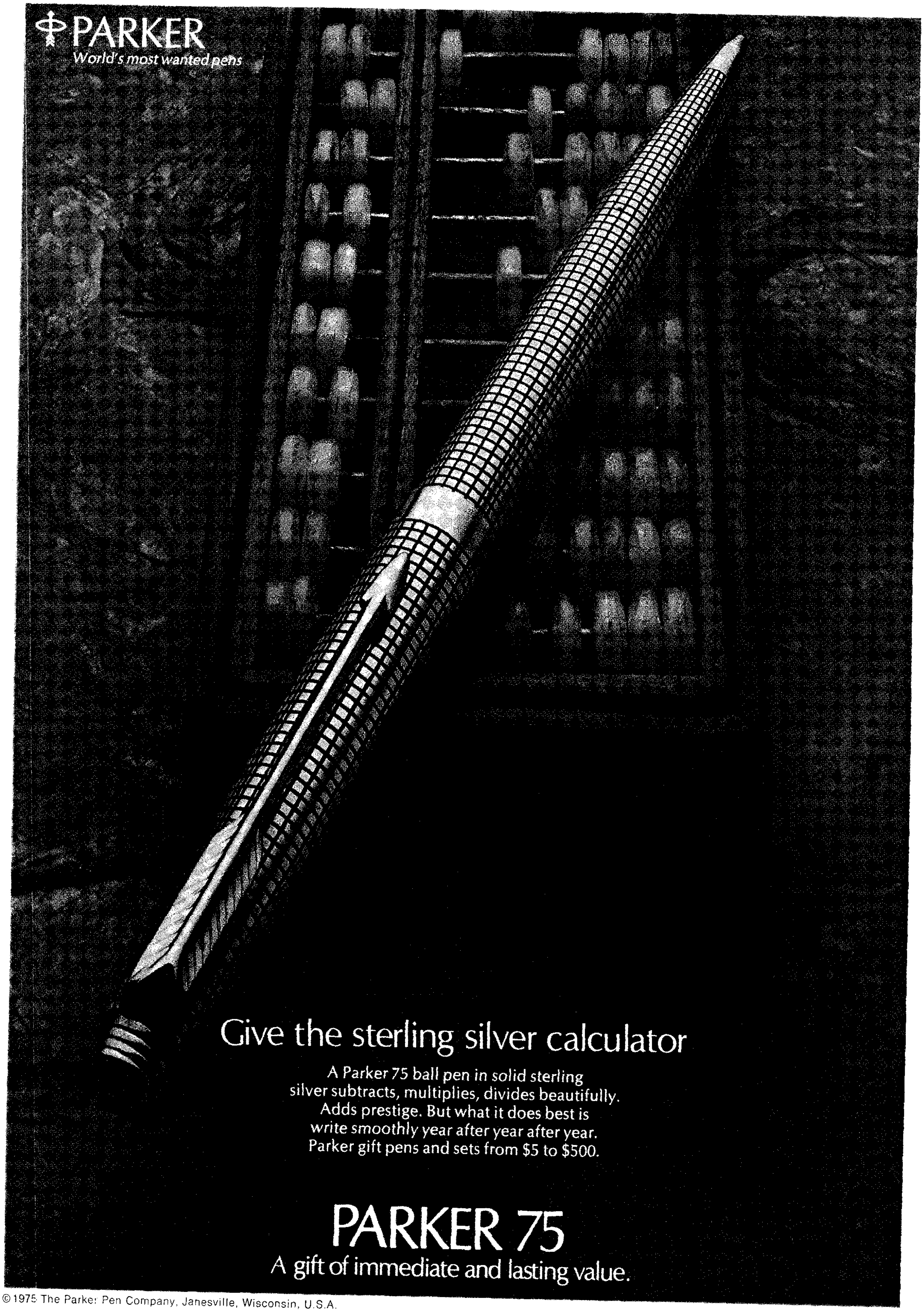

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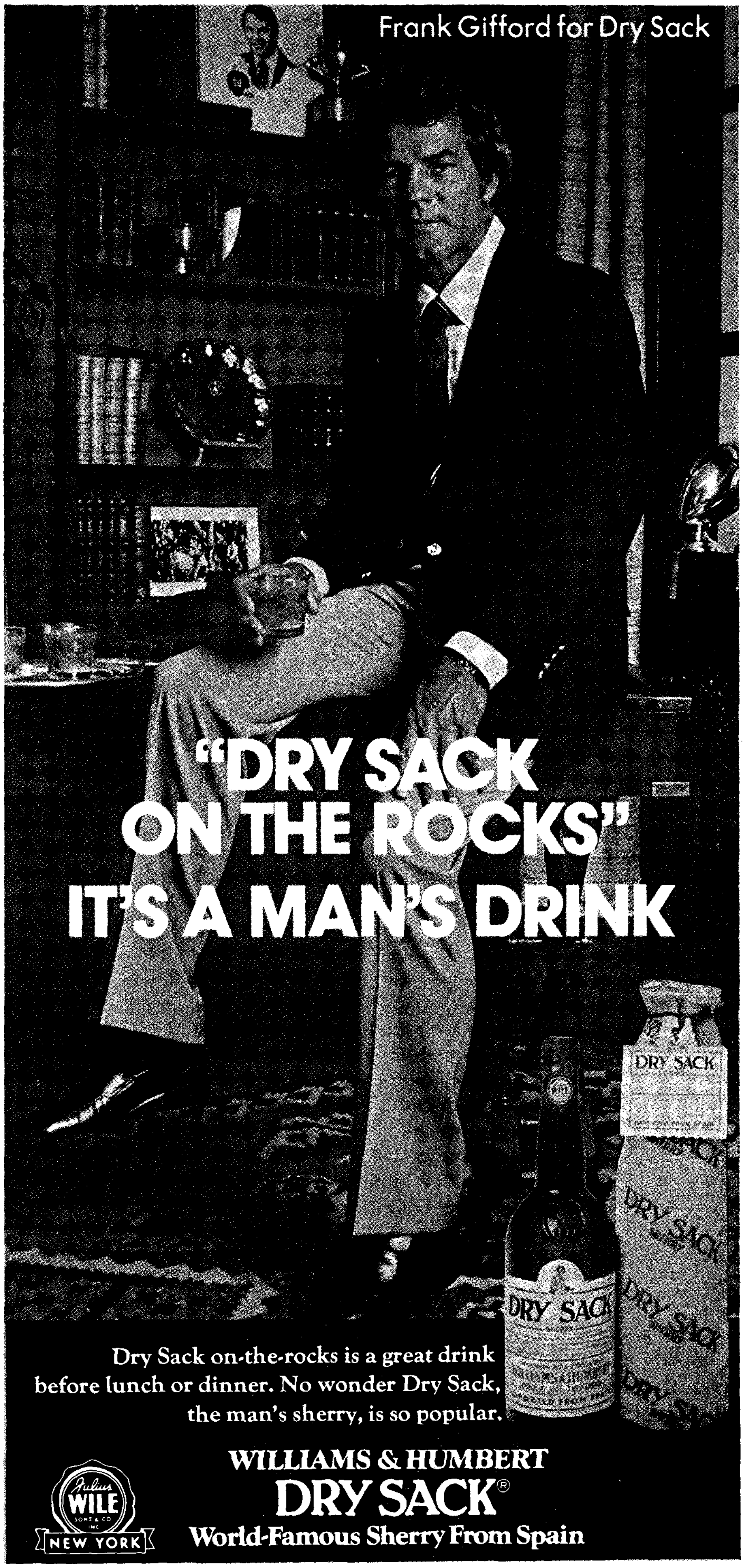

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twenties at H. L. Purdy, an optician at 506 Madison Avenue (52nd). In either yellow or white gold, sometimes with filigree detail, the frames alone are from $35 to $60. Prices beyond that depend on individual prescriptions. And, while we are on the subject of seeing more clearly, Rensay, 49 East 58th Street, has a pair of opera glasses made in France and covered with mock mother-of-pearl, for $79.50.

Back to the Boudoir: The Dressing Table and the Bath

THERE are a number of sets of French crystal dressing-table bottles at Ophelie that are nearly as old as our Christmas lists, and in such colors as dusty pink, soft blue, and fading cough-drop yellow. A three-piece set, with two glass-stoppered bottles and an atomizer topped with a netted rubber bulb, is $85. Swinburne has minute antique unguent bottles from India, some in faceted topaz, for $25, and some in carved rose quartz, for $18. And at Primavera, a pair of perfume bottles of frosted glass, dated c. 1925, and shaped like pear-sized versions of Aladdin's lamp, cost $90 apiece. The stoppers are shaped like the flicker of a frozen flame, and a female genie curls, snakelike, in the handle.

Neil Isman Gallery has a dressing-table set of about 1925, with a hairbrush and clothesbrush backed with a bright-blue, slightly iridescent enamel that has a crackled, basketweave effect. This same enamel, which is on sterling, goes into the tops of a whole seven-member family of rouge jars and lotion or perfume bottles, all of crystal etched with frosty garlands and bouquets; $250. Tiffany offers a sterling-silver photograph frame with three openings, so that a woman can gaze at three small photographs while she's brushing out her hair. The triple frame folds in upon itself, for travel; $66. Cherchez's heart-shaped, flower-scented pillow is covered with a black-based, *muguet*-printed glazed chintz with a Victorian tone. This is $5.50, and makes a good pincushion or a hillock to bristle with a collection of old hatpins such as those at Lord & Taylor's Importique. These include a pair of Art Nouveau puzzles of sterling atop foot-long steel needles, for $40, and a single walnut-sized ball of mother-of-pearl on a shorter pin; this is Victorian, and $6.

Andrew Downs has come up with the definitive word on terry-cloth robes: an imperious, snowy affair with a shawl collar that, like the cuffs, is edged in navy piping. The whole robe is stitched in vertical tubular quilting. This is $140, and may be gazed upon on the fourth floor of Saks Fifth Avenue as well as in Downs' own shop, at 33 East 65th Street. In both places, there are also kimono and mandarin-collared styles with the same quilting.

The Woman's Exchange, for its part, has the last say about washcloths. Here are doilylike, fast-drying circles of hand-crocheted cotton, either in all white or in white with pinwheel sections of yellow, pink, blue, or green; $2.50. At Bob Pryor, 1023 Lexington Avenue (74th), we found an assortment of brass soap baskets to hook over the side of the tub. (They date from the eighteen-eighties, the Golden Age of bathroom design, when tubs had Chippendale feet, and brass faucets had a housemaid-wrought gleam that showed bathers a bulging, hall-of-mirrors image of themselves.) A brass basket large enough for a bar of soap is $45; a larger model, with room for a sponge as well, is $75. A natural, free-form Mediterranean sponge ($4 to $20) might come from Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), as might any of an extraordinarily large choice of rare, often imported soaps and bath oils. A gift certificate from Caswell-Massey, which was founded in 1752, will permit the recipient to make her own choice after perusing the firm's catalogue, which is characterized by a zany collection of old illustrations and a text full of exuberant quaintness and atrocious puns.

Caswell-Massey also has a very long list of ingredients to combine for potpourris, and a choice of books to guide novices in the confection of personal recipes for fragrant mixtures. The firm's own ready-mixed potpourri is $8.50 for a quarter of a pound. Henri Bendel is much absorbed by the topic of potpourris, sachets, and other fashionable smells. A department just inside the front door is dedicated to such matters. There is a choice of funny little baskets, hinged boxes of inlaid sugarcane wisps, and other repositories for potpourris, and for the citrus-clove-cinnamon mixture Bendel deems right for wafting through rooms where Yuletide logs are crackling.

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POLITICAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Bar Harbor Times]

Dr. Sula Benet gave a talk of life in the Caucuses at Grange Wednesday and showed slides she had taken there recently.

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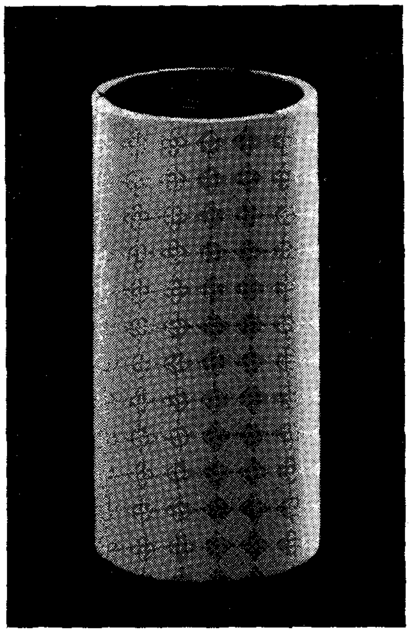

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THE SPORTING SCENE

AGINCOURT AND AFTER

TARRY, delight, so seldom met. . . . The games have ended, the heroes are dispersed, and another summer has died late in Boston, but still one yearns for them and wishes them back, so great was their pleasure. The adventures and discoveries and reversals of last month's World Series, which was ultimately won by the Cincinnati Reds in the final inning of the seventh and final game, were of such brilliance and unlikelihood that, even as they happened, those of us who were there in the stands and those who were there on the field were driven again and again not just to cries of excitement but to exclamations of wonder about what we were watching and sharing. Pete Rose, coming up to bat for the Reds in the tenth inning of the tied and retied sixth game, turned to Carlton Fisk, the Red Sox catcher, and said, "Say, this is some kind of game, isn't it?," and when that evening ended at last, after further abrupt and remarkable events, everyone—winners and losers and watchers—left the Fens in exaltation and disarray. "I went home," the Reds' manager, Sparky Anderson, said later, "and I was stunned."

The next day, during the last batting practice of the year, there was extended debate among the writers and players on the Fenway sidelines as to whether Game Six had been the greatest in Series history and whether we were not, in fact, in on the best Series of them all. Grizzled coaches and senior scribes recalled other famous Octobers—1929, when the Athletics, trailing the Cubs by eight runs in the fourth game, scored ten runs in the seventh inning and won; 1947, when Cookie Lavagetto's double with two out in the ninth ended Yankee pitcher Bill Bevens' bid for a no-hitter and won the fourth game for the Dodgers; 1960, when Bill Mazeroski's ninth-inning homer for the Pirates threw down the lordly Yankees. There is no answer to these barroom syllogisms, of course, but any recapitulation and reexamination of the 1975 Series suggests that at the very least we may conclude that there has never been a better one. Much is expected of the World Series, and in recent years much has been received. In the past decade, we have had the memorable and abrading seven-game struggles between the Red Sox and the Cardinals in 1967, the Cardinals and the Tigers in 1968, and the Orioles and the Pirates in 1971, and the astounding five-game upset of the Orioles by the Mets in 1969. Until this year, my own solid favorite—because of the Pirates' comeback and the effulgent play of Roberto Clemente—was the 1971 classic, but now I am no longer certain. Comebacks and late rallies are actually extremely scarce in baseball, and an excellent guaranteed cash-producing long-term investment is to wager that the winning team in any game will score more runs in a single inning than the losing team scores in nine. In this Series, however, the line scores alone reveal the rarity of what we saw:

In six of the seven games, the winning team came from behind.

In one of the games, the winning team came from behind twice.

In five games, the winning margin was one run.

There were two extra-inning games, and two games were settled in the ninth inning.

Over-all, the games were retied or saw the lead reversed thirteen times.

No other Series—not even the celebrated Giants-Red Sox thriller of 1912—can match these figures.

It is best, however, not to press this search for the greatest Series any further. There is something sterile and diminishing about our need for these superlatives, and the game of baseball, of course, is so rich and various that it cannot begin to be encompassed in any set of seven games. This Series, for example, produced not one low-hit, low-score pitching duel—the classic and agonizing parade of double zeros that strains teams and managers and true fans to their limits as the inevitable crack in the porcelain is searched out and the game at last broken open. This year, too, the Reds batted poorly through most of the early play and offered indifferent front-line pitching, while the Red Sox made too many mistakes on the base paths, were unable to defend against Cincinnati's team speed, and committed some significant (and in the end fatal) errors in the infield. One of the games was seriously marred by a highly debatable and still inexplicable umpire's decision, which may have altered its outcome. It was not a perfect Series by any means. Let us conclude then—before we take a swift look at the season and the playoffs; before we return to Morgan leading away and stealing, to Yaz catching and whirling and throwing, to Eastwick blazing a fastball and Tiant turning his back and offering up a fluttering outside curve, to Evans' catch and Lynn's leap and fall, to Perez's bombs and Pete Rose's defiant, exuberant glare—and say only that this year the splendid autumn affair rose to our utmost expectations and then surpassed them, attaining at last such a level of excellence and emotional reward that it seems likely that the participants—the members of the deservedly winning, champion Reds and of the sorely disappointed, almost-champion Red Sox—will in time remember this Series not for its outcome but for the honor of having played in it, for having made it happen.

ALTHOUGH the four divisions produced between them only one semblance of a close pennant race—the Red Sox and Orioles in the American League East—the baseball summer never languished. I travelled about this year more than is my custom, and wherever I went strangers and friends (many of them minimal fans) talked avidly about baseball and the pleasures that the game was bringing this year. Various reasons for this suggest themselves—a post-Watergate unseriousness, the economy (a baseball ticket, by comparison with tickets to most other entertainments, is easily available and relatively cheap), the overexposure via television of so many inferior rival sports—but it seems to me that the most noticeable new assets of baseball are the wide distribution of its true stars among so many different teams, and the sudden and heartening emergence of so many remarkable young ballplayers. Rod Carew and Bill Madlock, the 1975 batting champions, play, respectively, for the noncontending Twins and Cubs; the best pitcher in the National League, Randy Jones, performed for the Padres, and the best in the American League, Jim Palmer, for the Orioles. The Phillies had the N.L.'s home-run champion (Mike Schmidt) and R.B.I. leader (Greg Luzinski); their counterparts in the A.L. were Reggie Jackson, of the Oakland A's, and the delightful George Scott, of the Milwaukee Brewers. Al Hrabosky, an utterly commanding relief pitcher, ran off a won-lost mark of 13–3 and an earned-run average of 1.67 for the Cardinals; Mickey Rivers stole seventy bases for the California Angels; Dave Kingman bopped thirty-six homers for the Mets. And so on. (Carew's batting title, by the way, was his fourth in succession, and he led his nearest pursuer in the averages, Fred Lynn, by .359 to .331. Last year, he hit .364, as against .316 for the next man, and the year before that the margin was .350 to .306. No previous hitter except Rogers Hornsby has ever dominated his league in this fashion.) The refreshing and sometimes startling youngsters—rookies,

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1975
ROMA

The 1975 Year Bell

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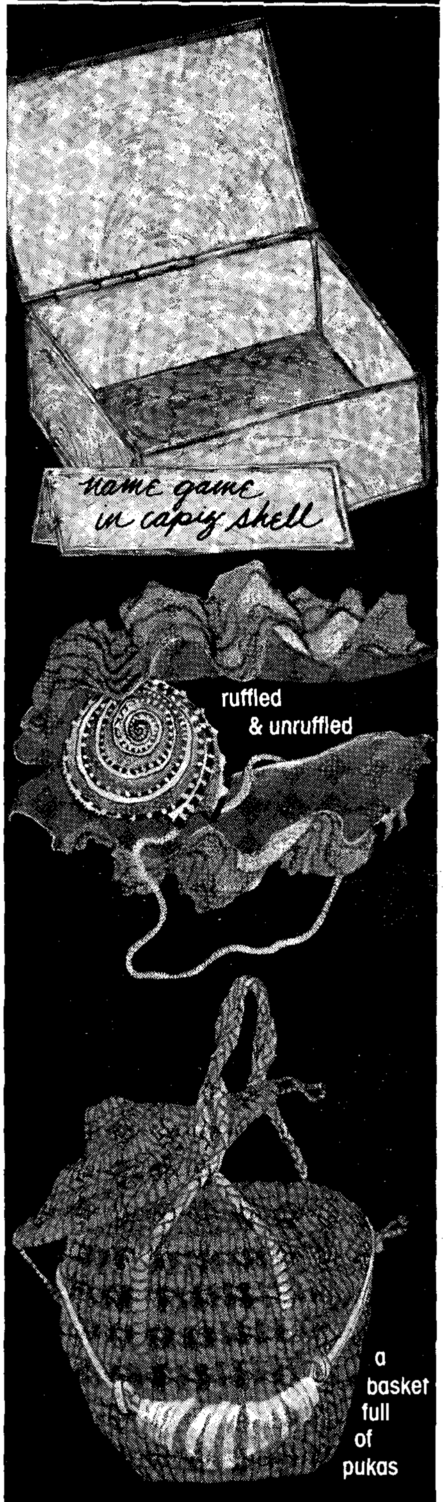

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most of them—included pitchers John Montefusco and Ed Halicki (Giants), Rawly Eastwick (Reds), John Candelaria (Pirates), Dennis Eckersley (Indians), and Frank Tanana (Angels), and hitters Mike Vail (Mets), George Brett (Royals), Mike Hargrove (Rangers), Claudell Washington (A's), and Fred Lynn and Jim Rice (Red Sox).

Baseball among the have-nots was often riveting. The most entertaining games I saw prior to the World Series was part of a set that I happened to catch in Anaheim in June between the Angels and the Rangers, neither of which was going anywhere in the American League West. In the opener, the Angels fell behind by 6–0, rallied to lead by 8–7, were tied at 8–8, gave up three runs to the visitors in the top of the eleventh, and won it with four runs in the *bottom* of the eleventh. There were thirty-seven hits, including innumerable singles chopped by speedy young Angels—Jerry Remy, Mickey Rivers, Dave Collins—off their cementlike infield. The pitching left something to be desired, but the next afternoon, in the opener of a twi-night doubleheader, Frank Tanana struck out seventeen Texas batters, thereby establishing a new American League one-game mark for left-handers. (Tanana, a curveballer, went on to win the A.L.'s strikeout crown with 269 whiffs, thus succeeding his teammate, Nolan Ryan, who fell victim to injuries this year and went through a bone-chip operation on his right arm.) In the nightcap, the Angels led, then trailed, then tied, and then lost, 6–5, on a homer in the ninth. (The next two days, after my ill-advised departure, the Angels won, 1–0, on a two-hitter by Ed Figueroa, and lost, 1–0, in thirteen innings, after the two starters, Steve Hargan for the Rangers and Bill Singer for the Angels, threw shutout ball for eleven innings.) The Angels hit fifty-five homers this year—I mean fifty-five as a team, or six fewer than Roger Maris in 1961—but they stole two hundred and twenty bases, and while watching them in action I developed a new preference for the latter means of advancement. There is something *stately* about the home run.

Locally, the home clubs competed hotly against each other in out-disappointing their supporters. The Mets, offered almost innumerable late-summer chances to move up to the lead in their division, lost most of their crucial games, lost their good relief pitching, and lost at last their proud and famous defense. Amid the shambles, Rusty

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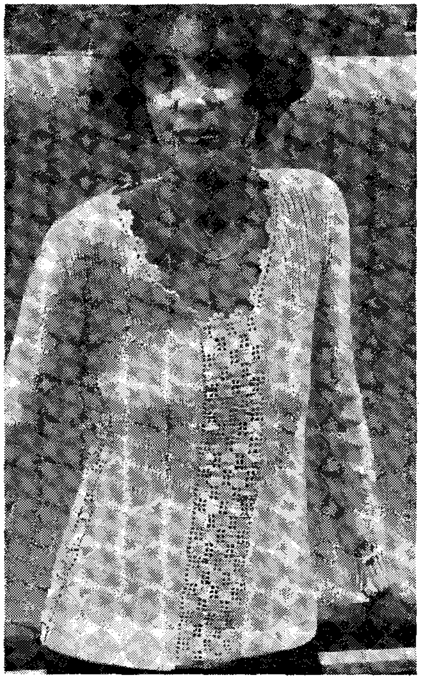

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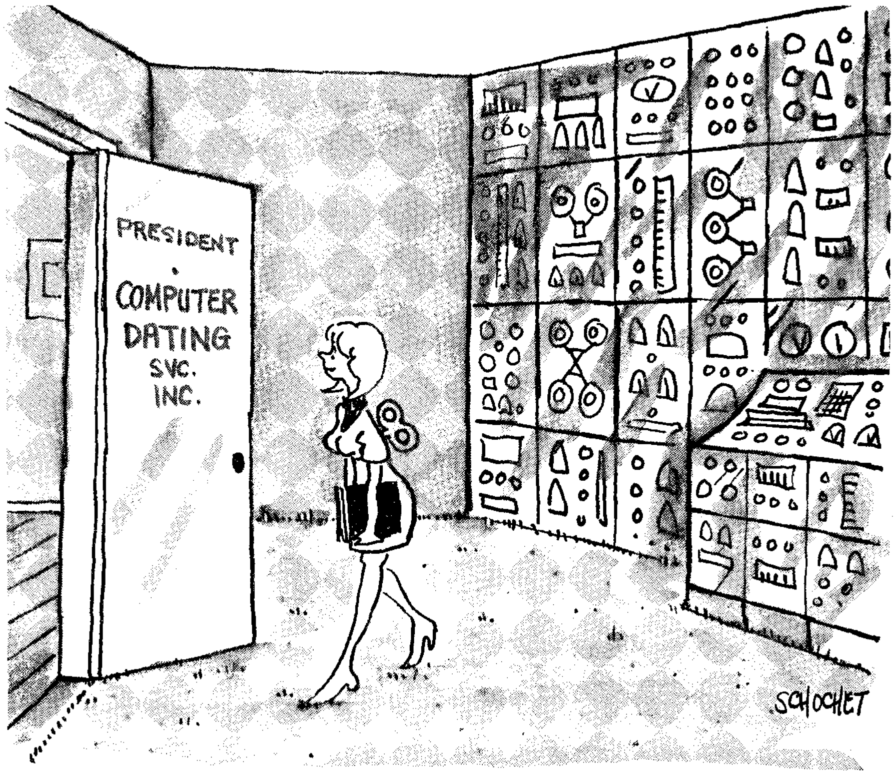
Staub batted in one hundred and five runs, Eddie Kranepool batted .323, and Tom Seaver, finishing at 22–9 and 2.38, struck out more than two hundred batters for the eighth season running. He won eleven games more than in 1974, when he was suffering from a hip injury, and the Mets, by no coincidence, improved over their 1974 won-lost record by eleven games. The Yankees suffered from some damaging injuries (to Elliott Maddox, Ron Blomberg, and Bobby Bonds), and entirely proved the sagacity of everyone who had suspected the soundness of their infield. Thurman Munson hit .318 and batted in one hundred and two runs. Catfish Hunter won twenty-three games and lost fourteen, with an E.R.A. of 2.58, second best in the league, all without the semblance of a Rollie Fingers to help him in the late going. *With* such a semblance, he might have wound up around 27–8. He was, we may conclude, worth all that money.

Other events: The Tigers lost nineteen straight games. . . . The Pirates beat the Cubs one day by a score of 22–0, while Rennie Stennett, their second baseman, went seven for seven (he added two more hits in his first two times at bat the next day). . . . On the night of June 10th, before a Yanks-Angels game I attended at Shea Stadium, a U. S. Army unit, celebrating a gathering of the Sons of Italy and the two hundredth birthday of the Army, fired off a cannon during the playing of the national anthem and blew an enormous hole in a section of the center-field fence. Liveliest anthem you ever heard. . . . The Atlanta Braves staged a promotion in which twenty-five thousand dollars in one-dollar, five-dollar, and ten-dollar bills was scattered on the ball field. Six female fans were then selected, who were permitted to keep as much money as they could stuff into their blouses in ninety seconds. The Braves—one may hope not at all coincidentally—suffered a record loss of 446,413 at the gate this year.

A lot of managers, including both New York skippers, were unseated during the season or at its conclusion—a phenomenon that has caused some grumbling among friends of mine, who complain that they can no longer remember who is in charge of which club, or why. The second question is a cinch. Managers are changed whenever it becomes apparent to a slumping club's owners that *something must be done*, even though it is almost always plain that nothing can be done. The



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ideal qualification for a new manager is that he should have failed at the same post with another club (or sometimes with the same club). Come to think of it, "fired" and "hired" are probably the wrong words to use in the managers' game; it is more useful to envisage the whole process as a version of Going-to-Jerusalem, with about forty heavily tanned, wrinkle-necked skippers slowly circling twenty-four kindergarten chairs, into which they attempt to throw themselves from time to time. This year's roundabout was typical. It began, in a way, in 1973, when Whitey Herzog was fired as the manager of the Texas Rangers and replaced by Billy Martin (formerly manager of the Twins and Tigers). This summer, Martin was fired by the Rangers and then quickly replaced Bill Virdon (formerly of the Pirates, where he had replaced Danny Murtaugh, who also succeeded him), who had previously been fired as manager of the Yankees. Virdon was then engaged to replace Preston Gomez (former manager of the Padres) as manager of the Astros. (Going back to Murtaugh for a minute, we should all certainly remember that prior to preceding and succeeding Virdon as the Pirates' manager, he had also preceded and succeeded Larry Shepard at the same post.) Also fired this year were Yogi Berra (former manager of the Yankees), by the Mets; Gene Mauch (former manager of the Phillies), by the Expos; Clyde King (former manager of the Giants), by the Braves; Edward II (former king of England and the son of Edward I and Eleanor of Castile . . . Aha! Now pay *attention*, class); Frank Quilici (no previous record), by the Twins; Del Crandall (no previous record), by the Brewers; Alvin Dark (former manager of the Giants, A's, and Indians), by the A's; and Jack McKeon (no previous record), by the Royals. McKeon was replaced by Whitey Herzog.

The irreplaceable departing manager was Casey Stengel, who died this summer at the age of eighty-five. His quirks and triumphs are so familiar to us all that they need no recapitulation here, but I think that a demurrer should be entered on the subject of Stengelese, which too many of his biographers seemed to consider as nothing but a comical difficulty with the English language. It always seemed to me that Casey's non-stop disquisitions—stuffed with subclauses, interruptions, rhetorical questions, addenda, historic examples, shifted tenses, and free-floating "which"s—constituted a perfect representation of the mind of a first-class manager. Almost every managerial decision during a ballgame—the lineup, who is to pitch, when to pinch-hit and with whom, when to yank a pitcher, who should pitch to the new pinch-hitter—is, or should be, the result of a dozen or two dozen pressing and often conflicting reflections, considerations, and ancient prior lessons. (Sparky Anderson, asked by the press why he had pinch-hit with a certain batter during the fourth game of this year's Series, responded with an explanation that went on for a good five minutes.) Stengelese had other uses. In April, 1962, when Casey held a press conference before the Mets' home opener in order to introduce the members of the newborn team, he went through his roster and his opening-day lineup extolling this has-been and that never-was and his ungainly rookies (he called them "the youth of America"), and when he came at last to his right fielder, Gus Bell, he explained that this was a man which has come to us from Cincinnati, where he hit a lot of home runs, and he would hit some more here because he was the prop and support of a family that included two children, and he mentioned Bell's other attributes and sterling qualities at greater and greater length, during which time it became apparent to everyone present that he had forgotten Bell's name. (He always had a terrible time with names.) He finally dropped the search and went on to other players and other promises, and concluded, reluctantly and at long, long last, with ". . . and so you can say this tremendous and amazin' new club is gonna be ready in every way tomorrow when the bell rings and that's the name of my right fielder, Bell."

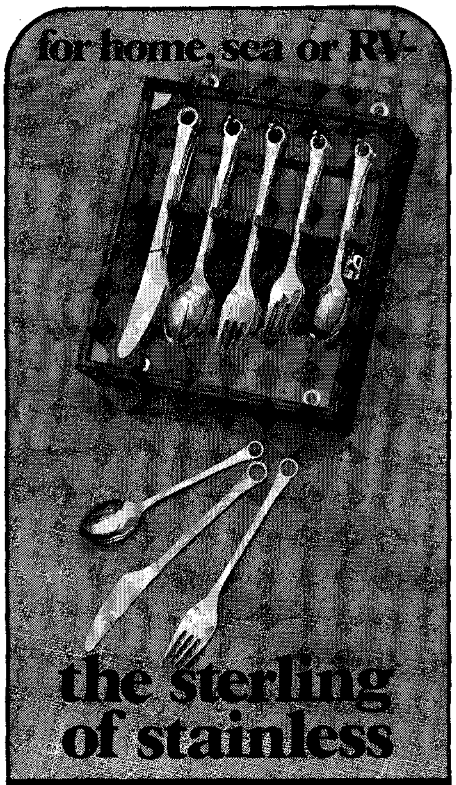
Perhaps it is best to say goodbye with a garland of Stengel-flowers:

To himself, in 1921, on entering the Polo Grounds after being purchased by the Giants from the Phillies: "Wake up, muscles—we're in New York now."

After winning still another pennant as manager of the Yankees: "I couldna done it without my players."

On being seventy-five: "Most people my age are dead, and you could look it up."

Concluding his acceptance speech at Cooperstown, when he was taken into the Baseball Hall of Fame: "And



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BY September 16th, the Pirates and the A's were enjoying comfortable leads in their divisions, the Reds had long since won their demi-pennant (they clinched on September 7th—a new record), and the only serious baseball was to be found at Fenway Park, where the Orioles, down by four and a half games and running out of time, had at the Red Sox. The game was a pippin—a head-to-head encounter between Jim Palmer and Luis Tiant. Each of the great pitchers struck out eight batters, and the game was won by the Red Sox, 2–0, on two small mistakes by Palmer—fastballs to Rico Petrocelli and Carlton Fisk in successive innings, which were each lofted into the left-field screen. Tiant, who had suffered through almost a month of ineffectiveness brought on by a bad back, was in top form, wheeling and rotating on the mound like a figure in a Bavarian clock tower, and in the fourth he fanned Lee May with a super-curve that seemed to glance off some invisible obstruction in mid-flight. The hoarse, grateful late-inning cries of "Lu-is! Lu-is! Lu-is!" from 34,724 Beantowners suggested that the oppressive, Calvinist cloud of self-doubt that afflicts Red Sox fans in all weathers and seasons was beginning to lift at last. The fabulous Sox rookies, Jim Rice and Fred Lynn, did nothing much (in fact, they fanned five times between them), but Boston friends of mine encouraged my belief with some of the shiny new legends—the home run that Rice hammered past the Fenway Park center-field flagpole in July; the time Rice checked a full swing and snapped his bat in half just above his hands; Lynn's arm, Lynn's range, Lynn's game against the Tigers in June, when he hit three homers and batted in ten runs and the Sox began their pennant drive. The night before my visit, in fact, against the Brewers, Lynn and Rice had each accounted for his one hundredth run batted in *with the same ball*—a run-forcing walk to Lynn and then a sacrifice fly by Rice. I believed.

Baltimore came right back, winning the next game by 5–2, on some cool and useful hitting by Tommy Davis and Brooks Robinson, and the Sox' cushion was back to four and a half. The Orioles' move, we know now, came a little too late this year, but I think one should not forget what a loose and deadly and

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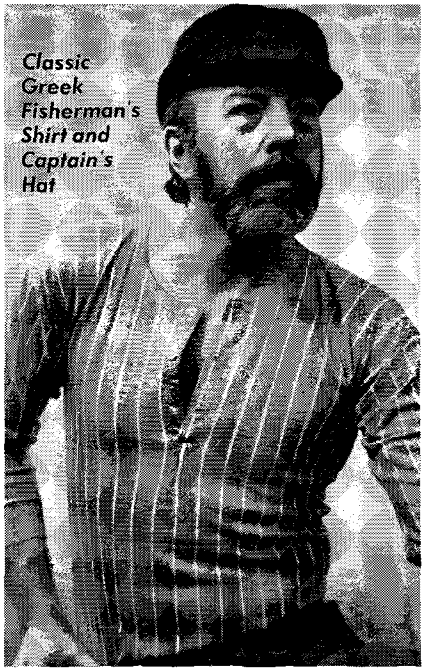
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marvellously confident September team they have been over the last decade. Before this, their last game at Fenway Park this year, they were enjoying themselves in their dugout while the Sox took batting practice and while Clif Keane, the Boston *Globe's* veteran baseball writer (who is also the league's senior and most admired insult artist), took them apart. Brooks Robinson hefted a bat, and Keane, sitting next to manager Earl Weaver, said, "Forget it, Brooksie. They pay you a hundred and twenty-four thousand for your glove, and a thousand for the bat. Put that back in your valise." He spotted Doug DeCinces, the rookie who will someday take over for Robinson in the Oriole infield, and said, "Hey, kid, I was just talkin' to Brooks, here. He says he'll be back again. You'll be a *hundred* before you get in there. Looks like 1981 for you." Tommy Davis picked out some bats and went slowly up the dugout steps; his Baltimore teammates sometimes call him "Uncle Tired." Keane leaned forward suddenly. "Look at that," he said. "Tom's wearin' *new shoes*—he's planning on being around another twenty years. Listen, with Brooks and Davis, Northrup, May, and Muser, you guys can play an Old Timers' Game every day." Davis wandered off, smiling, and Keane changed his tone for a moment. "Did you ever see him when he could play?" he said, nodding at Davis. "He got about two hundred and fifty hits that year with L.A., and they were all line drives. He could *hit*." His eye fell on the first group of Oriole batters around the batting cage. "See them all lookin' over here?" he said to Weaver. "They're talking about you again. If you could only hear them—they're really fricasseein' you today, Earl. Now you know how Marie Antoinette felt. . . ." The laughter in the dugout was nice and easy. The men sat back, with their legs crossed and their arms stretched along the back of the bench, and watched the players on the ball field. The summer was running out.

The Sox just about wrapped it up the next week, when they beat the Yankees, 6–4, at Shea, in a game that was played in a steadily deepening downpour—the beginning of the tropical storm that washed away most of the last week of the season. By the ninth inning, the mound and the batters' boxes looked like trenches on the Somme, and the stadium was filled with a wild gray light made by millions of illuminated falling raindrops. The Yankees got the tying runs aboard in

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the ninth, with two out, and then Dick Drago struck out Bobby Bonds, swinging, on three successive pitches, and the Boston outfielders came leaping and splashing in through the rain like kids home from a picnic. The winning Boston margin, a few days later, was still four and a half games.

THE playoffs, it will be remembered, were brief. Over in the National League, the Reds embarrassed the Pittsburgh Pirates, winners of the eastern-division title, by stealing ten bases in their first two games, which they won by 8–3 and 6–1. Young John Candelaria pitched stoutly for the Pirates when the teams moved on to Three Rivers Stadium, fanning fourteen Cincinnati batters, but Pete Rose broke his heart with a two-run homer in the eighth, and the Reds won the game, 5–3, and the pennant, 3–0, in the tenth inning. I had deliberated for perhaps seven seconds before choosing to follow the American League championship games—partly because the Red Sox were the only new faces available (the Reds, the Pirates, and the A's have among them qualified for the playoffs fourteen times in the past six years), but mostly because I know that the best place in the world to watch baseball is at Fenway Park. The unique dimensions and properties of the Palazzo Yawkey (the left-field wall is thirty-seven feet high and begins a bare three hundred and fifteen feet down the foul line from home plate—or perhaps, according to a startling new computation made by the Boston *Globe* this fall, three hundred and *four* feet) vivify ballgames and excite the imagination. On the afternoon of the first A's-Sox set-to, the deep green of the grass and light green of the wall, the variously angled blocks and planes and triangles and wedges of the entirely occupied stands, and the multiple seams and nooks and corners of the outfield fences, which encompass eleven different angles off which a ball or a ballplayer can ricochet, suddenly showed me that I was inside the ultimate origami.

There were two significant absentees—Jim Rice, who had suffered a fractured hand late in the campaign and would not play again this year, and Catfish Hunter, the erstwhile Oakland meal ticket, whose brisk work had been so useful to the A's in recent Octobers. Boston manager Darrell Johnson solved his problem brilliantly, moving Carl Yastrzemski from first base to Rice's spot under the left-field wall—a land grant that Yaz had oc-

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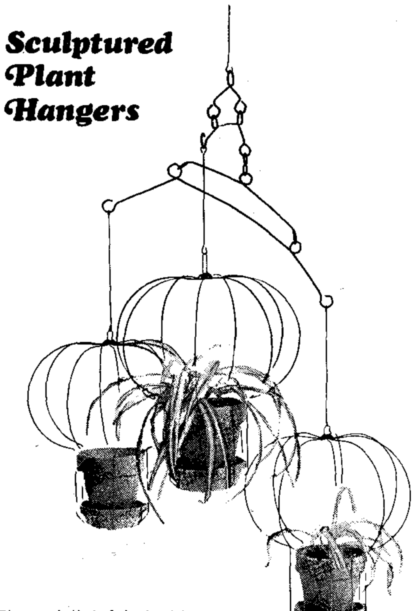

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cupied and prospected for many years. Oakland manager Alvin Dark found no comparable answer to his dilemma, but the startling comparative levels of baseball that were now demonstrated by the defending three-time champion A's and the untested Red Sox soon indicated that perhaps not even the Cat would have made much difference. In the bottom of the very first inning, Yastrzemski singled off Ken Holtzman, and then Carlton Fisk hit a hopper down the third-base line that was butchered by Sal Bando and further mutilated by Claudell Washington, in left. Lynn then hit an undemanding ground ball to second baseman Phil Garner, who muffed it. Two runs were in, and in the seventh the Sox added five more, with help from Oakland center fielder Bill North, who dropped a fly, and Washington, who somehow played Lynn's fly to the base of the wall into a double. Tiant, meanwhile, was enjoying himself. The Oakland scouting report on him warned he had six pitches—fastball, slider, curve, change-up curve, palm ball, and knuckler—all of which he could serve up from the sidearm, three-quarter, or overhand sectors, and points in between, but on this particular afternoon his fastball was so lively that he eschewed the upper ranges of virtuosity. He did not give up his first hit until the fifth inning, or, incredibly, his first ground ball until the eighth. The Sox won, 7–1. "Tiant," Reggie Jackson declared in the clubhouse, "is the Fred Astaire of baseball."

The second game, which Alvin Dark had singled out as the crucial one in any three-of-five series, was much better. Oakland jumped away to a 3–0 lead, after a first-inning homer by Jackson, and Sal Bando whanged four successive hits—*bong! whang! bing! thwong!*—off the left-field wall during the afternoon. The second of these, a single, was converted into a killing out by Yastrzemski, who seized the carom off the wall and whirled and threw to Petrocelli to erase the eagerly advancing Campaneris at third—a play that Yaz and Rico first perfected during the Garfield Administration. The same two elders subsequently hit home runs—Yaz off Vida Blue, Rico off Rollie Fingers—and Lynn contributed a run-scoring single and a terrific diving cutoff of a Joe Rudi double to center field that saved at least one run. The Sox won by 6–3. The A's complained after the game that two of Bando's shots would have been home runs in any other park, and that both Yastrzemski's and Petrocelli's homers

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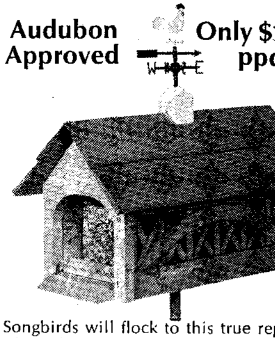

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probably would have been outs in any other park. Absolutely true: the Wall giveth and the Wall taketh away.

Not quite believing what was happening, I followed the two teams to Oakland, where I watched the Bosox wrap up their easy pennant with a 5–3 victory. Yastrzemski, who is thirty-six years old and who had suffered through a long summer of injuries and ineffectuality, continued to play like the Yaz of 1967, when he almost single-handedly carried the Red Sox to their last pennant and down to the seventh game of that World Series. This time, he came up with two hits, and twice astonished Jackson in the field—first with a whirling throw from the deep left-field corner that cleanly excised Reggie at second base, and then, in the eighth, with a sprinting, diving, skidding, flat-on-the-belly stop of Jackson's low line shot to left that was headed for the wall and a sure triple. The play came in the midst of the old champions' courageous two-run rally in the eighth, and it destroyed them. Even though it fell short, I was glad about that rally, for I did not want to see the splendid old green-and-yallers go down meekly or sadly in the end. The Oakland fans, who have not always been known for the depths of their constancy or appreciation, also distinguished themselves, sustaining an earsplitting cacophony of hope and encouragement to the utter end. I sensed they were saying goodbye to their proud and vivid and infinitely entertaining old lineup—to Campy and Sal, to Joe and Reggie and Gene and Rollie and the rest, who will almost surely be broken up now and traded away, as great teams must be when they come to the end of their time in the sun.

THE finalists, coming together for the Series opener at Fenway Park, were heavily motivated. The Reds had not won a World Series since 1940, the Sox since 1918. Cincinnati's Big Red Machine had stalled badly in its recent October outings, having failed in the World Series of 1970 and '72 and in the playoffs of 1973. The Red Sox had a record of shocking late-season collapses, the latest coming in 1974, when they fizzled away a seven-game lead in the last six weeks of the season. Both teams, however, were much stronger than in recent years—the Reds because of their much improved pitching (most of it relief pitching) and the maturing of a second generation of outstanding players (Ken Griffey, Dave Concepcion, George Foster) to join with the celebrated

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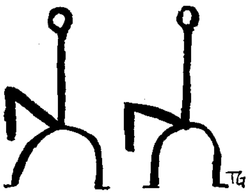
Rose, Morgan, Perez, and Bench. The Red Sox infield had at last found itself, with Rick Burleson at short and Denny Doyle (a midseason acquisition from the Angels) at second, and there was a new depth in hitting and defense—Beniquez, Cooper, Carbo, and the remarkable Dwight Evans. This was a far better Boston team than the 1967 miracle workers. The advantage, however, seemed to belong to Cincinnati, because of the Reds' combination of speed and power (a hundred and sixty-eight stolen bases, a hundred and twenty-four homers) and their implacable habit of winning ballgames. Their total of a hundred and eight games won had been fashioned, in part, out of an early-season streak of forty-one wins in fifty games, and a nearly unbelievable record of 64–17 in their home park. The Red Sox, on the other hand, had Lynn and Tiant. . . .

Conjecture thickened through most of the opening game, which was absolutely close for most of the distance, and then suddenly not close at all. Don Gullett, a powerful left-hander, kept the Red Sox in check for six innings, but was slightly outpitched and vastly outacted over the same distance by Tiant. The venerable stopper (he is listed as being thirty-four and rumored as being a little or a great deal older) did not have much of a fastball on this particular afternoon, so we were treated to the splendid full range of Tiantic mime. His repertoire begins with an exaggerated mid-windup pivot, during which he turns his back on the batter and seems to examine the infield directly behind the mound for signs of crabgrass. With men on bases, his stretch consists of a succession of minute downward waggles and pauses of the glove, and a menacing sidewise, slit-eyed, Valentino-like gaze over his shoulder at the base runner. The full flower of his art, however, comes during the actual delivery, which is executed with a perfect variety show of accompanying gestures and impersonations. I had begun to take notes during my recent observations of the Cuban Garrick, and now, as he set down the Reds with only minimal interruptions (including one balk call, in the fourth), I arrived at some tentative codifications. The basic Tiant repertoire seems to include:



(1) Call the Osteopath: In mid-pitch, the man suffers an agonizing seizure in the central cervical region, which he attempts to fight off with a sharp backward twist of the head.

(2) Out of the Woodshed: Just before releasing the ball, he steps over a raised sill and simultaneously ducks his head to avoid conking it on the low doorframe.

(3) The Runaway Taxi: Before the pivot, he sees a vehicle bearing down on him at top speed, and pulls back his entire upper body just in time to avoid a nasty accident.

(4) Falling Off the Fence: An attack of vertigo nearly causes him to topple over backward on the mound. Strongly suggests a careless dude on the top rung of the corral.

(5) The Slipper-Kick: In mid-pitch, he surprisingly decides to get rid of his left shoe.

(6) The Low-Flying Plane (a subtle development and amalgam of 1, 3, and 4, above): While he is pivoting, an F-105 buzzes the ballpark, passing over the infield from the third-base to the first-base side at a height of eighty feet. He follows it all the way with his eyes.

All this, of course, was vastly appreciated by the Back Bay multitudes, including a nonpaying claque perched like seagulls atop three adjacent rooftop billboards (WHDH Radio, Windsor Canadian Whiskey, Buck Printing), who banged on the tin hoardings in accompaniment to the park's deepening chorus of "Lu-is! Lu-is! Lu-is!" The Reds, of course, were unmoved, and only three superior defensive plays by the Sox (including another diving, rolling catch by Yastrzemski) kept them from scoring in the top of the seventh. Defensive sparks often light an offensive flareup in close games, and Tiant now started the Sox off with a single. Evans bunted, and Gullett pounced on the ball and steamed a peg to second a hair too late to nail Tiant—the day's first mistake. Doyle singled, to load the bases, and Yaz singled for the first run. Fisk walked for another run, and then Petrocelli and Burleson singled, too. (Gullet had vanished.) Suddenly six runs were in, and the game—a five-hit shutout for Tiant—was safely put away very soon after.

The next afternoon, a gray and drizzly Sunday, began happily and ended agonizingly for the Sox, who put six men aboard in the first two innings and scored only one of them, thanks to some slovenly baserunning. In the fourth inning, the Reds finally registered their first run of the Series, but the Sox moved out ahead again, 2–1, and there the game stuck, a little too tight for anyone's comfort. There was a long delay for rain in the seventh. Matters inched along at last, with each club clinging to its best pitching: Boston with its starter, Bill Lee, and Cincinnati with its bullpen—Borbon and McEnaney and Eastwick, each one better, it seemed, than the last. Lee, a southpaw, had thrown a ragbag of pitches—slow curves, sliders, screwballs, and semi-fastballs—all to the very outside corners, and by the top of the ninth he had surrendered but four hits. Now, facing the heaviest part of the Reds' order, he started Bench off with a pretty good but perhaps predictable outside fastball, which Bench whacked on a low line to the right-field corner for a double. Right-hander Dick Drago came on and grimly retired Perez and then Foster. One more out was required, and the crowd cried for it on every pitch. Concepcion ran the count to one and one and then hit a high-bouncing, unplayable chop over second that tied things up. Now the steal was on, of course, and Concepcion flashed away to second and barely slipped under Fisk's waist-high peg; Griffey doubled to the wall, and the Reds, for the twenty-fifth time this year, had snatched back a victory in their last licks. Bench's lead-off double had been a parable of winning baseball. He has great power in every direction, but most of all, of course, to left, where the Fenway wall murmurs so alluringly to a right-handed slugger whose team is down a run. Hitting Lee's outside pitch to right—going with it—was the act of a disciplined man.

Bill Lee is a talkative and engaging fellow who will discourse in lively fashion on almost any subject, including zero population growth, Zen Buddhism, compulsory busing, urban planning, acupuncture, and baseball. During the formal post-game press interview, a reporter put up his hand and said, "Bill, how would you, uh, characterize the World Series so far?"

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"Tied," Lee said.

THE action now repaired to the cheerless, circular, Monsantoed close of Riverfront Stadium. The press box there is glassed-in and air-conditioned, utterly cut off from the sounds of baseball action and baseball cheering. After an inning or two of this, I began to feel as if I were suffering from the effects of a mild stroke, and so gave up my privileged niche and moved outdoors to a less favored spot in an auxiliary press section in the stands, where I was surrounded by the short-haired but

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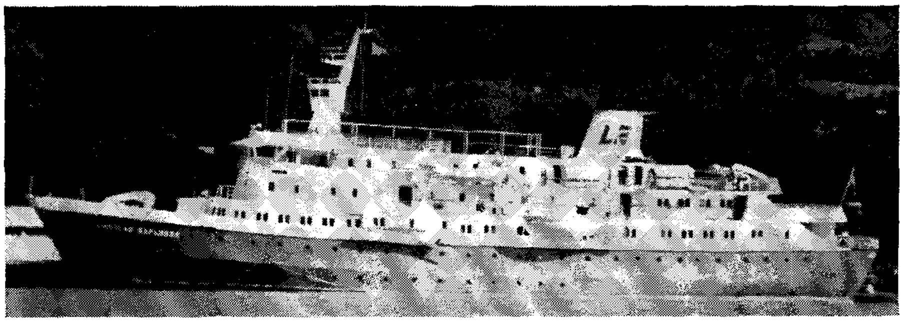

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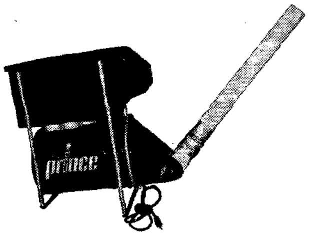

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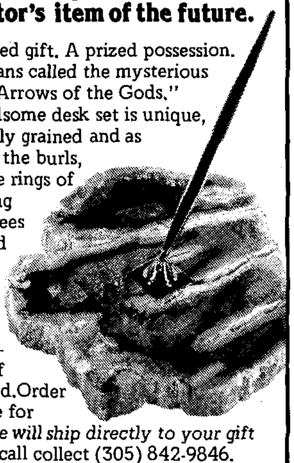

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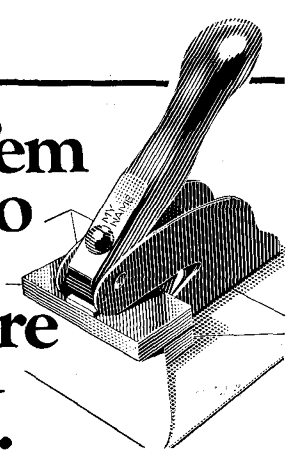

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vociferous multitudes of the Cincinnati. The game was a noisy one, for the Reds, back in their own yard, were sprinting around the AstroTurf and whanging out long hits. They stole three bases and hit three home runs (Bench, Concepcion, and Geronimo—the latter two back to back) in the course of moving to a 5–1 lead. Boston responded with a will. The second Red Sox homer of the evening (Fisk had hit the first) was a pinch-hit blow by Bernie Carbo, and the third, by Dwight Evans, came with one out and one on in the ninth and tied the score, astonishingly, at 5–5. The pattern of the game to this point, we can see in retrospect, bears a close resemblance to the classic sixth, and an extravagant dénouement now seemed certain. Instead, we were given the ugly and deadening business of the umpire-botched play—the collision at home plate in the bottom of the tenth between Carlton Fisk and Cincinnati pinch-hitter Ed Armbrister, who, with a man on first, bounced a sacrifice bunt high in the air just in front of the plate and then somehow entangled himself with Fisk's left side as the catcher stepped forward to make his play. Fisk caught the ball, pushed free of Armbrister (without trying to tag him), and then, hurrying things, threw to second in an attempt to force the base runner, Geronimo, and, in all likelihood, begin a crucial double play. The throw, however, was a horrible sailer that glanced off Burleson's glove and went on into center field; Geronimo steamed down to third, from where he was scored, a few minutes later, by Joe Morgan for the winning run. Red Sox manager Darrell Johnson protested, but the complaint was swiftly dismissed by home-plate umpire Larry Barnett and, on an appeal, by first-base umpire Dick Stello.

The curious thing about the whole dismal tort is that there is no dispute whatever about the events (the play was perfectly visible, and was confirmed by a thousand subsequent replayings on television), just as there is no doubt but that the umpires, in disallowing an interference call, cited nonexistent or inapplicable rules. Barnett said, "It was simply a collision," and he and Stello both ruled that only an intentional attempt by Armbrister to obstruct Fisk could have been called interference. There is no rule in baseball that exempts simple collisions, and no one on either team ever claimed that Armbrister's awkward brush-block on Fisk was anything but accidental. This leaves the rules, notably Rule 2.00 (a): "Offensive interference is

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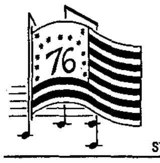

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an act . . . which interferes with, obstructs, impedes, hinders, or confuses any fielder attempting to make a play." Rule 6.06 (c) says much the same thing (the baseball rule book is almost as thick as Blackstone), and so does 7.09: "It is interference by a batter or a runner when (1) He fails to avoid a fielder who is attempting to field a batted ball. . . ." Armbrister failed to avoid. Fisk, it is true, did not make either of the crucial plays then open to him—the tag and the peg—although he seemed to have plenty of time and room for both, but this does not in any way alter the fact of the previous interference. Armbrister should have been called out, and Geronimo returned to first base—or, if a double play had in fact been turned, *both* runners could have been called out by the umps, according to a subclause of 6.06.

This mind-calcifying detour into legal semantics is not intended to win sympathy for the Red Sox, but only to suggest that baseball would be better served if umpires could be found who knew the rules in the first place (a minimal requirement for the job, one would suppose), and, more significantly, that some apparatus for an instant higher appeal should be arranged for—perhaps the presence of a senior arbiter, a Brandeis among umpires, who could sit next to the commissioner, with a bag of peanuts and the baseball rule book in his lap, and occasionally add a moment of wisdom to these passionate and untidy affairs.

There were curses and hot looks in the Red Sox clubhouse that night, along with an undercurrent of feeling that Manager Johnson had not complained with much vigor. "If it had been me out there," Bill Lee said, "I'd have bitten Barnett's ear off. I'd have van Goghed him!"

UNTIDINESS continued the next night, in Game Four, but in more likely places. The Reds did themselves out of a run with some overambitious baserunning, and handed over a run to the Sox on an error by Tony Perez; Sparky Anderson was fatally slow in calling on his great relief corps in the midst of a five-run Red Sox rally; the Boston outfield allowed a short fly ball to drop untouched, and two Cincinnati runs instantly followed. The Sox led, 5–4, after four innings, and they won it, 5–4, after some excruciating adventures and anxieties. Tiant was again at center stage, but on this night, working on short rest, he did not have full command of his breaking stuff and was forced to un-

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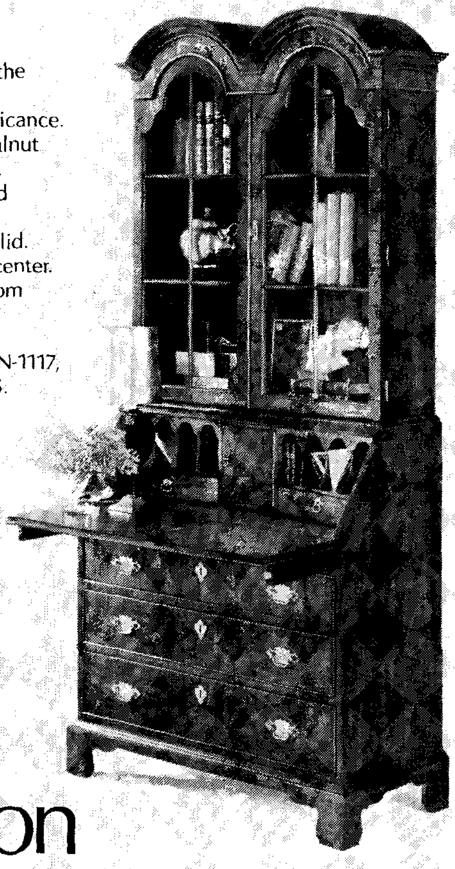

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derplay. The Reds' pitcher over the last three innings was Rawlins J. Eastwick III, the tall, pale, and utterly expressionless rookie fireballer, who was blowing down the Red Sox hitters and seemed perfectly likely to pick up his third straight win in relief. Tiant worked slowly and painfully, running up long counts, giving up line-drive outs, surrendering bases on balls and singles, but somehow struggling free. He was still in there by the ninth, hanging on by his toenails, but he now gave up a lead-off single to Geronimo. Armbrister sacrificed (this time without litigation), and Pete Rose, who had previously hit two ropes for unlucky outs, walked. Johnson came to the mound and, to my surprise, left Tiant in. Ken Griffey ran the count to three and one, fouled off the next pitch, and bombed an enormous drive to the wall in deepest center field, four hundred feet away, where Fred Lynn pulled it down after a long run. Two outs. Joe Morgan, perhaps the most dangerous hitter in baseball in such circumstances, took a ball (I was holding my breath; everyone in the vast stadium was holding his breath) and then popped straight up to Yastrzemski, to end it. Geronimo had broken for third base on the pitch, undoubtedly distracting Morgan for a fraction of a second—an infinitesimal and perhaps telling mistake by the Reds.

Tiant, it turned out, had thrown a total of a hundred and sixty-three pitches, and Sparky Anderson selected Pitch No. 160 as the key to the game. This was not the delivery that Griffey whacked and Lynn caught but its immediate predecessor—the three-and-one pitch that Griffey had fouled off. Tiant had thrown a curve there—"turned it over," in baseball talk—which required the kind of courage that baseball men most respect. "Never mind his age," Joe Morgan said. "Being smart, having an idea—that's what makes a pitcher."

MORGAN himself has the conviction that he should affect the outcome of every game he plays in every time he comes up to bat and every time he gets on base. (He was bitterly self-critical for that game-ending out.) Like several of the other Cincinnati stars, he talks about his own capabilities with a dispassionate confidence that sounds immodest and almost arrogant—until one studies him in action and understands that this is only another form of the cold concentration he applies to ballgames. This year, he batted .327, led the National League

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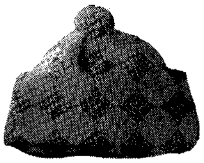

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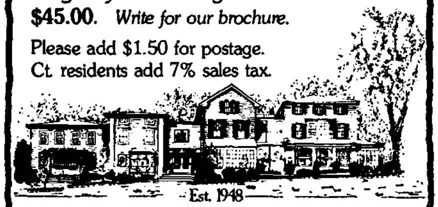

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in bases on balls, and fielded his position in the manner that has won him a Gold Glove award in each of the past two years. In more than half of his trips to the plate, he ended up on first base, and once there he stole sixty-seven bases in seventy-seven attempts. A short (five foot seven), precise man, with strikingly carved features, he talks in quick, short bursts of words. "I think I can steal off any pitcher," he said to me. "A good base stealer should make the whole infield jumpy. Whether you steal or not, you're changing the rhythm of the game. If the pitcher is concerned about you, he isn't concentrating enough on the batter. You're doing something without doing anything. You're out there to make a difference."

With the Reds leading, 2–1, in the sixth inning of the fifth game, Morgan led off and drew a walk. (He had singled in the first inning and instantly stolen second.) The Boston pitcher, Reggie Cleveland, now threw over to first base seven times before delivering his first pitch to the next Cincinnati hitter, Johnny Bench—a strike. Apparently determining to fight it out along these lines if it took all winter, Cleveland went to first four more times, pitched a foul, threw to first five more times, and delivered a ball. Only one of the throws came close to picking off Morgan, who got up each time and quickly resumed his lead about eleven feet down the line. Each time Cleveland made a pitch, Morgan made a flurrying little bluff toward second. Now Cleveland pitched again and Bench hit a grounder to right—a single, it turned out, because second baseman Denny Doyle was in motion toward the base and the ball skipped through, untouched, behind him. Morgan flew around to third, and an instant later Tony Perez hit a three-run homer—his second homer of the day—and the game was gone, 6–2. Doyle said later that he had somehow lost sight of Bench's hit for an instant, and the box score said later that Perez had won the game with his hitting and that Don Gullett, who allowed only two Boston batters to reach first base between the first and the ninth innings, had won it with his pitching, but I think we all knew better. Morgan had made the difference.

GAME SIX, Game Six . . . What can we say of it without seeming to diminish it by recapitulation or dull it with detail? Those of us who were there will remember it, surely, as long as we have any baseball memory, and

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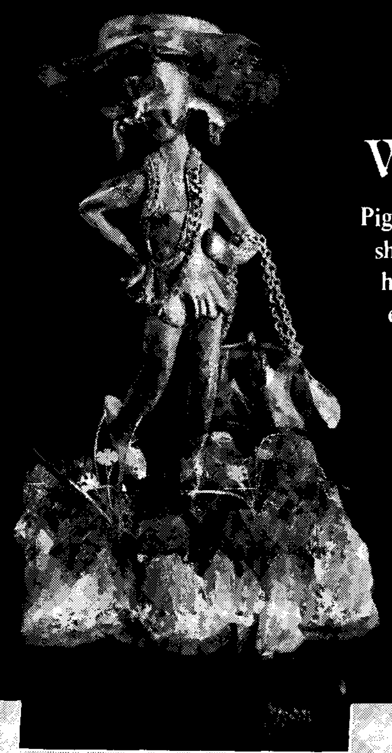

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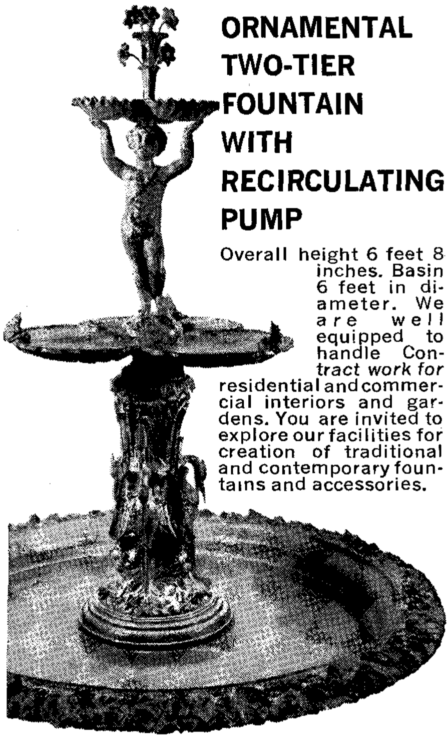

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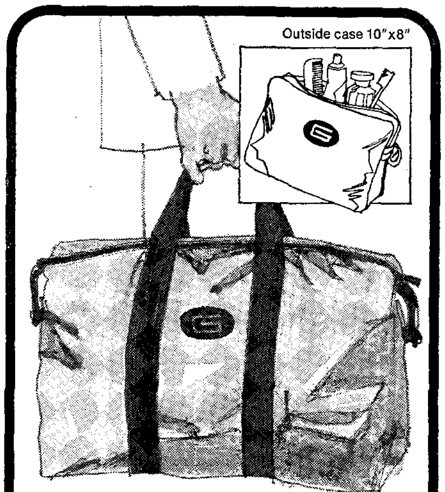
those who wanted to be there and were not will be sorry always. Crispin Crispian: for Red Sox fans, this was Agincourt. The game also went out to sixty-two million television viewers, a good many millions of whom missed their bedtime. Three days of heavy rains had postponed things; the outfield grass was a lush, Amazon green, but there was a clear sky at last and a welcoming moon—a giant autumn squash that rose above the right-field Fenway bleachers during batting practice.

In silhouette, the game suggests a well-packed but dangerously overloaded canoe—with the high bulge of the Red Sox' three first-inning runs in the bow, then the much bulkier hump of six Cincinnati runs amidships, then the counterbalancing three Boston runs astern, and then, *way* aft, one more shape. But this picture needs colors: Fred Lynn clapping his hands once, quickly and happily, as his three-run opening shot flies over the Boston bullpen and into the bleachers . . . Luis Tiant fanning Perez with a curve and the Low-Flying Plane, then dispatching Foster with a Fall Off the Fence. Luis does not have his fastball, however. . . .

Pete Rose singles in the third. Perez singles in the fourth—his first real contact off Tiant in three games. Rose, up again in the fifth, with a man on base, fights off Tiant for seven pitches, then singles hard to center. Ken Griffey triples off the wall, exactly at the seam of the left-field and center-field angles; Fred Lynn, leaping up for the ball and missing it, falls backward into the wall and comes down heavily. He lies there, inert, in a terrible, awkwardly twisted position, and for an instant all of us think that he has been killed. He is up at last, though, and even stays in the lineup, but the noise and joy are gone out of the crowd, and the game is turned around. Tiant, tired and old and, in the end, bereft even of mannerisms, is rocked again and again—eight hits in three innings—and Johnson removes him, far too late, after Geronimo's first-pitch home run in the eighth has run the score to 6–3 for the visitors.

By now, I had begun to think sadly of distant friends of mine—faithful lifelong Red Sox fans all over New England, all over the East, whom I could almost see sitting silently at home and slowly shaking their heads as winter began to fall on them out of their sets. I scarcely noticed when Lynn led off the eighth with a single and Petrocelli walked. Sparky Anderson, flicking levers like a master back-hoe operator,



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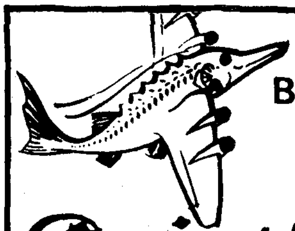

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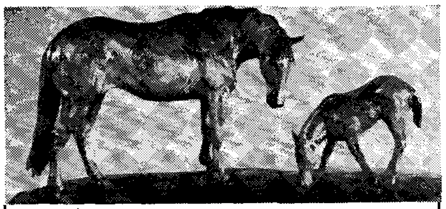

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now called in Eastwick, his sixth pitcher of the night, who fanned Evans and retired Burleson on a fly. Bernie Carbo, pinch-hitting, looked wholly overmatched against Eastwick, flailing at one inside fastball like someone fighting off a wasp with a croquet mallet. One more fastball arrived, high and over the middle of the plate, and Carbo smashed it in a gigantic, flattened parabola into the center-field bleachers, tying the game. Everyone out there—and everyone in the stands, too, I suppose—leaped to his feet and waved both arms exultantly, and the bleachers looked like the dark surface of a lake lashed with a sudden night squall.

The Sox, it will be recalled, nearly won it right away, when they loaded the bases in the ninth with none out, but an ill-advised dash home by Denny Doyle after a fly, and a cool, perfect peg to the plate by George Foster, snipped the chance. The balance of the game now swung back, as it so often does when opportunities are wasted. Drago pitched out of a jam in the tenth, but he flicked Pete Rose's uniform with a pitch to start the eleventh. Griffey bunted, and Fisk snatched up the ball and, risking all, fired to second for the force on Rose. Morgan was next, and I had very little hope left. He smashed a drive on a quick, deadly rising line—you could still hear the loud *whock!* in the stands as the white blur went out over the infield—and for a moment I thought the ball would land ten or fifteen rows back in the right-field bleachers. But it wasn't hit quite that hard—it was travelling too fast, and there was no sail to it—and Dwight Evans, sprinting backward and watching the flight of it over his shoulder, made a last-second, half-staggering turn to his left, almost facing away from the plate at the end, and pulled the ball in over his head at the fence. The great catch made for two outs in the end, for Griffey had never stopped running and was easily doubled off first.

And so the swing of things was won back again. Carlton Fisk, leading off the bottom of the twelfth against Pat Darcy, the eighth Reds pitcher of the night—it was well into morning now, in fact—socked the second pitch up and out, farther and farther into the darkness above the lights, and when it came down at last, re-illuminated, it struck the topmost, innermost edge of the screen inside the yellow left-field foul pole and glanced sharply down and bounced on the grass: a fair ball, fair all the way. I was watching the ball, of course, so I missed what everyone

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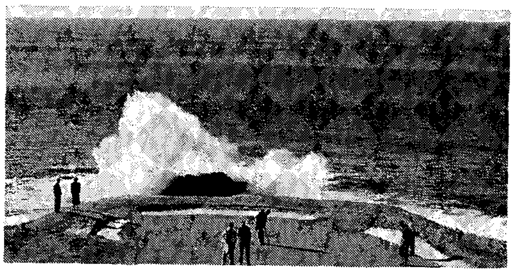

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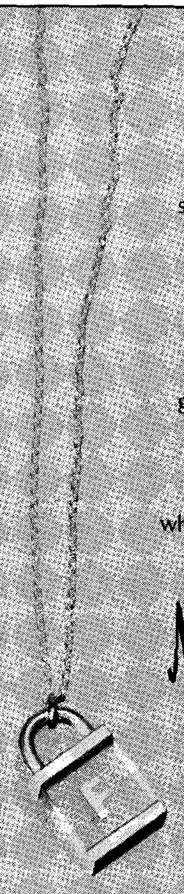
on television saw—Fisk waving wildly, weaving and writhing and gyrating along the first-base line, as he wished the ball fair, *forced* it fair with his entire body. He circled the bases in triumph, in sudden company with several hundred fans, and jumped on home plate with both feet, and John Kiley, the Fenway Park organist, played Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," *fortissimo*, and then followed with other appropriately exuberant classical selections, and for the second time that evening I suddenly remembered all my old absent and distant Sox-afflicted friends (and all the other Red Sox fans, all over New England), and I thought of them—in Brookline, Mass., and Brooklin, Maine; in Beverly Farms and Mashpee and Presque Isle and North Conway and Damariscotta; in Pomfret, Connecticut, and Pomfret, Vermont; in Wayland and Providence and Revere and Nashua, and in both the Concords and all four Manchesters; and in Raymond, New Hampshire (where Carlton Fisk lives), and Bellows Falls, Vermont (where Carlton Fisk was *born*), and I saw all of them dancing and shouting and kissing and leaping about like the fans at Fenway—jumping up and down in their bedrooms and kitchens and living rooms, and in bars and trailers, and even in some boats here and there, I suppose, and on back-country roads (a lone driver getting the news over the radio and blowing his horn over and over, and finally pulling up and getting out and leaping up and down on the cold macadam, yelling into the night), and all of them, for once at least, utterly joyful and believing in that joy—alight with it.

It should be added, of course, that very much the same sort of celebration probably took place the following night in the midlands towns and vicinities of the Reds' supporters—in Otterbein and Scioto; in Frankfort, Sardinia, and Summer Shade; in Zanesville and Louisville and Akron and French Lick and Loveland. I am not enough of a social geographer to know if the faith of the Red Sox fan is deeper or hardier than that of a Reds rooter (although I secretly believe that it may be, because of his longer and more bitter disappointments down the years). What I do know is that this belonging and caring is what our games are all about; this is what we come for. It is foolish and childish, on the face of it, to affiliate ourselves with anything so insignificant and patently contrived and commercially exploitative as a professional sports team, and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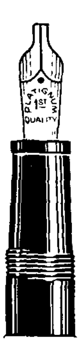
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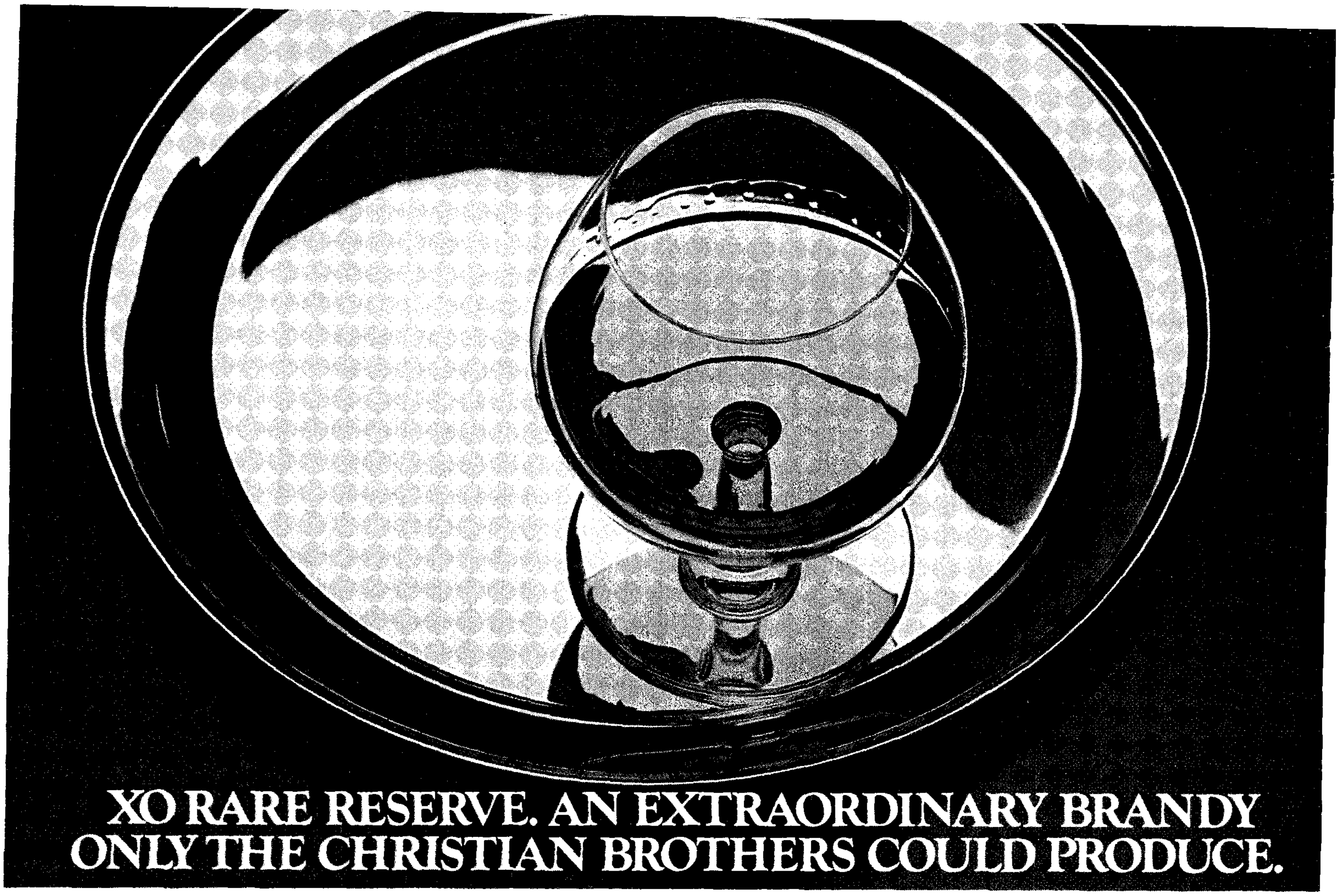

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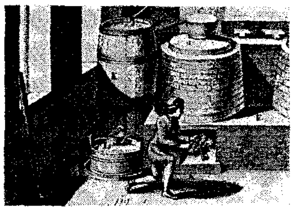

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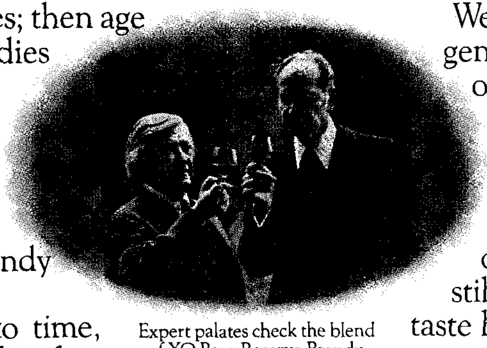

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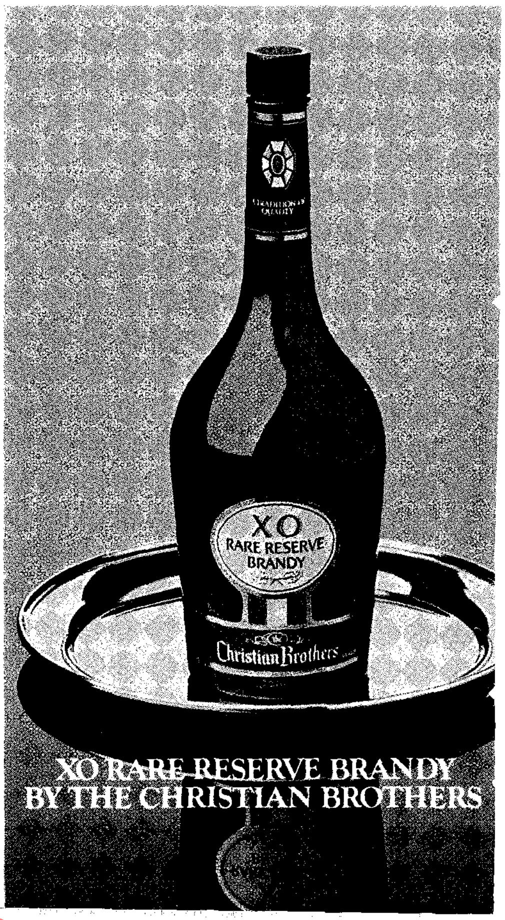

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the amused superiority and icy scorn that the non-fan directs at the sports nut (I know this look—I know it by heart) is understandable and almost unanswerable. Almost. What is left out of this calculation, it seems to me, is the business of caring—caring deeply and passionately, really *caring*—which is a capacity or an emotion that has almost gone out of our lives. And so it seems possible that we have come to a time when it no longer matters so much what the caring is about, how frail or foolish is the object of that concern, as long as the feeling itself can be saved. Naïveté—the infantile and ignoble joy that sends a grown man or woman to dancing and shouting with joy in the middle of the night over the haphazardous flight of a distant ball—seems a small price to pay for such a gift.

THE seventh game, which settled the championship in the very last inning and was watched by a television audience of seventy-five million people, probably would have been a famous thriller in some other Series, but in 1975 it was outclassed. It was a good play that opened on the night after the opening night of "King Lear." The Red Sox sprang away to an easy 3–0 lead in the third inning—easy because Don Gullett was overthrowing and walked in two runs in the course of striking out the side. By the fifth inning, the Sox had also left nine runners aboard, and a gnawing conviction settled on me that this was not going to be their day after all. It occurred to me simultaneously that this lack of confidence probably meant that I had finally qualified as a Red Sox fan, a lifelong doubter (I am *sort* of a Red Sox fan, which barely counts at all in the great company of afflicted true believers), but subsequent study of the pattern of this Series shows that my doubts were perfectly realistic. The Red Sox had led in all seven games, but in every game after the opener the Reds either tied or reversed the lead by the ninth inning or (once) put the tying and winning runs aboard in the ninth. This is called pressure baseball, and it is the absolute distinguishing mark of a championship team.

Here, working against Bill Lee, the Reds nudged and shouldered at the lead, putting their first batter aboard in the third, fourth, and fifth innings but never quite bringing him around. Rose led off with a single in the sixth. (He got on base eleven times in his last fifteen appearances in the Series.) With one out, Bench hit a sure double-

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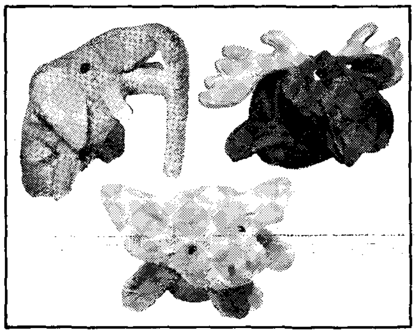

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IT'S A SMALL WORLD

play ball to Burleson, but Rose, barrelling down toward second, slid high and hard into Doyle just as he was firing on to first, and the ball went wildly into the Boston dugout. Lee, now facing Perez, essayed a looping, quarter-speed, spinning curve, and Perez, timing his full swing exactly, hit the ball over the wall and over the screen and perhaps over the Massachusetts Turnpike. The Reds then tied the game in the seventh (when Lee was permitted to start his winter vacation), with Rose driving in the run.

The Cincinnati bullpen had matters in their charge by now, and almost the only sounds still to be heard were the continuous cries and clappings and shouts of hope from the Reds' dugout. Fenway Park was like a waiting accident ward early on a Saturday night. Ken Griffey led off the ninth and walked, and was sacrificed to second. The Boston pitcher was a thin, tall left-handed rookie named Jim Burton, who now retired a pinch-hitter, Dan Driessen, and then (showing superb intelligence, I thought) walked Pete Rose. Joe Morgan was the next batter, and Burton—staring in intently for his sign, checking the runners, burning with concentration—gave it his best. He ran the count to one and two and then threw an excellent pitch—a slider down and away, off the outer sliver of the plate. Morgan, almost beaten by it, caught it with the outer nub of his bat and lofted a little lob out to very short center field that rose slightly and then lost its hold, dropping in well in front of the onrushing, despairing Lynn, as the last runner of the year came across the plate. That was all; Boston went down in order.

I left soon, walking through the trash and old beer cans and torn-up newspapers on Jersey Street in company with hundreds of murmuring and tired Boston fans. They did not look bitter, and perhaps they felt, as I did, that no team in our time had more distinguished itself in the World Series than the Red Sox—no team, that is, but the Cincinnati Reds.

—Roger Angell

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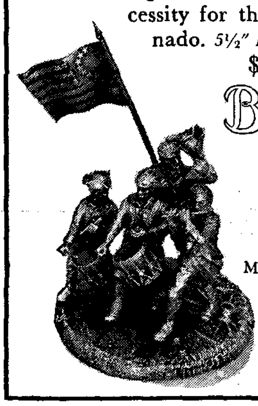

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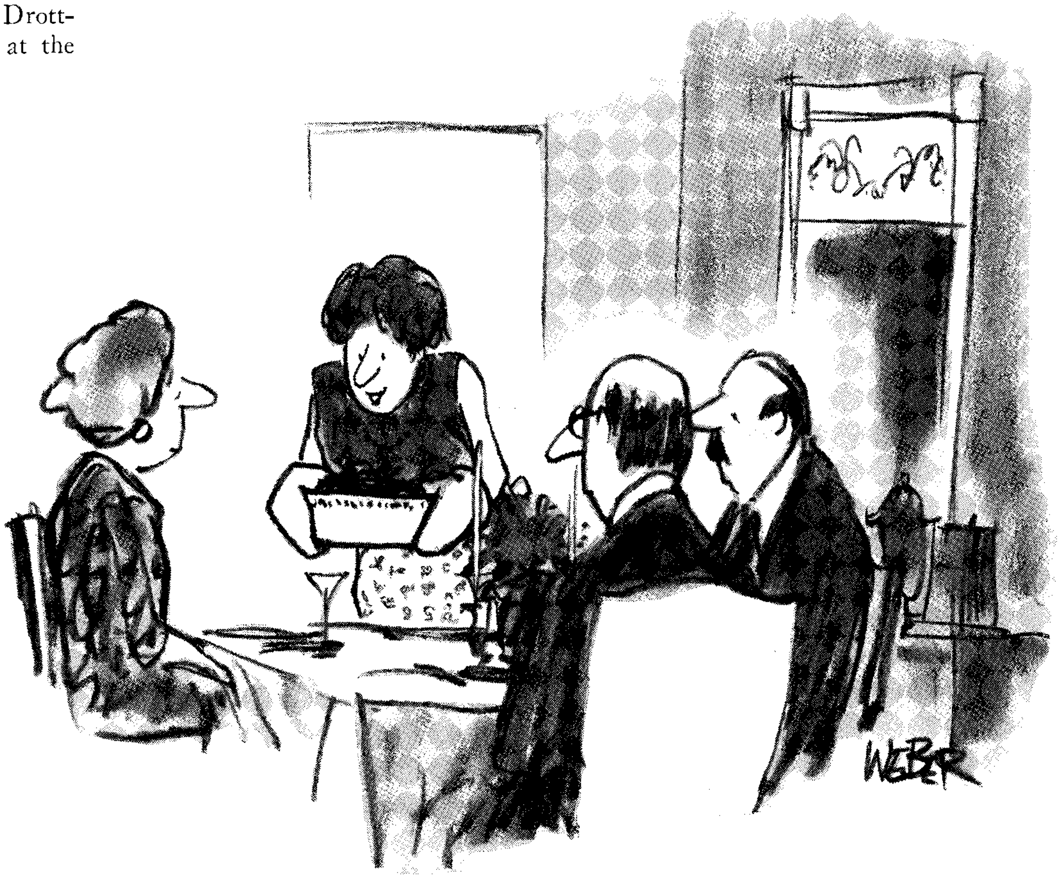
Walking Into Your Childhood

SINCE the only thing about reviewing movies that makes me unhappy is that I can't get to the opera often enough, Ingmar Bergman's film version of "The Magic Flute" is a blissful present. Filmed operas generally "open out" the action or else place us as if we were spectators at a performance, looking at the entire stage. Bergman has done neither—he has moved into the stage. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space, but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixillated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. Bergman has often delighted in including little plays (plummy satires of stage acting) within his movies, and even movies (silent slapstick comedies) within his movies. He's used them not only to comment on his characters and themes but also for the joy of re-creating different performing styles. This time, the play inside the movie has become the movie, and he's sustained his ironic juggling all the way through. He can use what he knows (and loves) about the theatre.

Although the film was actually made in a studio, it is set within the Drottningholm Court Theatre, and at the beginning we see details of the baroque décor. Bergman retains the sense of the magical theatrical machinery of Mozart's time. When the three cherubim ascend in the basket of a balloon, the ropes don't move smoothly, and all through the film he calls our attention to toy moons and suns, to trick entrances, to what's going on backstage. We get the story of the performance as well as the story of the opera. The dragon who threatens Prince Tamino prances for applause; the three flirty temptresses who compete for Tamino also compete for the audience's approval. For Bergman, who says that he usually doesn't begin to write a part until he knows who's going to play it, it must have been like a game to find the singers he did, who look the roles to perfection. He must have used everything he's learned about how to get actors to trust him, because they act as if working in front of the camera were a natural thing. They don't have the wild-eyed dislocation of so many singers—that crazed stare that seems to be their amazed response to the sounds coming out of them. Those cherubim are the most winning cast members; they're three rosy-cheeked Pucks yet three child hams, and Bergman wants us to see the conscious pleasure they take in performing. They sing as if each note marked the happiest moment in their lives; you absolutely can't not grin at them.

Unlike "Don Giovanni" or "Così Fan Tutte," "The Magic Flute," Mozart's last opera, makes a special claim on one's affections, because its libretto is high camp. It's a peerlessly silly masterpiece: sublimely lucid music arising out of a parodistic fairy tale that celebrates in all seriousness the exalted brotherhood of the Freemasons. In most of the first act, the story seems to be a conventional romantic quest—a fairy Queen of the Night sends Prince Tamino to rescue her daughter, Pamina, from the evil sorcerer, Sarastro, who is holding her by force. But by the time the second act was written, Mozart and Schikaneder, his librettist, had shifted directions, and now Sarastro is the lord of enlightenment, High Priest of the Temple of Wisdom, and he's protecting Pamina from her demonic mother. This confusion arising from the belated decision to convert a fairy tale into a story about the mystic brotherhood (Mozart was a Mason) seems to add to rather than take away from the opera; the confusion serves as an ironic comment on the tangled stories of most librettos. In Bergman's version, Sarastro is Pamina's father—which does give the conflict between him and the Queen more substance, and even a bit of logic.

One could, if one wished, see all Bergman's themes in this opera, because it is a dream play, with many of the same motifs as "Smiles of a Summer Night," "The Seventh Seal," "Wild Strawberries," and "Cries and Whispers." In "Wild Strawberries," the doctor, Isak Borg (I.B., like Ingmar Bergman), walked into his childhood, and that's what Bergman is doing here. But he isn't doing it realistically this time. In "The Magic Flute," the need for love, the suicidal despair of loneliness, ambivalent feelings about one's parents, the fear of death are already ritualized, so Bergman can play with them, in mythological fantasy form. "The Magic Flute" takes place in a philosophical bubble in which you recognize your love—your other



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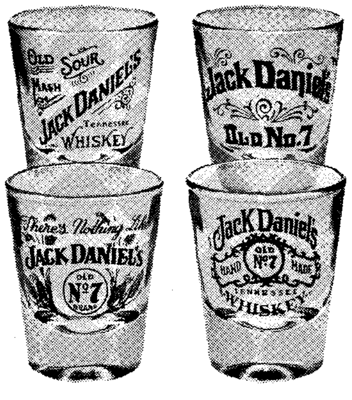

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half—at once, because the names are in pairs. It's heavenly simplicity, in parody: Tamino is sent to rescue Pamina, and he's accompanied by the bird-catcher Papageno, who finds his Papagena. We know that we should identify with Prince Tamino—he's the pure-at-heart hero of legend, and Bergman has found a tenor (Josef Köstlinger) who looks like the handsome knights in the storybooks of one's childhood—but in "The Magic Flute" nothing works quite the way it's meant to, and it comes out better. Tamino goes through the trials and performs all the proper deeds, but he's a storybook stiff compared to Papageno, who flubs his tests. There's a lesson implicit in Tamino's steadfastness: he accepts his responsibilities and earns his manhood. But Papageno doesn't want responsibility—he just wants pleasure. He'll never be a "man"—he's an impetuous kid, a gamin, a folk hero. I think the reason Papageno isn't tiresome, like other buffoonish-everyman squires (and I include Sancho Panza), must be that he hasn't been burdened with practical, "earthy" wisdom; he's too goosy for that. He has his own purity—he's pure, impulsive id. Although Papageno isn't initiated into the priestly brotherhood with Tamino, and so will presumably never experience the divine wisdom of the consecrated, he is forgiven for his flimsy virtue. Papageno doesn't earn his prize, but he gets it anyway: his Papagena is easy as pie, a pushover, as carnally eager as he.

The brotherhood is clearly strictly male; like Papageno, women are considered too talkative. But Bergman tries to integrate the order by including women, from nowhere, among the men at the final ceremonial, when Sarastro retires as the leader, putting his spiritual kingdom in the hands of Tamino and Pamina. Bergman's gesture is understandable but a bit specious. The opera is based on strict polarities, turning on male-female. The Queen of the Night (Birgit Nordin) is a glittering coloratura harpy, served by witches-in-training, while Sarastro, the deep, friendly bass (Ulrik Cold, whose face belies his name), and his priests stand for sunlight, justice, and reason. Not surprisingly, the Queen and her vamps are a delight, while Bergman has to use all his ingenuity to keep the solemn priests from grinding the show to a halt. This is where his cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, turns wizard; since a film of "The Magic Flute" wasn't expected to create pandemonium at box offices around the world, it had to be shot in 16-mm., yet Nykvist got such extraordinary quality that even in the 35-mm. blowup for theatres there's a tactile dimension to the contrasting forces. This saves the dignified temple scenes, which are dull stretches in a most live performance. Sarastro's dark-eyed, sympathetic face looks as if it would be warm to the touch, and Bergman's emblematic composition of two overlapping faces—used here for father and daughter—adds psychological shading to Sarastro's stepping down from his office. Though Sarastro defeats the nightmare-canary Queen (whose high trilling is a wickedly funny vocal metaphor for neurosis), the ending represents a new harmony of male and female, with joint rule by Tamino and Pamina. The melodic line of this opera, with its arias of men and women yearning for each other, is one of the rare perfect expressions of man-woman love.

"The Magic Flute" is a fairy tale that is also a parody of fairy tales; the libretto says that when you have your counterpart you'll never be lonely again. The working out of the story is so playful that you never forget you're in an enchanted landscape, yet the music—airily poignant—expresses the passionate desire for all this seraphic happiness to be true. The music is the distillation of our giddy longing for ideal romantic consummation; when we listen, we believe that there are partners ordained for us. "The Magic Flute" is a love poem that teases love; the women's costumes, cut low, show off the plushiest soft bosoms—it's all a teasing dream. The emotional quality of the music—delirium expressed in perfectly controlled, harmonious phrasing—may perhaps be compared to the flights of language in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but this music bypasses the mind altogether and goes right to the melancholy, rhapsodic core. "The Magic Flute" is about love as the conquest of death—and about love of the theatre as the conquest of death.

Eric Ericson conducts the Swedish State Broadcasting Network Symphony; the voices may not have the depth of feeling—that special rounded sweetness—that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, as Papageno, and Fritz Wunderlich, as Tamino, bring to the Deutsche Grammophon recording, with Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic, but they're wonderful enough, and Håkan Hagegård, who has a bright-eyed, crooked-toothed smile, is just what one wants Papageno to look like and to act like. Bergman was able to spare us the usual views of tongues and tonsils by having Ericson record the score first (in Swedish, which sounds remarkably pleasing), then playing it bit by bit while photographing the singers, who move their mouths in a more genteel manner than is feasible in actual performance. The synchronization is as close to impeccable as seems humanly possible.

"The Magic Flute" uses to the fullest that side of Bergman which I missed in "Scenes from a Marriage" (and I saw the complete, six-episode TV version). The telegraphic naturalism of that film seemed condescending, as if it represented Bergman's vision of how ordinary, uncreative people live; I responded most to the few minutes when Bibi Andersson was onscreen, because she appears to be closer in spirit to Bergman—she expresses the tensions of intelligence. Bergman seems more complexly involved in "The Magic Flute," with only one exception: in the framing device, when he goes outside ironic theatricality to documentary-style shots of the "audience." During the overture and at the break between the acts, and a few times during the opera itself, he gives us family-of-man portraits of this audience, with special emphasis on a celestial-eyed little girl. The faces tell us that people of all ages, colors, and creeds enjoy Mozart; it's fiercely banal, like his sticking those modern youths in "Wild Strawberries" so we'd have something to identify with. This production, which is apparently the consummation of a dream Bergman has had for more than two decades, was financed to commemorate fifty years of Swedish broadcasting, and was presented on both Swedish and Danish television last New Year's Day. His cutting to the reactions of that princessy little girl, whom one wants to strangle, suggests that the production is designed to introduce opera to children. Some years back, I found "The Magic Flute" a wonderful first opera to take a child to, but for Bergman to institutionalize this approach—treating "The Magic Flute" as if it were "Peter and the Wolf"—devalues the opera and what he has done with it. He's undersold himself, for, apart from this visual platitudinizing, the picture is a model of how opera can be filmed. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) is graceful, and the titles are unusually well placed on the frame. Having the titles there in front of you, you follow the libretto without losing anything; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera

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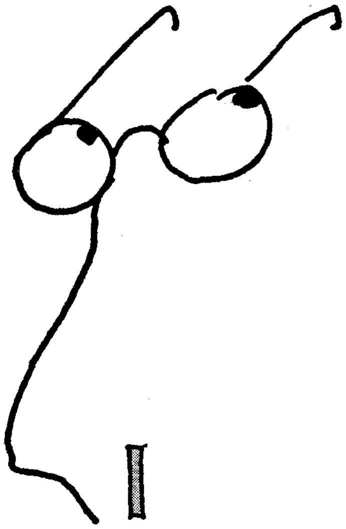

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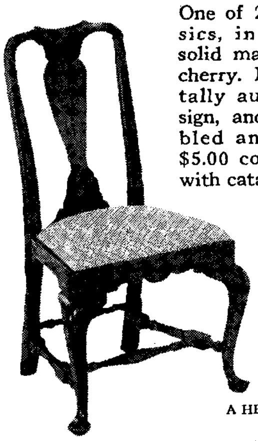

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sung in English. Bergman must have reached a new, serene assurance to have tackled this sensuous, luxuriant opera that has bewildered so many stage directors, and to have brought it off so unaffectedly. It's a wholly unfussy production, with the bloom still on it. He recently said, "Making the film was the best time of my life. You can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, we can.

"THE SUNSHINE BOYS" is Neil Simon's variation on his own "The Odd Couple;" this time it's the old couple—a vaudeville team, Lewis (George Burns) and Clark (Walter Matthau), who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years and haven't spoken to each other since. Decrepit, semi-senile, Lewis and Clark are brought together again to appear on a big TV special. It's a risky play to have attempted to put on the screen—a small play, no more than an extended sketch, a Broadway Jewish version of what John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson did in "Home." Cracking jokes has become a reflex for these ancient clowns, and the play itself is written in the form of rapid-fire one-liners—snappers as routinized as the doctor-patient question-and-answer routine they did eleven thousand times on the stage. We know that they always fought in the past, we're briefed on what they fought about, and we wait for the inevitable. They're walking into their second childhood; if anything could make this situation funny, it would have to be supreme timing.

Richard Benjamin is the unlucky actor who wound up playing Matthau's agent-nephew, who arranges the TV-show reunion. His role is really that of a matchmaker, and Neil Simon (who also did the adaptation) hasn't provided even halfway plausible pretexts for his actions. Benjamin is obliged to run around in such hysterical devotion to his uncle that he gets chest pains from being upset, yet he must always take off when he's most needed, so the doddering old men can have their flareups and mishaps. Matthau is supposed to be the aggressive, energetic member of the team—the one who wanted to go on when his partner was tired of the act. But there's none of the old vaudevillian's spring to his movement, no élan to his compulsive jokes, and his chinlessness and stooped-over walk are tedious. Matthau needs his swaggering height and the forelock on his face; he needs to be sneakily adroit, scruffy yet suave. Here he seems to depend almost

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entirely on that bullhorn voice, which keeps blasting us.

George Burns's Lewis has the repose of a tortoise, his eyes gleaming and alert; he has a rhythmed formality in his conversation, as a trouper of his generation might. Burns creates the only character in the movie—or, at least, an impersonation of a character. He can't quite bring it to life, because Simon provides no levels for Lewis—no vitals, no insides. We're tipped that as soon as the partners start their act, Lewis will ram his forefinger into Clark's chest and spit at him. But Burns's Lewis seems so gentle and rational that we don't know where this calculated aggression comes from; it almost seems as if he were acting out Clark's paranoia. What was needed, I think, was for Lewis to turn into a different person as soon as he was rehearsing or onstage—for something wild to break out of him, some domineering, manic charge.

All along, we're cued to recognize that underneath the fraternal hatred Lewis and Clark show for each other there's fraternal love—and Clark comes right out with it: "One person, that's what we were." We imagine that when we see their act we'll feel the love between them, and not a personal love so much as a fellowship of the theatre, a glorious, idiotic joy in performance. Because if their act doesn't have the effortless snap of two people who transcend their crabbing and become a magical team onstage, what have we been watching them for? What is the meaning of the title "The Sunshine Boys" if the daily meannesses don't turn into something happy onstage? Is it no more than a sour irony? When Lewis and Clark finally do their act at a dress rehearsal at the television studios, and it's cloddishly unfunny, we feel confused, let down. What it says to us is that Neil Simon cannot believe that the show business of which he's a kingly part has any possibility of transcendence. He thinks he's being honest and authentic when he shows these famous vaudevillians to be klutzes. It's a twist on the usual show-biz sentimentality: his Pagliaccios crack jokes to hide their misery and can't even make people laugh.

The film collapses when the two men quarrel during the TV rehearsal and don't even finish their act. After that, Simon, having failed to give the material the climactic lift it needed, uses every bit of shtick he can dredge up to keep the picture going: a heart attack for Matthau's Clark, Lewis devotedly sending flowers and candy,

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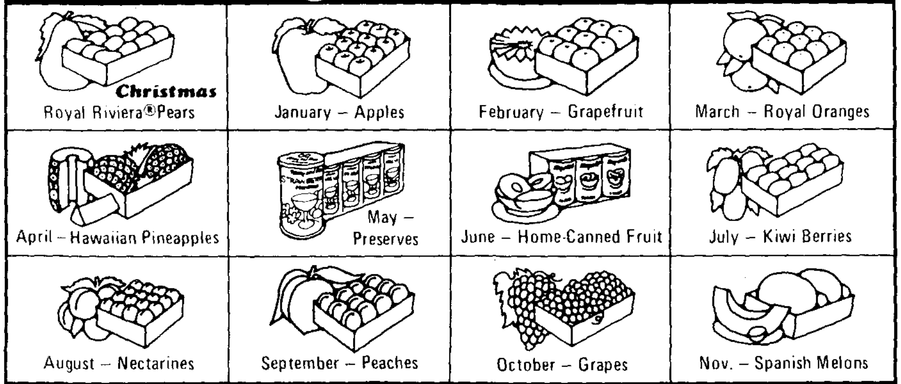

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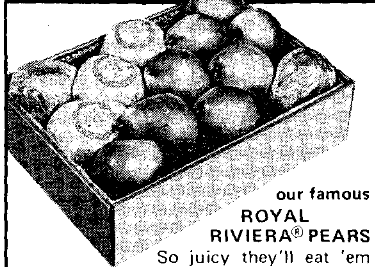

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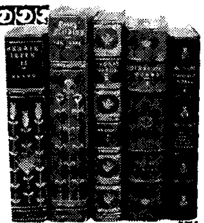

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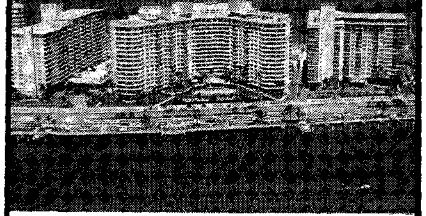

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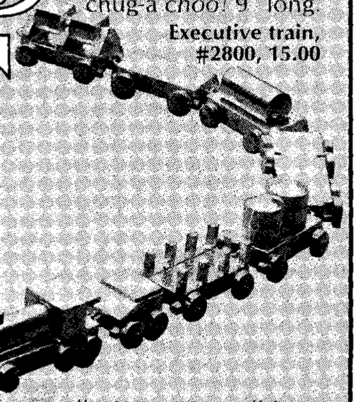

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the prospect of the two reunited in a home for old actors. It's all sentimental friendship, as if their decades of quarrelling—and Lewis's final round of poking and spitting, which causes Clark's heart attack—had been nothing but the stubborn irascibility of two dear old codgers. Simon has refused to make them talented, as if that would be sentimentalizing show business, but he has no compunction about sentimentalizing their relationship. In his "light" comedies, Simon fills a stage with soreheads who get upset over little things, and he keeps the jokes coming. When he's dissatisfied with that and wants to write a more serious play (like "The Sunshine Boys"), he makes the people despondent cranks—glum, out-of-work, moping wet blankets. And so the more serious his plays are, the worse they are. You can convert dissatisfaction, quarrelsomeness, and outright meanness into vaudeville but not into drama.

However, you can't even convert them into vaudeville with Herbert Ross directing. There's a comic tradition behind this gag material; we ought to be able to respond to "The Sunshine Boys" as if it were a berserk ballet, and Ross's background as a choreographer should have helped. But the worst thing you can do with broad stage comedy is to play it close to the camera, belting the audience, and that's what he does: he uses shouting in place of timing, and each line crashes on its own. A gag such as Matthau's repeated struggle with the lock on his hotel-room door needs to become a *number;* merely repeated, it's contemptible. As a director, Ross is an unintentional minimalist; he just doesn't seem to have many ideas, and he's negligent in handling the simplest movie setups. When Matthau yells and carries on at the Friars Club, no one in the background even looks up at him—Matthau's histrionics might be taking place in a void. When he has his backstage heart-attack scene, Ross can't summon up any reactions. Maybe what's missing in Ross is a feeling for the craziness in vaudeville shtick; under his direction, it becomes loudmouthed New York abrasiveness.

I'm a very easy laugher, and I didn't laugh once at "The Sunshine Boys." The only part of the movie I enjoyed was the footage during the titles—clips of vaudeville headliners from early short subjects and "Hollywood Revue of 1929." The clips went by all too fast—dozens of old stars, and then, surprisingly, Arthur Freed. (There's a little inside joke involved here: Freed and Nacio Herb Brown wrote the song "Singin' in the Rain" for that 1929 revue, and in 1952, for the movie "Singin' in the Rain," they wrote "Make 'Em Laugh," which is the theme song for the opening of this picture.) Why, with this opening, and with the talk all the way through of the greatness of Lewis and Clark and their place in theatrical history (the ten thousand dollars that ABC is offering them to do their old act for the special is probably the funniest joke in the movie), are they made so lousy? The meaning of the movie seems to be that show-business people aren't artists but, since they're depressed and quarrelsome, they're human, and should be loved. We're asked to identify with their weaknesses, with their lack of talent. Do we really need to? George Burns's presence in this movie invalidates Simon's maudlin view. Burns is living proof of the transcendence that Simon can't believe in.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

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His craft daily plies printer's ink,
  A sea mined with typesetters' lapses
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  And can't be excused by perhapses.
But lately hte galleys seem dim;
  The text book recedes, his thaughts wander,
And spelings once sight-sure for him
He pauses to check or too ponder.

His glasses, which use to assist
  Disconfort him—double distorters,
They seem alway clouded with mist.
  He furtivly downs a few snortərs
To give his perceptoin a spur
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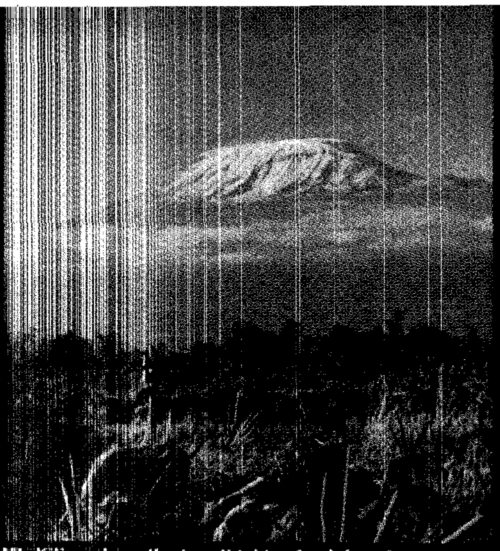

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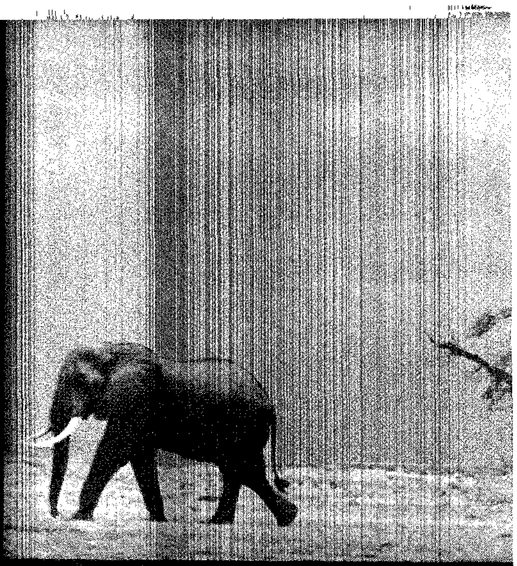

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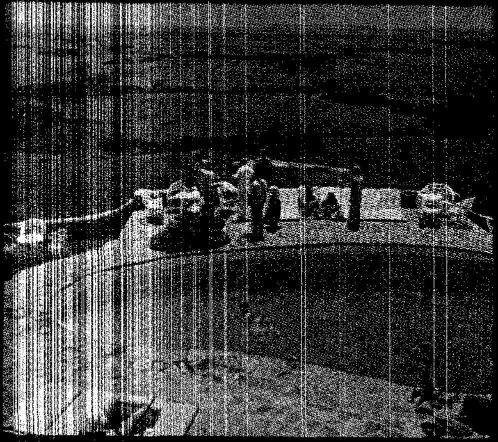

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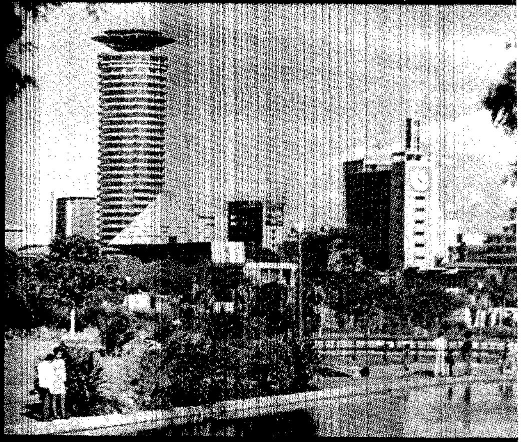

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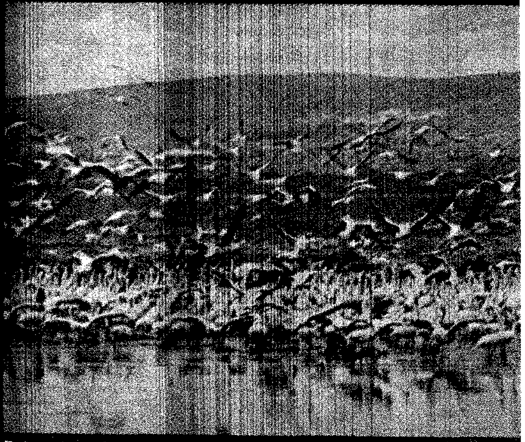

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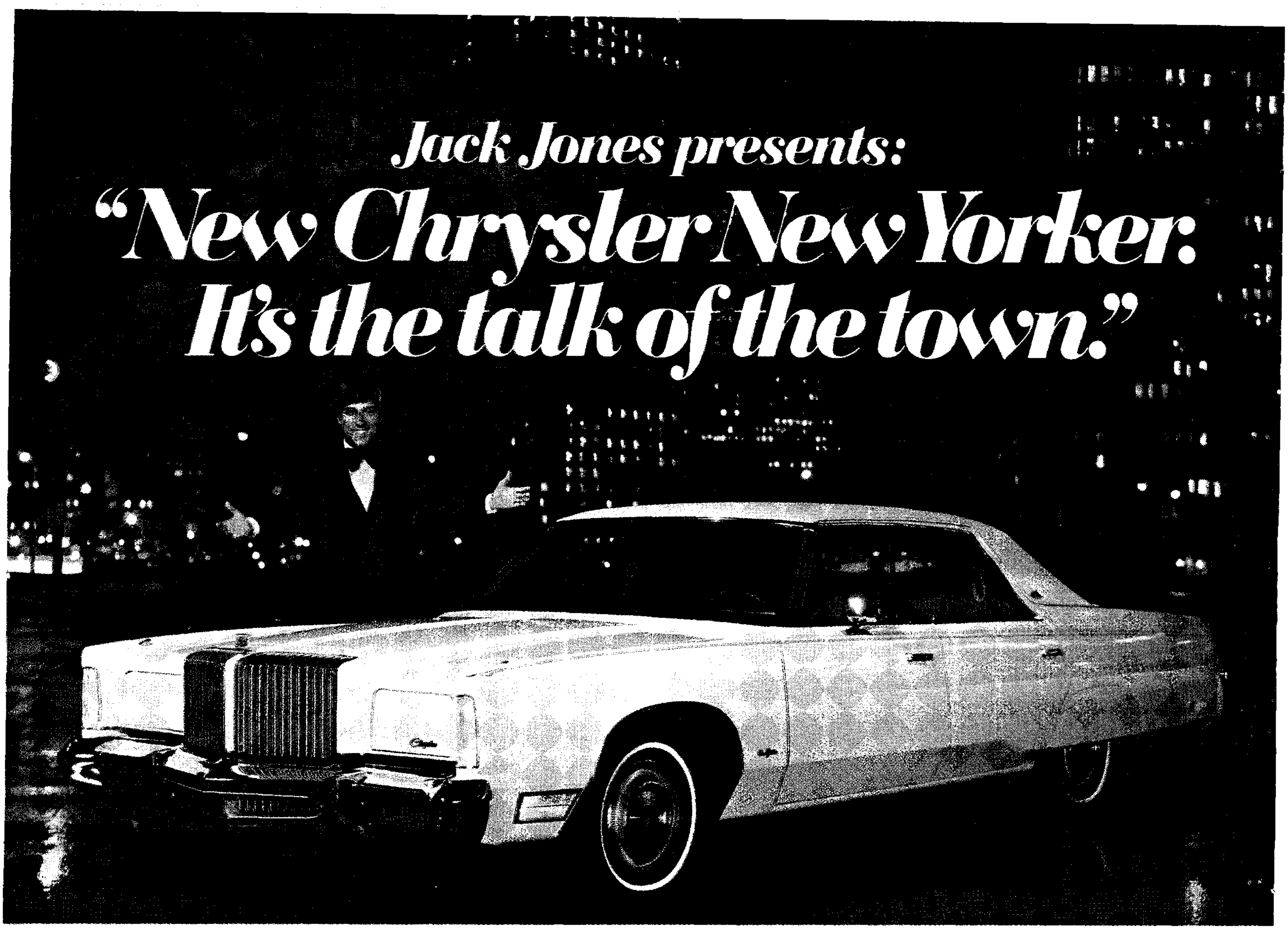

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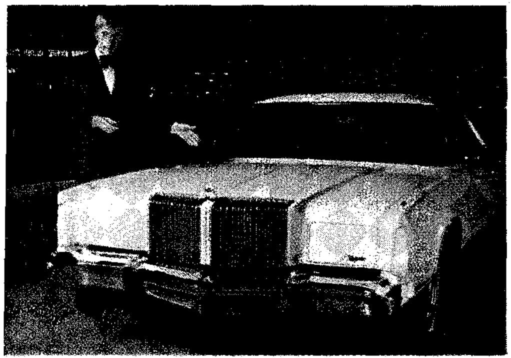

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Talking Through the Music

IN Hunter College Playhouse, last week, there was the first of four concerts making up the Raymond Lewenthal Romantic Revival Ensemble Series. The programs, mainly from the nineteenth century but reaching into the twentieth, bring forward the music of men like Ignaz Moscheles and Ingolf Dahl, Henri Kling and Henri Herz and Heinrich von Herzogenberg. Slight stuff, most of it—but not all: some noble compositions are billed among the diversions. And it has been fashioned into shapely programs. The first opened with a strong, early work of César Franck, his First Piano Trio, and ended with a long, late work of Franck's pupil Ernest Chausson, his Piano Quartet. Between them, three melodramas—recitations to musical accompaniment—and Saint-Saëns' "Tarantelle" served as a sorbet after the second.

"Melodrama" is a word with senses unrecorded in the Oxford English Dictionary. In Italy, it began as an alternative to *dram(m)a per musica* or *dramma musicale;* the earliest *melodrama*, thus called, that I have found is the libretto Niccolò Beregani wrote for Marc'Antonio Cesti's "Il Tito," in 1666. In early-nineteenth-century London, where the O.E.D. definitions begin, melodramas were theatrical entertainments with songs, choruses, incidental music, and action of a kind that continued to be called melodramatic even when music no longer accompanied it. But in Italy a *melodramma* (the spelling with a double "m" soon became established) was, and is, simply an opera. It seems a matter of chance whether a Verdi libretto is termed *tragedia lirica*, *dramma lirico*, or *melodramma;* perhaps the tendency is to reserve the last term for texts that have some literary pretension.

Does this name-calling matter—except to a contributor of definitions to Grove's Dictionary? It does, I think, to anyone fascinated by the conjunction of μελος and δραμα, of music and action, song and theatre. For by their naming of things, creators often sought to show what they were up to. (Vittorio Alfieri termed his "Abele" a *tramelogedia*, inserting *melo-* into the heart of *tragedia* to indicate how closely the lyric and the tragic elements were knit.) Melodrama in its fundamental sense is what opera is about, and in yet another, narrower, technical sense—spoken words punctuated or accompanied by instrumental music—it provides some of opera's celebrated episodes (in "Fidelio," "Der Freischütz," Busoni's "Doktor Faust," to name just three). Whole dramas have been written in the medium. Mozart heard one, by Jiří Benda, in 1778, and recorded his impressions of it:

> There is no singing in it, only recitation, to which the music is like a sort of obbligato accompaniment to a recitative. Now and then words are spoken while the music continues, and that produces the finest effect. . . . I think that most operatic recitatives should be treated in this way, and sung only occasionally when the words can be perfectly expressed by the music.

Mozart planned a piece of his own in the same genre, "Semiramis;" he used melodramatic recitative in his opera "Zaide" and speech-against-music in his incidental music for the play "König Thamos." Benda's "Ariadne auf Naxos" started the whole thing off. Although Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Pigmalion" (1770) is sometimes called the first melodrama, in that *scène lyrique*, speech alternates with music. "Ariadne auf Naxos" (1775) first made them coincident—not all the time but, as Mozart noted, "now and then." Mozart's admiration for "Ariadne" was not misplaced; when staged, it proves an astonishingly effective work, for Benda had a sure command of motivic development, of affecting harmonic progressions, and of theatrical timing. One of our smaller companies should mount the piece. It is quite short and employs only two actors. (A whole evening of melodrama might grow tedious; Zdeněk Fibich's "Hippodamia" trilogy, three whole evenings for actors and large orchestra, is still sometimes performed in Prague, but I have not seen it.) "Ariadne," if I remember rightly, came into being by chance, when Benda found himself with excellent actors and a good orchestra but no decent singers at his disposal. It quickly made the European rounds, and was much imitated; melodrama soon became a regular ingredient of opera and of incidental music (e.g., in Beethoven's

"My guess is I don't know."

"Egmont"), and then moved from the theatre into the concert hall as well. Gradually, refinements were developed—rhythmically notated speech, speech with approximate pitch notation added, singsong, *Sprechstimme*, and all gradations between simple talking and true song. When Stravinsky was asked what he thought of the conjunction of speech and music in his "Perséphone," he replied, "Do not ask. Sins cannot be undone, only forgiven." But, if melodrama be a sin, it is a sin oft committed. Schoenberg has been a notable offender; Jacob Druckman, in his "Lamia," is one of the latest.

The melodramas included in Mr. Lewenthal's program belong to a subspecies of the genre—the poetry reading with musical accompaniment. And even here we can perhaps make a further distinction: between a lyric recited over a suitable background, and a declamatory ballad, often in dialogue, heightened and punctuated by theatrical musical gestures. Schubert wrote a "song" for speaker and piano, "Abschied von der Erde," in the former vein, and Wagner set Gretchen's Prayer, from "Faust," in the same way. Schumann's "Ballade vom Haideknaben," the first of the melodramas declaimed at the concert, has dramatic words, but the rather undramatic music is spun, for the most part, from developments of a single chromatic theme. Liszt's "Lenore," which followed, is one of the most famous "ballad" melodramas. The piano part, at first shot through with "Tristan"-esque sighs, moves to soft chordal progressions that infuse a new color into each of Gottfried Bürger's lines, and ends in a wild gallop. The best of all such pieces is Richard Strauss's "Enoch Arden," which lasts an hour, and was composed (to a German translation of Tennyson's poem) for declamation by Ernst von Possart, a powerful actor. A Columbia recording of "Enoch Arden," by Claude Rains and Glenn Gould, does something to explain the success that Possart and Strauss once had with this piece: Mr. Gould's playing is electric; Mr. Rains' reading is sonorous, though it could with advantage, I think, be more "melodramatic"—as Tennyson's was. C. V. Stanford has left an account of Tennyson's reading:

> It was a chant rather than a declamation. A voice of deep and penetrating power, varied only by alteration of note and by intensity of quality. The notes were few, and he rarely read on more than two, except at the cadence

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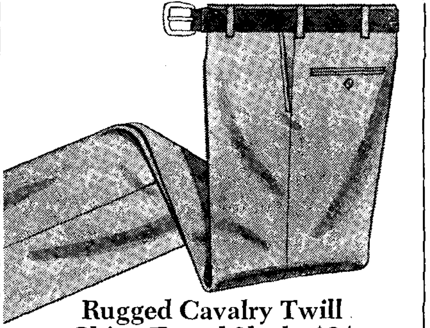

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of a passage, when the voice would slightly fall.

But how dramatic and how forceful that "chant" was, how violent its accent, and how sonorous the singing of its vowels, we can hear in the poet's own recordings. Melodrama calls for flamboyant treatment. Herta Glaz, the reader at the Hunter concert, did not really let herself go. She distinguished cunningly between the different voices of the dialogues. She timed nicely. But the pieces—the third was Strauss's "Das Schloss am Meer," also composed for Possart—seem to call for a full-throated, larger-than-life "Burgtheater" approach, able to dominate sharper, brighter, louder piano playing than Mr. Lewenthal provided. The recitations were in German. Is this sensible, in New York? There are moments in "Enoch Arden" when words and notes are plainly meant to coincide (for example, at the phrase "Sie sah dem Segel nach," which cannot be fitted to "Even to the last dip of the vanishing sail"), and the recurrent cadences of Lenore's plaint, in the Liszt piece, are probably meant to be timed precisely with the music. Since most of the recitation is free, translation would pose no problems of inflection and accent.

Mr. Lewenthal, who plays in almost all the works in this Romantic series, is not really my idea of a Romantic pianist. He has a somewhat coarse fluency that gets him through the reams of virtuoso music he tackles. He plunges in with a sweaty enthusiasm that produces its effect. But of aristocratic charm, the sudden, lilting surprise that makes listeners catch their breath, the piece of fiendish bravura so lightly and gracefully turned that we know hours of practice have gone into the making of one magical second, the spells by which a Lhevinne or a Rosenthal transfigured whatever trifle he touched—of these there was little

Judith Shahn

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American Cancer Society

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

trace. Because Anton Rubinstein could play like a god, that stern critic Eduard Hanslick forgave him the moments when he changed, like Jupiter, into a bull; Mr. Lewenthal's godlike moments were few. In the Franck Trio he was teamed with a violinist and cellist unwilling or unable to seize the melodies, when their turn came, and shape them fully, commandingly; the pianist drove ahead like a demon coachman, rattling on, while the string players clung as best they could to the sides of the carriage. But in the Chausson Quartet they were joined by a truly Romantic player, the violist Daniel Phillips, who to everything he played, and especially to his singing of the melody that opens the slow movement, brought all the enchantment that had until then been missing.

—Andrew Porter

•

Due to a slight mixup in names and persons under discussion in last week's Beachcomber column, a bit of setting the record straight is in order. I reported that I was having coffee with Twyla Baggot when "Mrs. Payne asked me if I was Christie Mitchell." I said in the column that I was so happy about rediscovering the Paynes again "that I bought her a sweet roll and coffee."

Actually, the person who asked me about my identity and the one I bought the coffee was Olga Weber. I said she writes a column in The Daily Sun called "Chugging Along." The fact is that she no longer writes the column. But she was telling me about the Payne family.

And the references to the Payne family were somewhat askew. Freddie Payne, who was reported to be a commissioner in La Marque, is actually a retired Air Force sergeant who is a dental assistant in Temple, Texas. Leonard Payne, who was said to be with the fire department in Hitchcock, is actually the fire marshal in La Marque, and Dennis Payne, referred to as "a wealthy dentist in Houston," is La Marque's mayor pro-tem and is employed at the GAF Corp.

One more correction: The column stated that Mrs. Payne said Msgr. Madden once saved her life. It was Olga Weber who made that statement, not Mrs. Payne.

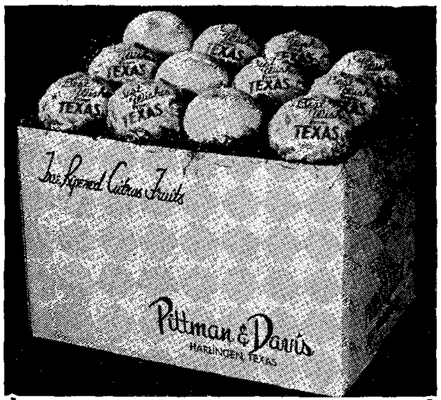
Your Old Beachcomber is sorry about those mistakes.—*Galveston Daily News.*

And now back to the old beach!

•

I hope that we will be able to have a combination ward meeting and celebration in the near future, but, in the meantime, we can all be assured that our input into the governmental process and the credibility and incompetence of our local government will be greatly increased. Thanks again.—*Letter received by a member of the 21st Ward Democratic Committee, Rochester, N.Y.*

Not at all.



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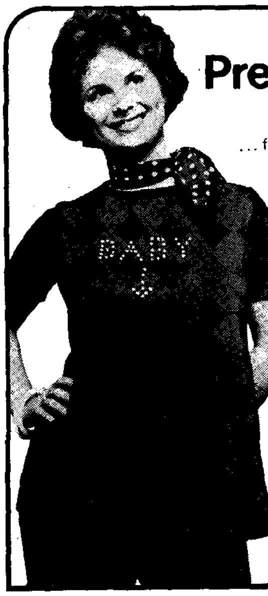

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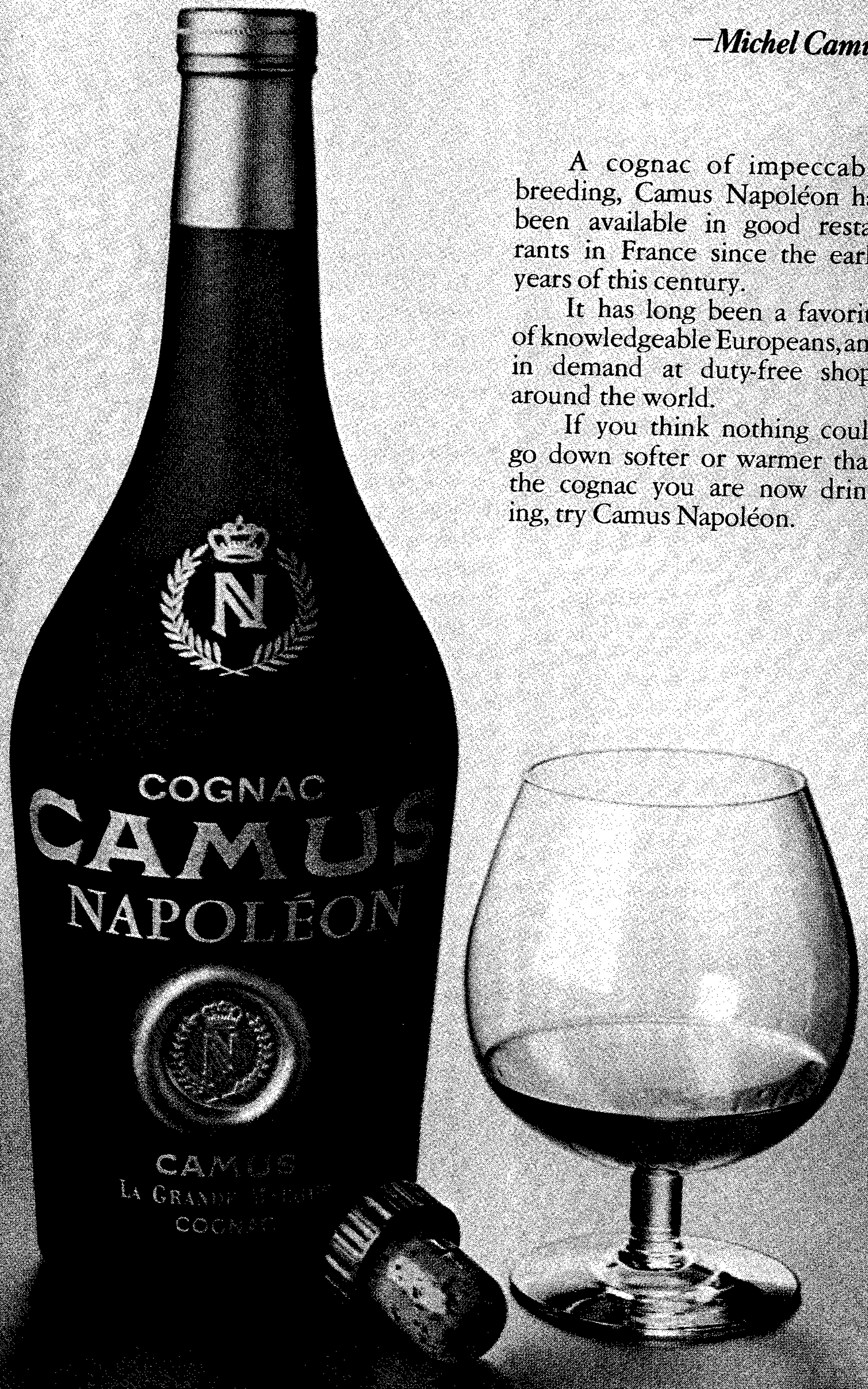

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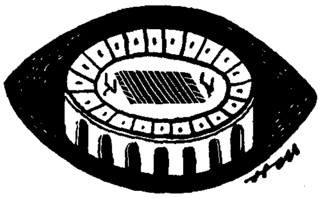
FOOTBALL

Fallen Heroes

KUBACKI (twelve hundred and eighty-six yards this year for Harvard, running and throwing) stood on the sidelines during the warmup before the match with Princeton, then moved to the top of the stadium at game time. It was midsummer, at seventy degrees, but he wore a cream-hued windbreaker over the shoulder he had so badly damaged in a tumble onto artificial turf the week before, and a triad of his understudies were to represent him onfield in defense of Harvard's recent ascension to the summit of the Ivy League. The old Restic magic and make-believe were on display in quantity (Restic plans the strategy for Harvard)—Curry, as decoy, and McDermott flooding the left flat; three backs simultaneously in motion in opposite directions, and each man seemingly in possession of the ball; and, in the fourth quarter, a set of pass plays that the most assiduous of sideline observers said they had never seen before—but to no avail: Princeton (by the skin of its teeth) 24, Harvard 20. Davenport, the likeliest of Kubacki's understudies that afternoon, though but a sophomore, nearly brought off a four-touchdown hailstorm in that fourth quarter—a quarter in which Princeton this fall is apt to suffer a seizure of the falters—but an error in transmission (a Harvard problem) ended the Harvard upsurge at three touchdowns: Davenport, lining up behind center at the commencement of what looked like a move for the fourth touchdown, took a backward step just before the ball was snapped, and missed it; Steven Lang, Princeton's most acute defense man, instantly got his hands on it. The incident that led to the Princeton attack of the falters was equally bizarre. On what seemed a broken play soon after the first Harvard touchdown, Beible, who has never missed a roll call in all his twenty-five games for Princeton at quarterback, executed an impromptu rollout that would have been good for a valuable first down but was stripped of the ball in full flight. *Après cela, le déluge.* Harvard, with two quarterbacks (Kubacki and Davenport) so clearly in the Restic pattern, can look forward to the immediate future (Brown and Yale) and next year with becoming calm; Princeton will require a search warrant to discover a replacement for Beible.

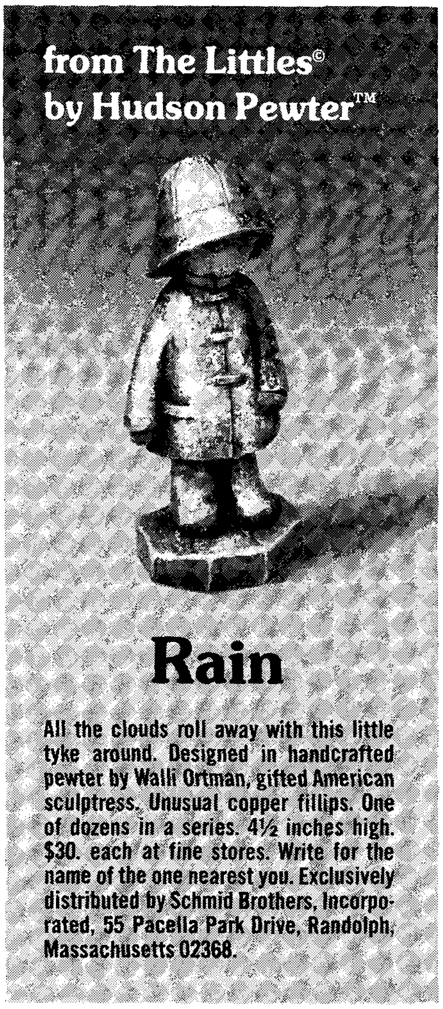


Pennsylvania finished up on Saturday against a cheerily opportunistic Yale by losing, 24–14, after also losing both Wixted and Graustein, the two prides of its offensive backfield. Yale's Fencik, the most closely watched receiver in the Ivy League, found the afternoon a complete waste of time, but his sidekick Gesicki, never a flashy runner but always a powerful one, moved serenely on his appointed rounds, and every break appeared to go Yale's way. Brown (good quarterbacking, good running, good catching, good punting) moved with the skill of Gesicki against Cornell as long as it needed to, then eased off in the second half, whereupon Cornell began to play catch-up ball. At that, eased-off Brown breezed home, and up to the top of the League, at 45–23. An early-on look at Cornell, before the casualties begin (and Cornell has had its quota, all right), always persuades the onlooker that a luxurious fall—the likes of the ones forty and fifty years ago—is at hand; always the vision fades. Our home-town representatives, the Columbias, had Dartmouth in thrall on Saturday for the first half of the afternoon, but Columbia never has enough replacement parts when bits of its machinery wear down, and Dartmouth pieced out a victory, even if at no better than 22–17. Once again, Columbia proved that a running attack worth less than a hundred yards permits the enemy to set its defenses without alarum or excursion. Basile, Colgate's hardworking quarterback, had suffered an accident the week before against Lehigh, and last week Bucknell further damaged Colgate's promising career by a count of 24–16. Let us close the Domesday Book with the note that Boston College put away Army at 31–0. Seven defeats in a row for a once reasonably promising Army, whose sole consolation is the fact that its attendance record is the best in this part of the East—thirty-eight thousand buffs on Saturday last. —J. W. L.

•

Where we lacked expertise, we had no trouble finding people who did.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

What was your next move?



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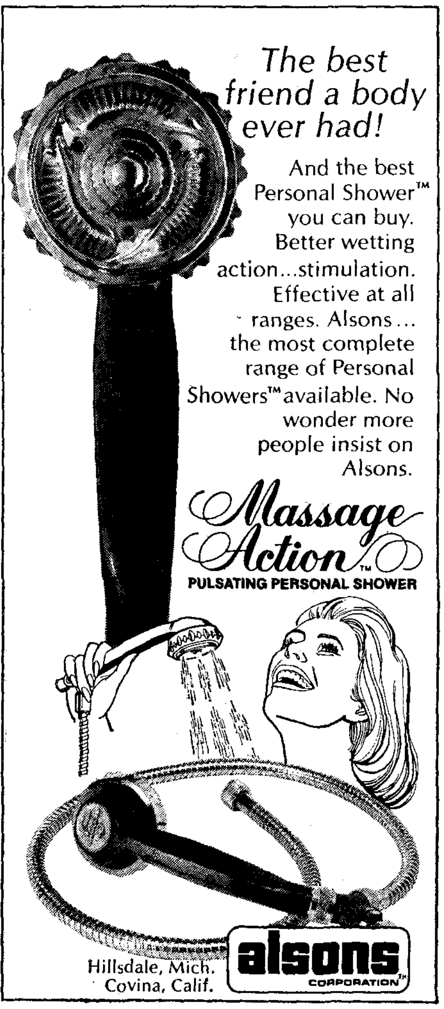

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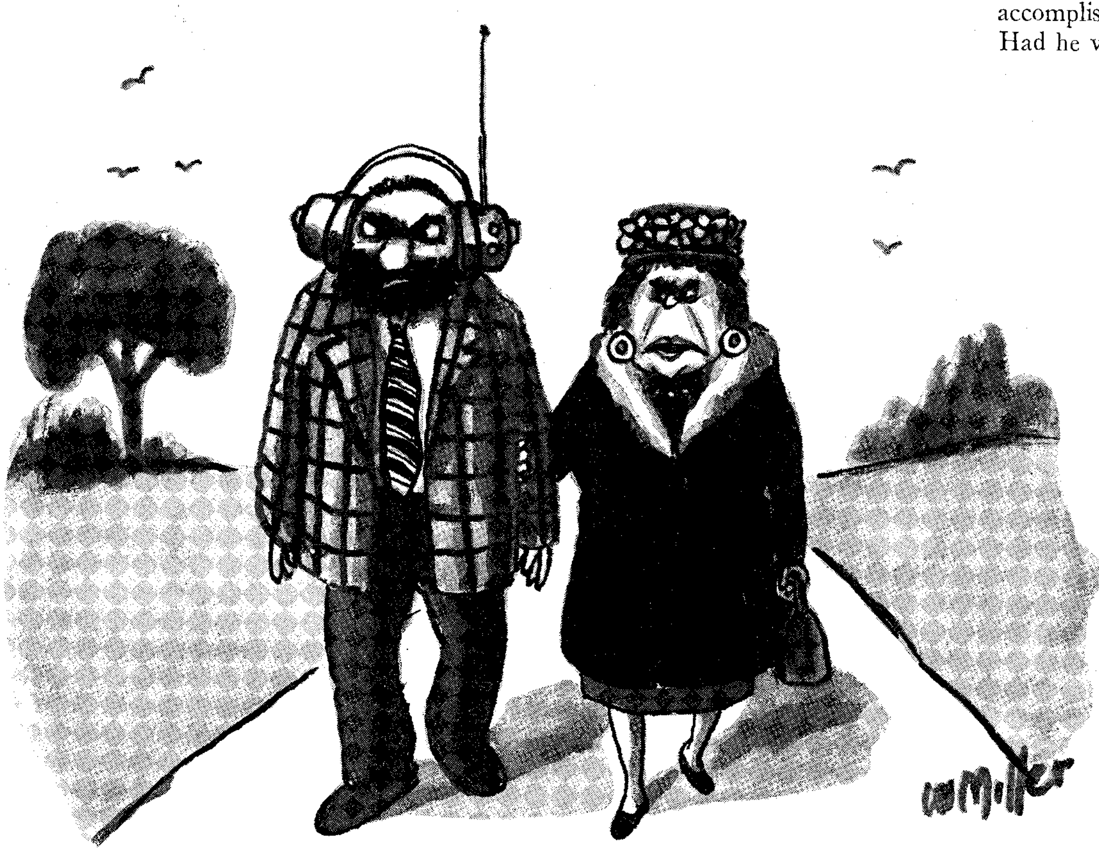
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 7

AT his news conference on Monday evening, President Ford explained his shifts in personnel by saying, "I wanted a team that I selected. And as President I think it's important that a President have that kind of a team on an affirmative basis"—"affirmative" in this context evidently meaning "personal," or chosen by Ford himself rather than by his predecessor. He had kept the Nixon team together for fifteen months, he said, because he wanted to maintain "continuity," and he implied that because continuity of policy was now well established, he was able to replace Nixon appointees with "guys that I wanted." Actually, with the exception of Nelson Rockefeller, everyone whose status changed over the weekend was a member of the Nixon team, and a relevant explanation—the kind that Ford might have made in his days as a football coach—would be that some second- and third-string players had been promoted to the varsity. Among Tuesday-morning quarterbacks here, the impression is that the changes in lineup are more likely to lead to a decline in performance than to an improvement. James Schlesinger's views on foreign and military policy have been subject to much criticism in Congress and in the Administration, but he was regarded by almost everyone as a skilled and knowledgeable administrator, an opponent of bureaucracy in his own department, and a man of intellectual integrity and independence. (There are some who suspect that Schlesinger was inclined to exaggerate Soviet military strength whenever the Defense Department budget came under scrutiny by Congress. But this sort of thing is almost routine practice among department heads, and on the score of openness and straight talking Schlesinger ranks far ahead of most officials in most recent Administrations.) Donald Rumsfeld, aside from having once been, as the President noted, "a naval aviator," will, if confirmed, bring to the job of Secretary of Defense no professional expertise beyond what he acquired as a Nixon loyalist charged with such largely onerous duties as dismantling the Office of Economic Opportunity, briefly representing this country at NATO headquarters, and succeeding Alexander Haig at doing whatever it is that a White House chief of staff is supposed to do. As Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, William Colby was subject to the same kind of criticism that was directed at Schlesinger, who had earlier held the office, but, also like Schlesinger, he was admired for his candor (except in some quarters of the C.I.A. and the State Department, where it was felt that he displayed a bit too much of it) and his mastery of his chosen field. If, as now seems at best uncertain, the Senate confirms George Bush as director, the C.I.A. will be run by a diligent but not particularly successful Republican politician, who, though not personally involved in the Watergate scandals, was called upon to assume the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee in 1972, a year in which the chairman's principal role was to assure the public that the national interest was being well served by Richard Nixon, John Mitchell, and others on the original Nixon team. Having no experience in the field of intelligence, Bush should need at least a year to learn even the rudiments of the controversial operations that Ford wants him to oversee.

Of all the explanations offered for Ford's behavior this week, the one that makes the most political sense is that he wanted to provide a dramatic demonstration of being in effective political command. If he were in fact an activist President, he could have done this by announcing new departures in policy and procedures. But since he is not a political innovator, and obviously does not wish to be one, he chose to break with the past—Nixon's and, to a degree, his own—by the old device of an administrative shakeup, which is easily accomplished and easily publicized. Had he wished to take a new approach to, say, arms limitation or federal-state-city relationships, such important news would, of course, have made the front pages, but the stories would have been complicated, and it could have taken weeks or months for the public to realize that something of large consequence had occurred. But a moving about of men in high office is always an occasion for a televised news conference, and it gives the public the immediate—though as often as not false—impression that the President is on top of his job, that he is seeking to strengthen and improve the quality of his Administration, that he is bringing in new brooms to sweep clean. In the present circumstances, Ford may well have succeeded—at least for the



"You always say you're listening to Michel Legrand."

time being—in creating such an impression. It appears unlikely, though, that he has gone very far toward achieving one of his other aims: mollifying his right-wing Republican critics. Their sympathies lay with Schlesinger on the issues of détente and heavy defense spending, and while Rumsfeld is not known to differ with Schlesinger on these matters, he is not likely soon to become a symbol of Cold War militancy or of the Pentagon's resistance to budget cuts. (It seems likely, though, that since Ford himself agrees with Schlesinger that federal parsimony should stop at the Pentagon walls, Rumsfeld will in time be making the same point.) Rockefeller's removal of himself as a figure of contention in 1976 may cause a few defections from the Republican right, but of this there is as yet little evidence. Reviewing the announcements of last Sunday and Monday, Ronald Reagan, sounding rather like a monarch from some other century, said, "I am certainly not appeased."

Another view of the week's events is that Ford, by cashiering Schlesinger and retaining Henry Kissinger, was attempting to build his next year's campaign around his and Kissinger's role in creating détente (assuming that this term adequately describes our present relationship with the Soviet Union) and peace—or the avoidance of war—in the Middle East. The basic conflict, it is said, was between Kissinger's view and Schlesinger's, and Kissinger has prevailed. That Ford wishes to cite détente and the Sinai accords as accomplishments of his Administration is clear, but it also seems clear to some people that the new arrangements cannot help but diminish Kissinger's role. He was retained as Secretary of State, but he was replaced as Ford's national-security adviser by Lieutenant General Brent Scowcroft. Although in the past Kissinger has often said that he attached more importance to the position that Scowcroft will henceforth hold than to being Secretary of State, he has taken his removal from it with good grace and would appear to have a new view of which position has greater influence. Administration people have been insisting that the whole matter is academic, since Scowcroft, another old Nixon hand, and Kissinger have always been of one mind on issues of substance, and the President on Monday spoke of the shift as assurance that Kissinger would still be making foreign policy, and suggested that Kissinger would actually be freed for more important things

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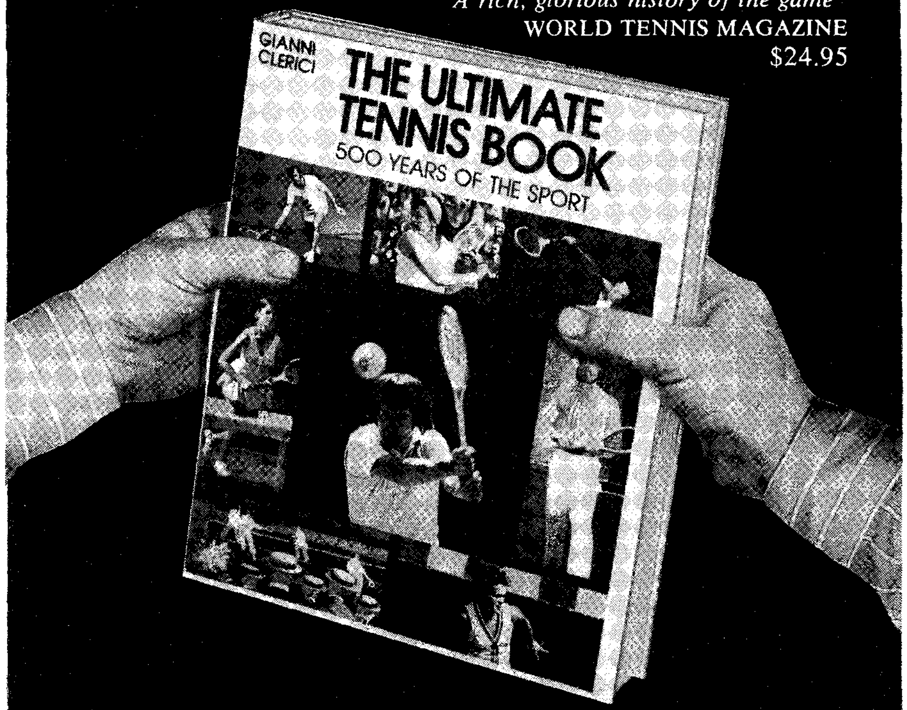

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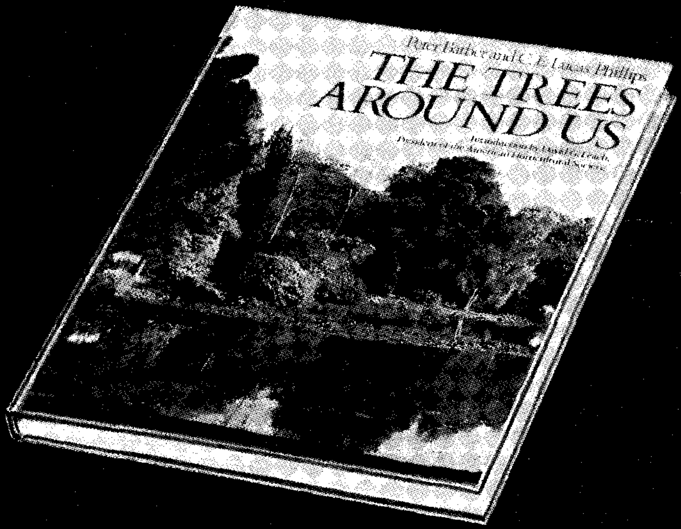

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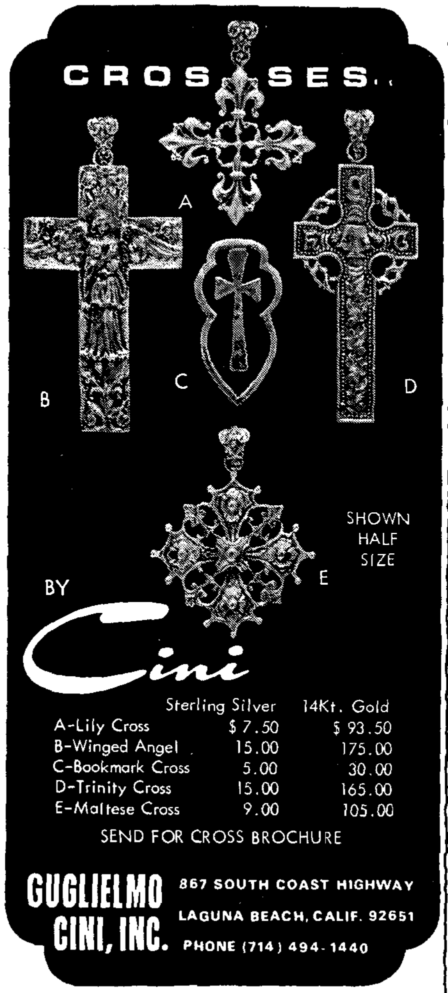

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by Scowcroft's elevation. At the news conference, the President was asked, "Can you explain what you mean when you say that Secretary Kissinger will have a dominant role in foreign policy?" and he replied, "Well, as Secretary of State, that's his responsibility." The answer caused winces and smiles in the State Department and in the embassies. For one thing, according to the Constitution and to custom, the President plays the "dominant role" in foreign policy, and the Secretary of State has no role but to serve as the President's instrument. Custom, to be sure, has not always been followed. Dean Acheson, for example, made foreign policy under President Truman. But William Rogers, Kissinger's predecessor in the State Department, had no significant role in foreign policy, which at the time was made by Nixon and Kissinger, and mainly implemented by Kissinger in his position as national-security adviser. Under most Presidents, foreign policy has been made in the White House and nowhere else. At least one of Ford's most influential advisers—Philip W. Buchen, his legal counsel—interpreted what was announced on Monday as meaning that Ford "wants to take hold" of foreign policy, and it could well be that the President and some of his aides see political gain in an arrangement that makes Kissinger seem more a receiver and less a source of directives.

It is doubtful, though, if any aim that Ford may have had in mind will be served by the changes. His principal objective, plainly, was to improve his prospects in next year's primary and general elections. But his present low standing in the polls has very little to do with Schlesinger's views on détente or with the defense budget or with recent revelations about C.I.A. and other intelligence activities, most of which seem to have fairly widespread public approval, or at least acceptance. His foreign policy, especially in the Middle East, is likely, as long as there is no war there, to count in his favor, but not critically, since no one—not even Ronald Reagan—is going to argue against the Sinai accords as long as they hold. Détente should perhaps be a subject of serious public controversy, but it will not become one until it either breaks down or is shown never to have existed. As of now, the principal—almost the only—issues are domestic, and Ford, with some unsought help from Nelson Rockefeller, has just revealed an important one: a government divided against itself at the highest levels and therefore inherently unstable. (To any serious student of the Presidency, few things could be more disquieting than Ford's reply when asked where he had gone for advice about the changes he had just announced. "I did it totally on my own," he said, as if he were defining the highest concept of political leadership.) To the domestic issues that concern the public most directly—inflation, unemployment, urban problems—he did not address himself at all, except to reiterate his position that New York City is unworthy of federal assistance and to say that he was "absolutely" certain that the city's default would have no effect on financial markets here and abroad. (Two questions later, when asked about his differences with Rockefeller on this matter, he said they were minimal. "The difference is his interpretation." Not the least of the President's problems are semantic.) He evidently is still persuaded that running against New York is sound strategy, and so it may be in some parts of the country, but the polls show no significant measure of its popularity, nor do his harsh words about Congress, welfare cheating, or busing bolster his ratings. To most observers here, his largest remaining asset is his incumbency, but even that asset may have been wasted somewhat by this week's display of unease and disorder in his White House stewardship.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER, who has so often and so incongruously seemed to combine an inborn arrogance with a peculiar species of toadyism, has this week shown a kind of independence rare among politicians and almost unheard of among Vice-Presidents. It has seldom happened that Presidents and Vice-Presidents have not found themselves in some kind of conflict fairly early in their years together, but not since John Nance Garner, who served under Franklin Roosevelt, has anyone in the subordinate position let the public know of personal resentments or differences of opinion. As a man, Garner was petty and fiercely vindictive, and the same can be said of his case against Roosevelt. Rockefeller is not entirely free of these qualities, and it may well be that there was a self-serving element in his decision not to stand for the Vice-Pres-

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idency in 1976, but his news conference yesterday was probably the most graceful act of his public career—and certainly of his eleven months in Washington. His stated ground for withdrawal—his wish not to get involved in "Party squabbles"—was not quite convincing to those who believe that politicians, even statesmen, often have an obligation to take part in exactly such disputes, but he had the sympathy of those who understood the nature of the particular squabble he had in mind. For the fuss stirred up by the Republican rightists involves no really important matters of policy or principle. In part, it has to do with détente with the Soviet Union, but there is a large distinction between the Reaganites' flat opposition and the skepticism of James Schlesinger. The outgoing Secretary of Defense favors détente if it can be made to work, while the rightist critics of Ford and Kissinger think it would be immoral if it did work. Otherwise, the argument has been about matters deep in the past—internal Republican struggles dating back to 1952—and about personalities, most notably (or, at least, most widely publicized) that of the Vice-President.

How Rockefeller came to be regarded as a symbol of the Republican left has always been something of a mystery. He antagonized the partisans of Barry Goldwater in 1964, but so did many other prominent Republicans, and millions of rank-and-file Republicans that year refused to support their party's candidate. Despite the fact that Rockefeller was now and then allied with liberals, his credentials as a conservative have always been in good order, and until a few weeks ago, when he declared in favor of federal aid to New York, he spent much of his time attempting to ingratiate himself not only with the Reaganites but with George Wallace and Wallace's Southern supporters. He did not seem to find such enterprises distasteful, and even in his Thursday news conference he boasted of his drawing power on the right, particularly in the South. There is reason to suspect that if he had really thought Ford an effective national leader he would not have chosen this time to dissociate himself from the Administration. But despite his assertions that he will be a loyal Vice-President for the next fourteen months, he has in effect allied himself with the President's liberal and moderate critics. In a sense, he has done Ford a large political favor; he has cleared the way for Rumsfeld, Bush, or anyone else

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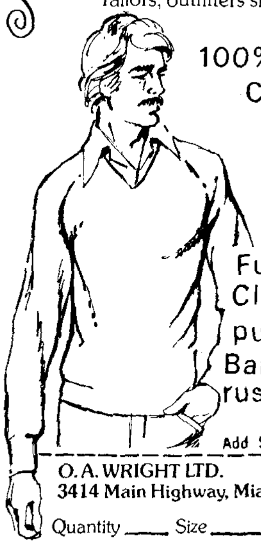

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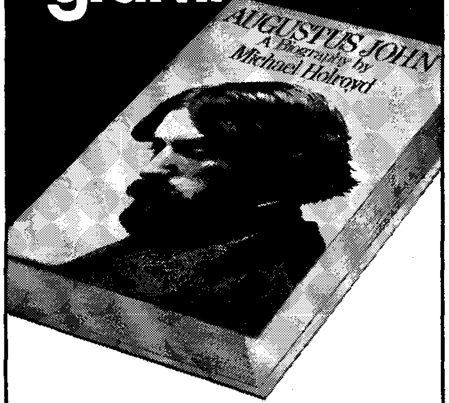

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the President may decide would be a helpful running mate. But he has also dramatized the Administration's disarray and can no longer be regarded as a member of the Ford "team."

Political independence, even when clearly tinged with elements of selfishness, is almost invariably admirable. But there is practically nothing a Vice-President can do if he declares himself in disagreement with one or another of a President's major policies. Under the American system, Rockefeller holds the office on the understanding that in the event he succeeds the man who chose him he is honor-bound to pursue his predecessor's aims, at least until he is elected in his own right, and no matter how firmly Rockefeller's position on New York may be based on principle, he would be betraying a principle of another sort if he were now to use his office to lobby for aid to the city. (To be sure, he could resign and speak his mind as much as he chose, but such an action would put Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House and a liberal Democrat, in the direct line of succession, and this would violate still another principle.) It could be, as many here seem to think, that the Vice-President foresees a Ford defeat by Reagan in the early primaries, which would open the way for him to make one more try for the Presidency; if that is so, he is uncharacteristically out of touch with political reality. (As John Osborne reported in *The New Republic*, it was Rockefeller who pointed out not long ago that the winner of the 1964 New Hampshire primary was Henry Cabot Lodge.) Outside New York, Rockefeller has never had much of a constituency in his own party, and for Republicans who might find difficulty in choosing between Ford and Reagan to turn to him is all but inconceivable. It is hard to come to any conclusion other than that he is bringing his career in national politics to an honorable end. —Richard H. Rovere

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One engine was shut down and officials routed the plane to Omaha where it was put into another plane and the flight resumed to Detroit, the airline spokesman said.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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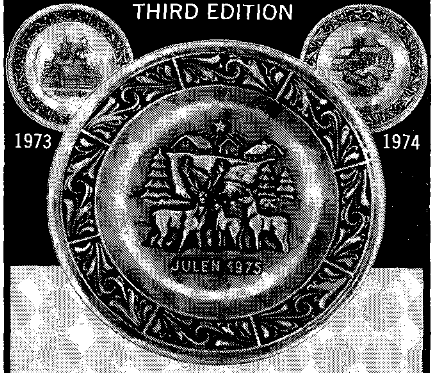
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the New Haven Register*]

Edinburgh—Ringer physicians convening here searched for new gloom.



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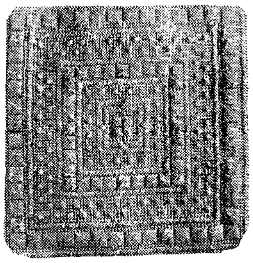

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BOOKS

Disorderly Conduct

IN an astute and entertaining critical study, "On, Romanticism," published in 1971, Donald Sutherland announced that "Shelley, Liszt, and Turner . . . are beginning to be interesting again." His prophecy has come true, for reasons that have more to do with us than with them. In particular, Shelley's political radicalism appeals to a current sense of having been betrayed by what is and longing furiously for what might be. Now Richard Holmes' "Shelley: The Pursuit" (Dutton) achieves a superlative in biography: its subject's presence—that of a disturbing, seductive, gifted, destructive man whose essence is mutiny. Shelley's life was short (1792-1822), but the boy was as precocious as the man was active, so there is a lot to tell, and Holmes tells it all with uncommon facility; his style is precise, knowing, and sinewy. On some matters of fact or of interpretation, he differs with Newman Ivey White, whose two-volume biography (1940) has been the standard work (Holmes invariably notes where he disagrees with his predecessors and colleagues), but both Holmes and White reject the Shelley of the Victorians—the angelic lyricist. And they also agree with Kenneth Neill Cameron, whose "Shelley: The Golden Years," a biographical and critical work, appeared last year, in that they see more fulfillment in Shelley's work—prose tracts and long poems alike—than earlier critics could.

Shelley rebelled first against his father, Timothy, who became, to him, the prototype of tyranny to be everywhere overthrown. Holmes tells us that in fact the untyrannical Timothy's sole ambition was respectability; the Shelley money was new, the Shelley baronetcy newer still, and Timothy's own father was irascible, eccentric, and anything but respectable. The poet shared his grandfather's savage, eruptive temper, which reads (to me, admittedly no M.D.) like a symptom of neurological disturbance. White suggests that at times Shelley was out of his mind; Holmes achieves a similar effect, without a psychiatric vocabulary, by describing the effect Shelley had on others at such times: he scared them.

When he was a boy, Shelley sought substitute fathers, and when he was a young man he substituted William Godwin, the author of "Political Justice," who became something else—an importunate, dunning father-in-law. Shelley attacked his real father's respectability by getting himself expelled from Oxford for publishing "The Necessity of Atheism." Shelley had, as Holmes says, a "genius for disturbance;" he worked at creating scandals. In 1816, touring the Alps in an era that valued "the sublime" and that saw, or pretended to see, God in landscape, Shelley inscribed himself "atheist" on every tourist register. Where Shelley could not elicit a hullabaloo, he conformed: he married in church and had his children baptized. But he did not believe in religion and its institutions—the church, the family, marriage—nor in the state and *its* institutions; to him, all authority was tyranny. His concept of free love was related to both irreligion and anti-statism, and he frequently linked it with his vision of a small, free, harmonious community. The communities he did achieve, however, were never harmonious. After eloping with Harriet Westbrook, his first wife, Shelley added his close friend T. J. Hogg, who had been expelled from Oxford with him, to their ménage, and Harriet added her sister Eliza. Hogg was later ousted, and Shelley brought in Elizabeth Hitchener, a Sussex schoolmistress and a pen pal. Their communal task was producing and distributing radical propaganda. Shelley subsequently ejected her, turned against his sister-in-law, and ran off with Mary Godwin, the daughter of William and the dead Mary Wollstonecraft. For this elopement, the lovers took along Mary Godwin's stepsister, Claire Clairmont, the daughter of Godwin's second wife, and she remained with them for most of the rest of Shelley's life, even though Mary, according to Holmes, was jeal-

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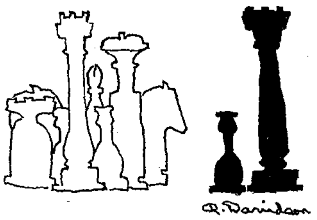
ous of Claire. Presumably in a spirit of rivalry, Claire went after a poet of her own, Byron, by whom she had a child. Byron supported the child; Shelley supported Claire. Holmes thinks that Shelley promoted this affair, perhaps "using Claire as an introduction to Byron." The men did meet through Claire, and they became friends. For Shelley, the friendship was marred by his own competitiveness—Byron was a best-seller, Shelley unsalable—and he felt that Byron, a sixth baron, stressed his social superiority; Shelley was only the grandson of a first baronet. Shelley's radicalism was emphatically egalitarian in theory, but Holmes notes that several middle-class writers, among them Keats, disliked him because of what seemed to them his aristocratic arrogance.

Shelley was emotionally and physically restless. During his first marriage, poverty frequently dictated his moves, and so did fear of persecution because of his radicalism. (White thinks Shelley hallucinated several attacks upon himself; Holmes thinks he was actually assaulted.) After Harriet's suicide, in 1816, Shelley married Mary, because he hoped living in wedlock would help win him custody of his children by Harriet (it did not), but marriage to Shelley, though it appeased her father and stepmother, was no idyll for Mary. Holmes speaks of her repeated disappointments; Cameron thinks that, just before his death, Shelley was getting ready to leave her. Wherever and with whomever the Shelleys gypsied around Italy, his indifference toward her feelings, as well as his flirtations with other women, gave her great pain. (Whether any of these affairs was adulterous is not known; Holmes examines the evidence, says what other scholars make of it, and offers his opinion, which is "probably yes.") The measure of Holmes' splendid work is his ability to re-create the magnetism that drew so many people into living Shelley's fantasies. Holmes makes us feel the combination of originality, intensity, and dependency that made the poet so beguiling. Even so, he does not let us lose track of the damage Shelley did. He was a dangerous liaison indeed, and among those who suffered because of him were his friends Hogg and Miss Hitchener; his servant Dan, who spent six months in jail in England for distributing Shelley's seditious literature (and got fired later); both his wives; three sisters-in-law—Eliza Westbrook, Claire Clairmont, and (Holmes believes) Fanny Imlay; and the Shelleys' nursemaid, Elise. In Shelley's day, so many babies died that no one can say that his own baby, Clara, died because of his neglect; it can be said only that Clara was sick, Mary was worried, Shelley neglected them both, and the baby died. Of all his intimates, Peacock seems to have defended himself most successfully. He laughed. And he remained a tolerant, affectionate, unwounded friend; the character Scythrop, in Peacock's "Nightmare Abbey," is a funny Shelley.

Shelley's private life matters in relation to his political opinions partly because he himself linked sexual and political emancipation and partly because the basic problem of radicalism is love. In his writings, Shelley could never learn to condemn a policy without damning its proponents. He assailed the Prince Regent without noticing how much the Prince Regent resembled him in emotional makeup (hating his father, loving his sisters, attracted to older women, and romantically unstable) as well as in the upper-class habit of not paying bills. Like Prinny, Shelley could be extremely generous to his friends, but Holmes thinks that in his lifetime he "owed rather more than he gave away." For that matter, despite all Shelley's attention to politics, he also seems not to have noticed that Castlereagh, one of the villains in his political poem "The Masque of Anarchy," was detaching England from the Holy Alliance and, by that diplomatic move, was assuring the success of an assortment of revolutions Shelley was cheering on. I am not suggesting that I, or history, or Shelley ought to value these men highly; I suggest only that Shelley never learned love or *caritas*, the heart of radicalism. Radicalism as a body of doctrine—rather than a cant term of disapproval or approbation—has a pedigree as old as Western Christian civilization: it is the commoners' view of primitive Christianity. Egalitarian, fraternal, communal movements that aspired to remodel both church and society sometimes surfaced as heresy or schism, sometimes not. Sometimes they were tangled with nuttinesses and occulteries, and sometimes were expressed with the crispness of the old verse "When Adam delved and Eve span / Who was then the gentleman?" The historical thread of radicalism seems



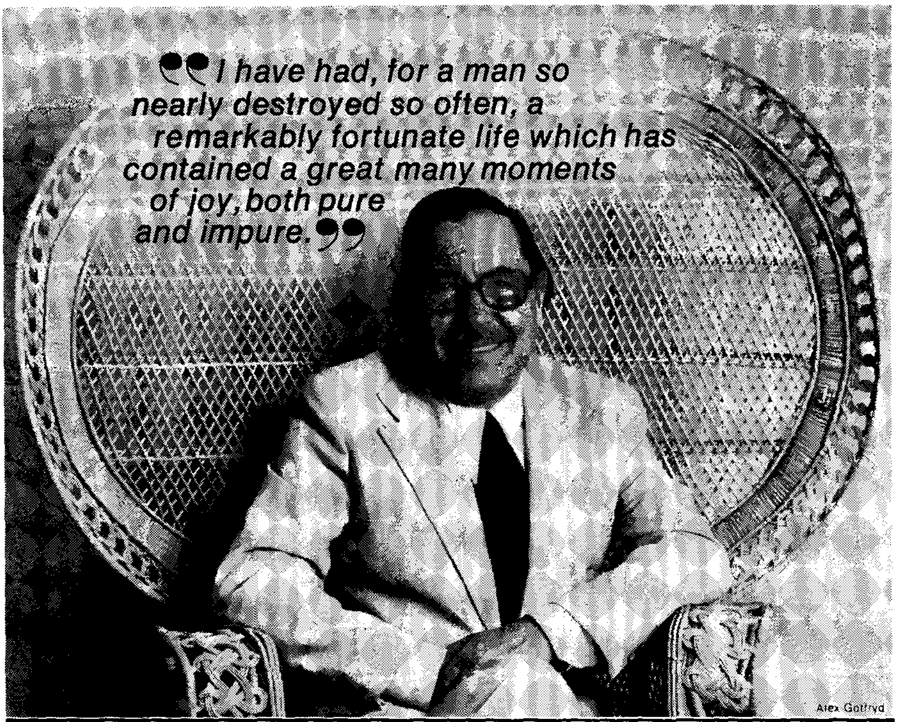
never to have been broken, although in modern times, like practically everything else, it has been secularized. Christian or secular, whenever radicalism yields to anger or hatred, or resorts to force, its millennial vision of a community of free, equal sharers fails. Chairman Mao said, "A revolution is not a dinner party," and since the goal of radicalism *is* a dinner party—the Christian *agape*, or love feast—the Chairman has summed up why so few revolutions have attained radicalism. Shelley seems to have grasped this intellectually—he started by extolling revolution and ended up calling for franchise reform—but not emotionally. He could not, for example, recognize Byron as a lame man showing off. Perhaps artists' egos are too large for the self-abnegation and self-effacement that radicalism, in practice, demands. No two ways about it, individuality is at odds with community. If you have strong individuality and a domineering temper, as did Shelley (or, for that matter, Tolstoy), you probably make more consistent sense as a Whig. Shelley was too smart not to have suspected his own emotions; Holmes thinks that he was aware of and frightened by the violence within him. I find that Shelley's conflicts muddle much of the work that Holmes admires; Shelley's radicalism seems to me instructive, but not in the way it does to Holmes (or White or Cameron, for that matter). The lesson I read is that it is easy enough to rebel against your father but hard indeed to learn to love your brother.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN THE BEGINNING, by Chaim Potok (Knopf). Chaim Potok's previous novel, "My Name Is Asher Lev," was about a young painter torn between religion and art. His new novel, about a gifted Bronx boy who becomes a Biblical scholar, suggests that the author has decided in favor of religion. The book has an ascetic, stoical, almost self-punishing tone, established with its first line, "All beginnings are hard," and sustained through the painful and sometimes repetitious actions of the story. From shortly after birth, in the nineteen-twenties, David Lurie is plagued by chronic sinus illnesses that prove to be emblematic of his growing up. He is bullied by bigger boys, haunted by the "accidents" that he brings upon others, safe only within his pious home. David's inner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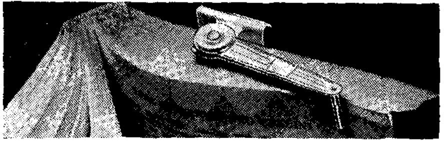

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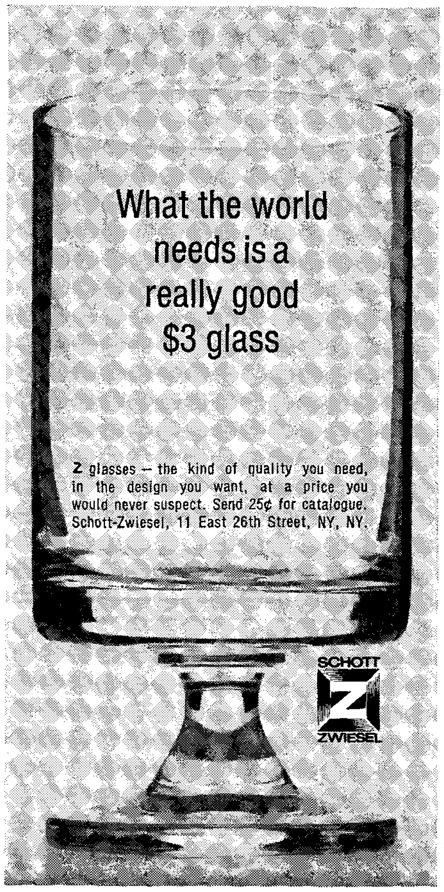
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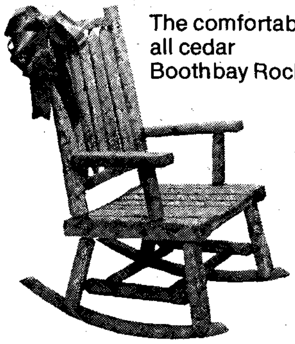

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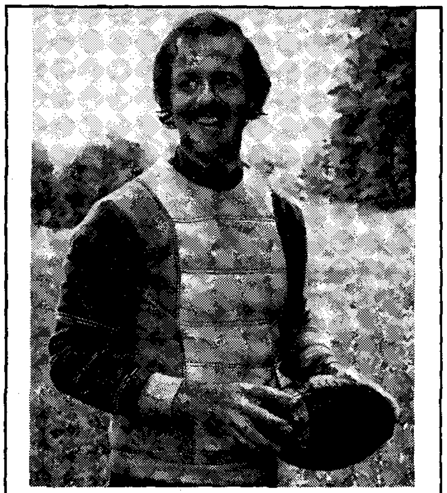
life, tortured with fears and bad dreams, is followed through the Depression, which nearly ruins his family; through the late thirties and forties, as the news from Europe grows more and more dreadful; and into his budding years as a scholar, when he learns that curiosity can be a dangerous enemy of faith. His story could be described as a Hebrew "Pilgrim's Progress" or as a spiritual Horatio Alger story, and so it can't be recommended to everyone. Its prose is simple and smooth, but a heavy earnestness pervades it all. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

Gone for a Soldier: The Civil War Memoirs of Private Alfred Bellard, edited, with an introduction and notes, by David Herbert Donald (Little, Brown). This is a true, and truly valuable, literary-historical find. The author was an eighteen-year-old carpenter's apprentice who enlisted in the Fifth New Jersey Infantry in August, 1861, and saw rigorous service (on the Peninsula, at Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville) with the grotesquely mismanaged Army of the Potomac until the spring of 1863, when he was wounded and removed from active duty. Bellard kept an expansive diary of his experience (which he sent home in regular installments for safekeeping), and it was from this record that, in his middle years, he fashioned for his own enjoyment this more or less finished memoir, which came to light (along with the diary and other material) only recently, in an antique store. Its value springs from its authenticity (for which both Dr. Donald and the publishers vouch) and its man-size view of soldiers and soldiering. There is no perspective here —only a simply detailed account of the scene that passed before Bellard's inquisitive eyes. For example: "A subscription was raised in the company to send his body home, but on informing his wife of our intentions we received a letter in reply, that she would rather have the cash." And: "In the fallen timber a reb was found who had one hand in the pockets of a Union soldier and had been shot while leaning over a log and rifling the pockets of his enemy." And: "Our guns had become so fouled with burnt powder that we had to jam the rammer against a tree to drive the ball home." And,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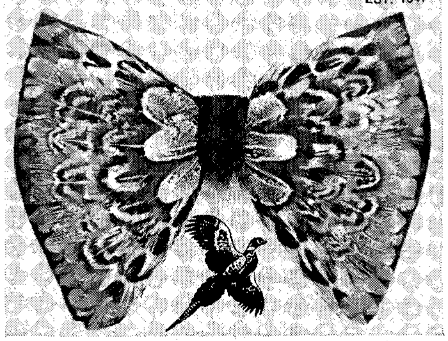

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when moving up to the front at Fredericksburg: "His [General Sickles'] own brigade were so drunk that nothing could be done with them and they returned to camp." But Bellard was even more than a graphic, seeing writer. He was also an artist of considerable primitive skill, and this memoir is generously illustrated with drawings (pencil and colored wash) that he set down, perhaps as *aide-mémoire*, on the scene. There is an excellent endpaper map. Twenty dollars.

THE STREET, by Mordecai Richler (New Republic). Mordecai Richler's gentle, affectionate, "semi-autobiographical" (whatever that means) memoir of growing up tribally, dreamily, competitively, fearfully, pimply, intellectually, yearningly—or, need we say, Jewish—in Montreal in the thirties and forties. "The Street" is the one Mr. Richler grew up on—St. Urbain, the "best" of the five crowded streets that made up Montreal's Jewish neighborhood. It was the best, the author says, because its inhabitants prided themselves on being a notch above the inhabitants of the four others—"the *yentas*, flea-carriers . . . rent-skippers, *goniffs* from Galicia," and those who "went unasked to bar-mitzvahs to carry off cakes, bottles, and chicken legs." There are a few too many silly puns, and a great deal too many childhood jokes (knock-knock division), but the highly regional cultural soup that is Mr. Richler's specialty is a tasty dish.

CHINA IN DISINTEGRATION: THE REPUBLICAN ERA IN CHINESE HISTORY, 1912-49, by James E. Sheridan (Free Press). A thoughtful history of the period from the abdication of the last Manchu emperor to the Communists' assumption of power. The author, who is chairman of Northwestern's history department, effortlessly and knowingly explains such matters as, for example, why regional loyalties in China produced not federalism but warlordism, and why Westernization or modernization during these years fragmented Chinese society. The book's tone is moderate. Without blaming or glorifying any of the contending parties, it clarifies the reasons that Chiang and the Kuomintang lost, that Mao and the Communists won, and that no liberal middle ground had a chance of success.

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Booth's cartoons, most of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Dodd, Mead.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HARRY'S GAME, by Gerald Seymour (Random House). A Provisional I.R.A. gunman assassinates a British Cabinet minister in front of his London home and skips back to Belfast, apparently safe and sound. The British retaliate, almost hopelessly, by dispatching a secret agent to Belfast to try to track down the killer. Mr. Seymour, a British television reporter who has long served in Northern Ireland, maintains an admirable balance, letting us examine for ourselves the character of Harry, the agent, and that of Billy Downs, his prey. The result is a superior suspense story—creeping, gripping, strangulating—but also something more. It is hard to think of any recent writing that provides a more harrowing picture of that bleakest and bloodiest of contemporary urban guerrilla wars.

YESTERDAY'S SPY, by Len Deighton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A retired British agent of distinguished achievement with the French Resistance is now, thirty-odd years later, suspected by British Intelligence of having returned to work—this time in a highly threatening capacity for Egypt. One of his former associates, and the man who tells the story, is carefully tailored to appear dumped, disgraced, and desperate in order to attract attention and recruitment by the suspect, and the scheme succeeds. Or seems to. But, as the narrator quickly learns, the world of today is different: it is either "at your knees, or at your throat." Mr. Deighton's sleight-of-hand deceptions have never been in better or more inventive form, and he sweeps us out of England, around the French Riviera, off to Bonn, and back south again at a speed much too fast to allow us even to entertain a doubt or a rational question. That comes later, but by then it would be churlish to complain.

•

SMALLFRIES' DELIGHT—Spread 2 round crackers with plenty of peanut butter. Cut 1 saltine in half, diagonally, so you have two triangles. Stand the half cracker in the peanut butter so you have a "sail." Float this "sailboat" in a bowl of soap . . . for good eating ahead.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

In a hard blow, eat the sail. Never mind the soap.

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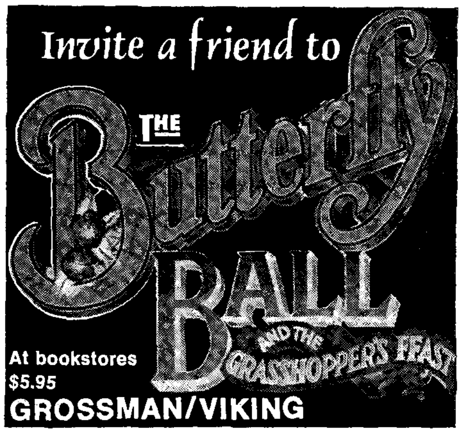

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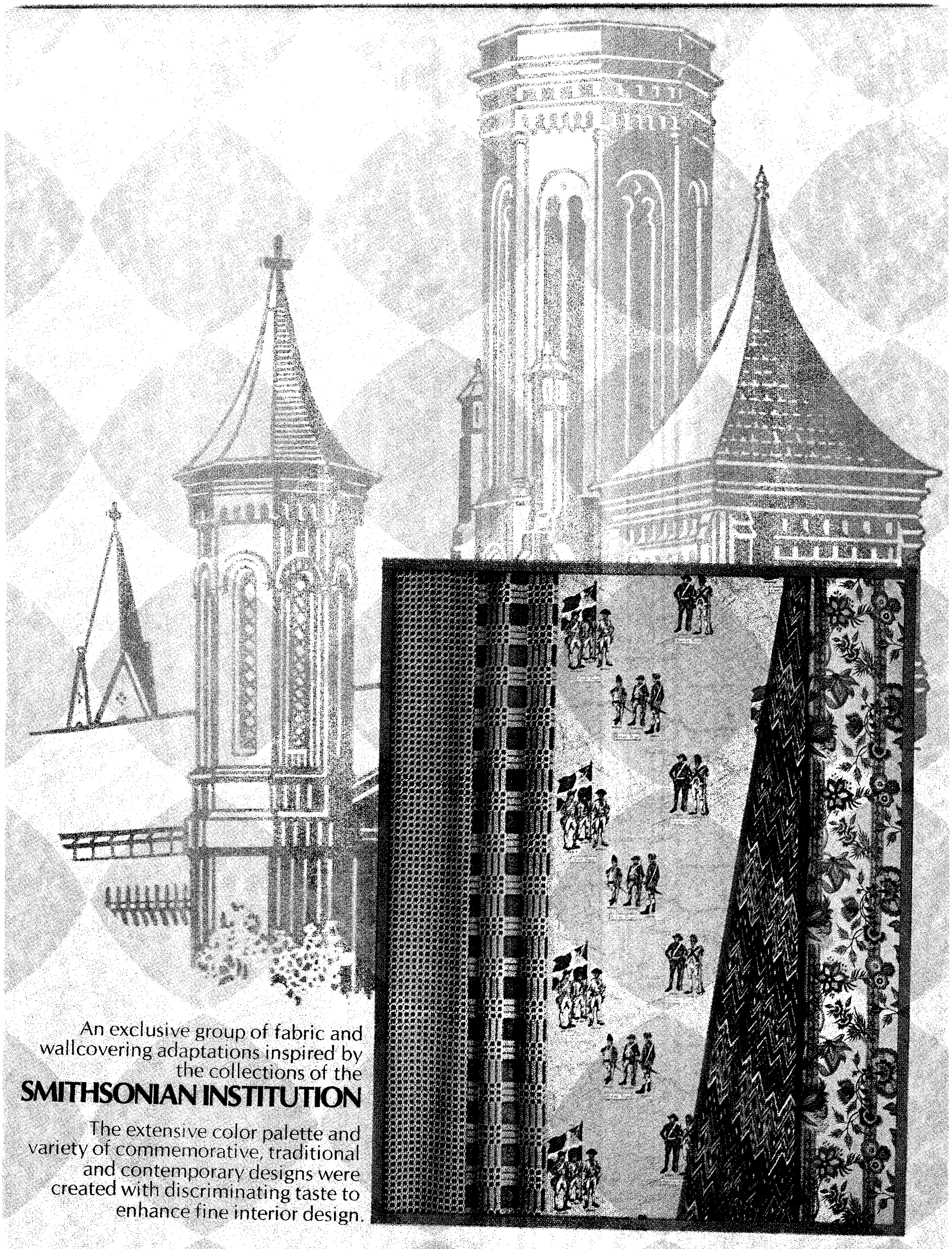

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